THE BOOKMAN

An Illustrated Literary Journal

VOL. VIII. DECEMBER, 1898. No. 4.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Browning Club of Elmira sends us a copy of its programme (first season) for 1898-99—"with the compliments of the officers to the cleverest literary periodical in America." Thanks.

The Christmas holidays is a perennial occasion for producing a number of books that are most notable for their beautiful illustrations. An increasing amount of able work is being done by some of the first artists of the day in this field, and with the general improvement in artistic execution and the recent developments in colour process-work, it is hard to see any reaction as yet. We are very curious to learn how these illustrated books, upon which so much care and expense are lavished, make their appeal to the general reading public, and we have decided to ask our readers to render us their assistance. By the time this is published all the important illustrated books of the season will be in the hands of the booksellers and will be passing into the hands of their customers, who will thereby have an opportunity to judge of their comparative merits. We invite our readers to send us, not later than the fifth of December, a list of what they consider to be the six best illustrated books published this year. From these lists we shall form a plebiscite, showing the six most popular illustrated books of the season, and we shall publish the result in our next issue, accompanying this with some comment and several representative illustrations from the successful books.

In our last number we had occasion to speak of the noted sculptor, Mr. George Grey Barnard, who is closely identified with Indiana, and now this month we find that the author of one of the most vital books that has been written recently, *When Knighthood was in Flower*, is Mr. Charles Major, who was born in Indianapolis and is now a resi-

CHARLES MAJOR.

dent lawyer in Shelbyville, Indiana. This remarkable romance of the times of Henry VIII. was issued about the middle of September by the Bowen-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, and since then

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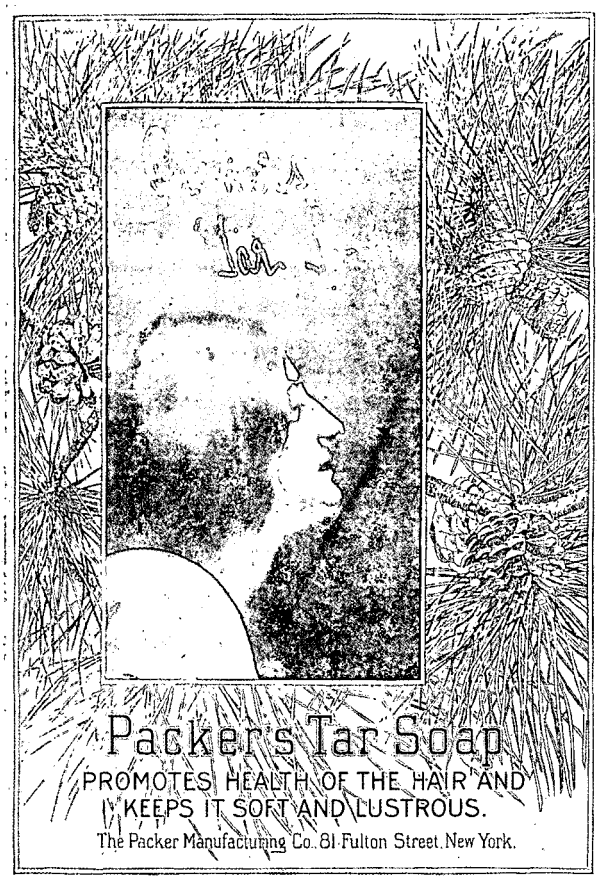
four large editions of the book have been sold in the West, and it is only with the last edition that the publishers have been able to fill orders in the East. The story is in every way a meritorious one and deserves to be a popular success. Here is a novel which tempts the reviewer to harp on the "lack of literary quality," a criticism, however, which would justify Mr. Kipling's snort of disdain, for, notwithstanding that it offends some canons of literary taste, the scenes are full of animation, the story is dramatically told, and the characters are alive, especially the character of Mary Tudor, one of the most fascinating heroines that we have met in fiction, because one of the most complete in her range of the gamut of womankind. The State which has given to American literature the work of James Whitcomb Riley and Gen. Lew Wallace has reason to be proud of its latest accession.



"TO WHAT BASE USES MAY WE RETURN, HORATIO?"
—SHAKESPEARE.

Under "Proprietary Articles" in the advertising columns of the November *Century* there is presented an interesting advertisement of a hair restorer which has some literary significance. The hirsute appearance of a certain school of poets has been the butt of several recent jesters; for instance, they have been called the Angora school of poets, and one of their head-pieces has been used with its mane-like covering as an illustration for the motto: "Remember the Maine." It is said, too, of a certain poet of this school, whose features may be descried in the aforementioned advertisement, which is herewith reproduced, that on one occasion while walking with Hall Caine through the streets of his native town in Manxland, a man was seen to scowl and to look threateningly at them. "That," explained Mr. Caine to his visitor, "is our village barber." Somehow the advertisement in the *Century* recalls a scene from the old pantomime of our childhood's days in which the Prince is suddenly transformed into the Beast before the very eyes of Beauty:

BEAUTY—Oh, what a falling off was there!

THE BEAST—No, no, it's a coming on of hair.

Australian literature is still in the bud, or as Mr. George Essex Evans, in his letter printed below, says, it is "only a shrub" yet. One of the best books on the subject, *The Development of Australian Literature*, by Henry Gyles Turner and Alexander Sutherland, was published recently by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company, and reviewed by Douglas Sladen, himself an authority in this field, in our July number. The joint authors of this book were at one time co-editors of the most literary periodical published in Australia, *The Melbourne Review*, which stopped abruptly when these gentlemen were called to perform more exacting duties—one in the largest banking business in the Colony and the other in educational work. Their mantle, however, has fallen upon the

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shoulders of Mr. A. B. Paterson and Mr. George Essex Evans, both of them native poets and writers of fiction. The third number of *The Antipodean*, published under their joint editorship by Messrs. George Robertson and Company, of Melbourne, lies before us. It has a striking design on the cover, highly characteristic of the Antipodes. The contents are strictly Australian in production, and considering the difficulties in the way of producing a high-class magazine in the Colonies, the present number appears to us a highly creditable performance. We understand that several of the contributors to the *Antipodean*, some of whom are of world-wide reputation, have generously placed literary material at the disposal of the editors, material that could have been easily disposed of to fill orders from English magazines. For example, this number contains stories by Rolf Boldrewood, Ethel Turner, and Henry Lawson. There is a long poem on "The Chamber of Faith," by Australia's first living poet, Mr. J. Brunton Stephens, which is a remarkably fine piece of work, noble in conception and feeling, and beautiful in execution. Mr. Evans also contributes some patriotic verses on "Australia" to this number, and a little sketch called "A Gulf Idyll," touched with that thrill of untamed nature and wild picturesque beauty which so fascinates in these weird, Australasian tales. Mr. A. B. Paterson, the other editor, prints a colloquial poem among the advertisements, in which capacity he is evidently known as "The Banjo," and he has also a ballad in the pages of the magazine proper. The illustrations in line and half-tone are rather crude, yet they are not lacking in artistic feeling and technique. That the Australian in journalism is not without a sense of humour is indicated by the accompanying sketch, which we reproduce from the *Antipodean*. The perpetrator of this cannibalistic joke, Mr. Percy Spense, seems to be a local artist of some renown, for his work is prominent in this number of the magazine, the cover design already referred to being by him. We have to acknowledge the courtesy of the editors in sending us a copy of the *Antipodean*, and we take the liberty of printing a portion of a recent letter which Mr. Evans sent to the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

> It has occurred to me that we in Australia are very much like America one hundred years ago, only we are more out of the main stream. We are in the baby-stage of a nation—we are not even federated yet—and as a people we are too much engrossed in subduing the wilderness to have any time for Literature and Art. We have produced no great literary figure, no Emerson, Thoreau, Lowell, Longfellow or Hawthorne. Our writers so far have been minor men probably preparing the way for the literary Messiah that is to come, but many of them deserve more recognition than has been accorded them. I suppose hardly any of our men are known in America. Our sweetest singer, Henry Kendall, now dead, is almost quite unknown in England. Of Adam Lindsay Gordon, his contemporary, the same might be said. Then we have James Brunton Stephens, a man of fine intellectual gifts, still

"SOMETHING ATTEMPTED, SOMETHING *DONE*."

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ELIA W. PEATTIE.

living. It is a curious fact that we are turning out more verse—and that of a fairly good quality—than prose. Our best prose writers can be counted on the fingers of one hand—Marcus Clarke (author of *For the Term of His Natural Life*), Ada Cambridge, Rolf Boldrewood, Louis Becke, Henry Lawson—whilst we have quite an array of balladists, A. B. Paterson, Henry Lawson, Edward Dyson, Will Ogilvie, Barcroft Boake, and a host of others. Lately a new star has appeared on our horizon, Victor Y. Daley, a poet gifted with a fine style and imagination. Perhaps all this will not prove of interest to THE BOOKMAN. I write, however, in the hope that it may, for I take a great interest in the development of Australian literature, and would like to see it grow into a goodly tree. It is only a shrub now. And perhaps an Australian book reviewed now and again in THE BOOKMAN might prove of interest to your readers. I met Max O'Rell when he was out here, and he told me I quite overrated the interest taken in Australia by the rest of the world. That may be so, but we shall still work on. I think THE BOOKMAN is a splendid paper. Long may it flourish.

Yours faithfully,
GEO. ESSEX EVANS.

Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, whose little volume of stories entitled *The Shape of Fear* has just appeared, is well known throughout the West in literary and philanthropic circles. She was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, in the first year of the Civil War. In later years she moved to Chicago, where she married a newspaper man, Mr. Robert Burns Peattie, and was engaged in newspaper work with him for twelve years. Eight years of that time were spent in Omaha, where her husband was the managing editor of the Omaha *World-Herald*. She has done every sort of reporting and editorial work, and has gone as far as Alaska and the West Indies in the pursuit of her vocation. Mrs. Peattie began her literary career with a story for a newspaper competition, in which she won the thousand-dollar prize. Since then she has been a constant contributor to American magazines and periodicals, and her stories of Western life and character are gradually gaining for her a wider hearing. Two years ago Messrs. Way and Williams published *A Mountain Woman* by her, but it was brought out at Christmas time and was to some extent submerged. The volume just published by the Macmillan Company should do much

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to impress her work more surely upon the reading public.

The funny picture of the Busy Bee given on this page is taken from *The New Noah's Ark*, which we fear will appeal to the grown-up sense of humour more efficaciously than to that of the child. A sample of the text will emphasise this. Of the "Boa," Mr. J. J. Bell, the *Noah's Ark* poet, writes:

Allow me just one short remark
About this lengthy Boa:
If Noah had it in his Ark,
I sympathise with Noah.

Or take the "Newt":

The Newt, the Newt, is a strange little brute!
No creature I know of is cuter—
Tho', when he is living he's only a Newt,
Yet, when he is dead he is neuter.

Or, "The Busy Bee":

I smile to see the busy bee,
A-gathering his honey.
But, when my nose he counts a rose,
He ceases to be funny.

The pictures are as grotesque, and funnier if anything, than the lines, and are printed in colours. The book is published by Mr. John Lane.

Mr. Lane announces a new volume of the "Golden Age" stories by Mr. Kenneth Grahame, to be entitled *Dream Days*. We are glad that Mr. Grahame has gone back to his early field, for he has never produced anything better than the stories which are published in his volume called *The Golden Age*.

It is with joy that we discover the very precise *Spectator* reviewing Mr. Grahame's *Pagan Papers* as a new book, and assuring its author that "he can do better work if he tries—above all, if he will only discriminate between real literary humour and the trivialities of the comic paper, between liveliness and deadly-liveliness"! This second edition of *Pagan Papers*, published in England, is the first American edition. It is practically a re-issue for the first time of the English book published at the end of 1893 and long out of print, minus the "Golden Age" stories subsequently issued in another form. Mr. Grahame, by the way, after many years of service in the Bank of England, has now become its secretary. We trust that this will ensure for him ampler leisure for more literary activity.

THE BUSY BEE.

In a very diverting letter which George Bernard Shaw sent to the editor of the *Academy* recently, the amusing ex-*Saturday Review*-er pokes fun at himself as a victim of vegetarianism. We quote part of the letter and also reproduce the "snapshot" to which he refers:

My situation is a solemn one. Life is offered to me on condition of eating beefsteaks. My weeping family crowd about me with Bovril and Brand's Essence. But death is better than cannibalism (not to mention that I would not change my hat, much less my diet, on the evidence). My will contains directions for my funeral, which will be fol-

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lowed, not by mourning coaches, but by herds of oxen, sheep, swine, flocks of poultry and a small travelling aquarium of white fish, all wearing white scarves in honour to the man who perished rather than eat his fellow creatures.

It will be, with the single exception of Noah's Ark, the most remarkable thing of the kind yet seen.

I send you a snapshot of myself as an invalid, taking a little artichoke soup in the intervals of composing *The Perfect Wagnerite* (a G. B. eSsence of modern Anarchism, or Neo-Protestantism. This lucid description speaks for itself.) You will see the seriousness of the dying vegetarian's conversation reflected in the sympathetic countenance of his nurse.

Should we never meet again, my dear Editor, farewell; and forswear sack and sausages.

G. Bernard Shaw.

P. S.—I have just sprained my ankle in trying to master the art of bicycling on one foot. This with two operations, and a fall down stairs, involving a broken arm, is my season's record so far, leaving me in excellent general condition. And yet they tell me a vegetarian can't recuperate!

Mr. John Muir, the genial naturalist of California and the discoverer of Muir Glacier in Alaska, has been in New York for about ten days visiting his friends and publishers. The author of *The Mountains of California* and the explorer of the desolate Alaskan fiords, is a born raconteur, and to listen to him relating his adventures is one of the most delightful treats that one could desire. The charm of his conversation and the modesty of his demeanour are more characteristic of the man who has lived out of doors in the great silences than of the dweller in cities. There is a beautiful self-unconsciousness about him, and it is only when he becomes absorbed in what he has seen and experienced that he is able to give these stories a personal trend and embue them with the feeling of romance. "I don't like to tell adventures," he says; "you know that a man wandering among the wonderful works of God gets used to thinking of what He does, and then to tell of the insignificant things I have done—just fancy it!" Another characteristic remark was that made to a guest of his who had just returned from encircling the globe. "You go round the world for your health," he

MR. BERNARD SHAW AS "THE DYING VEGETARIAN."

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JOHN MUIR.
Photographed by La Roche, Seattle, Wash., on the "Queen," en route to Alaska in 1896.

said, "I just go up a cañon and forget all the ills of life." The beautiful simplicity and warm humanity of his nature may be illustrated by two incidents which we recollect. At one time it was feared that through an accident to one of his eyes he would lose his sight entirely. In a letter to a friend he wrote: "The sunshine and winds are working in all the gardens of God, but I—I am lost; I am shut in darkness;" and in referring to the accident at a later date he wrote: "I felt neither pain nor faintness, the thought was so tremendous that my right eye was gone; that I should never look at a flower again." The other incident will be easily recalled by those who read his "Adventure with a Dog and a Glacier," in the *Century Magazine*. In this story he has immortalised the "helpless wisp of hair" which followed him on his exploration of the icy region of South-eastern Alaska in 1880. One reads the narrative with mingled feelings of admiration and wonder. The conquest of his canine companion, "Stickeen"—called so after the Indian tribe of that name—seems even a greater cause for triumph to the unspoiled, big-hearted man than that of his greatest exploits. And then the close of it all is so touched with pathos: "When my work for the

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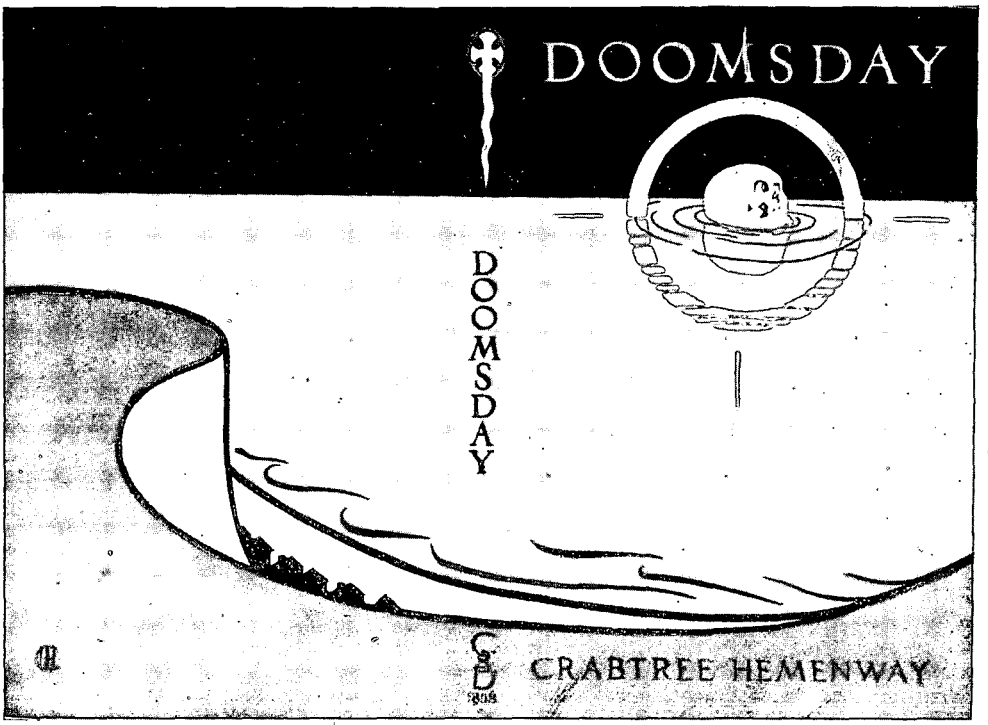

season was done I departed for California and never saw the dear little fellow again. . . . His fate is wrapped in mystery. If alive he is very old. Most likely he has left this world—crossed the last crevasse—and gone to another. But he will not be forgotten. Come what may, to me Stickeen is immortal." Mr. Muir, by the way, has an article on the "Animals of the Yosemite" in the November *Atlantic*.

Mr. Crabtree Hemenway has furnished a strikingly original cover design (reproduced herewith) for "a story of the sea, of love, and of the Second Advent," called *Doomsday*, which Messrs. Copeland and Day will publish immediately.

The Hon. A. J. Balfour in responding to the toast of "Literature" at a dinner in Edinburgh some months ago hinted at a decadence in modern fiction, due to the "obvious difficulty which novelists now find in getting hold of appropriate subjects for their art to deal with," and a new field was indicated—"the development of character, extending through the life of an individual." If Mr. Balfour had wanted to cite an example, no better novel of the present year could have been put into his hands than *The Minister of State*, published by Mr. William Heinemann in the spring and recently issued over here. To make the coincidence more striking it may be added that rumour in London has identified the hero of the novel, whose character is developed from childhood in the Scottish Highlands to manhood in the British Ministry, with no less important a personage than Mr. Balfour himself. However that may be, Mr. Steuart's novel is one to command attention not only for its graphic power in description, its vigorous delineation of character and its strong human story, but for its fine literary art. His characters live, move and have their being much as we would expect to see them in real life, whether in the Highland glens or in the streets of London. One feels the force of a vivid personality behind the life that stirs in his pages—pages full of delightful humour, human affection, the strife of ambition, the spur of love and hate, the mighty hopes that make us men. *The Minister of State* is a welcome contribution to the literature of a season that so far seems void of any great achievement.

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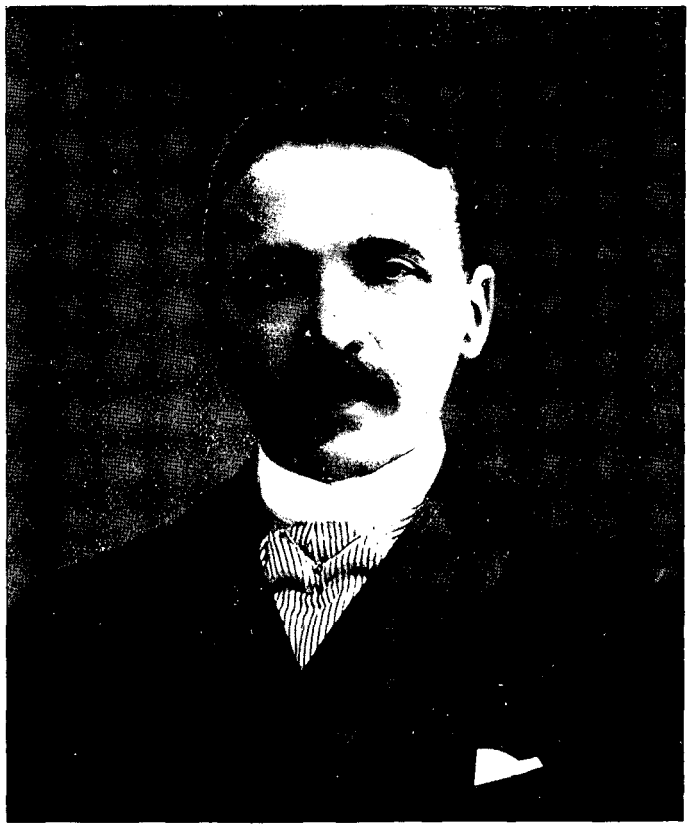

Mr. John Alexander Steuart, the author of *The Minister of State*, has been taken successively for an American, an Irishman and a Scotsman. The *Athenæum*, in reviewing his first published novel, *A Millionaire's Daughters*, in which the characters were American and Highland, concluded that the author hailed from America, but admitted that "the Highland dialect is cleverly handled!" An Irish story, *Kilgroom*, was so racy of the soil that reviewers confidently called him an Irishman, and the Irish newspapers were almost unanimous in declaring that it contained the best description of an eviction ever written, though Mr. Steuart confesses that he never saw an eviction. His new book, *The Minister of State*, convicts him beyond question of being a Scot. And a Scot he is, born thirty-eight years ago near Aberfeldy in the Perthshire Highlands, one of the most thoroughgoing Celtic districts in Scotland. He groped his way from a frustrated intention to enter the church through several banking engagements in Scotland, Ireland and Canada; returning to Europe to act as a special correspondent for an American paper, and finally, after some travelling and writing, gravitating to London where he became the editor of the *Publishers' Circular*, which was transformed into a weekly shortly after he took hold of the editorial reins, and which he has edited with conspicuous ability and success ever since. During these years he became practiced as a writer—at the age of nineteen he had produced numerous articles, sketches and verses, and amid all the distractions of a frontier life he continued to write for newspapers and magazines. In Winnipeg his first novel was written—and burned, after being rejected by the late James R. Osgood, of Boston. Mr. Steuart has elicited high praise for his last book from many eminent men of letters, among them none being more enthusiastic than Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. George Meredith.

Until a comparatively recent date the French have been extremely hostile to Wagner, and it seems strange that of all the Wagnerian critics and commentators—who have written so many books that the Wagner bibliography has now reached its third volume—it should fall to the lot of a Frenchman to succeed in

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presenting the clearest analysis of Wagner's music dramas that has yet appeared. Albert Lavignac, whose portrait appears in this page, is Professor of Harmony in the Paris Conservatoire, and is the author of *The Music Dramas of Richard Wagner*, which has recently been translated into English by Esther Singleton, and published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. M. Lavignac is not only a scholarly musician, but a man of far-reaching artistic tastes. He has a charming literary style as well as a logical habit of mind which rejects everything not bearing immediately on the subject under consideration. He has

ALBERT LAVIGNAC.

been particularly happy in relating the plots of the Nibelungen dramas, for he gives nothing but what he calls the Wagnerian mythology, and troubles himself little about the sources of the story. His plan is so simple yet comprehensive that he is able by it to unfold the entire drama before the reader, act by act and scene by scene, so that he reads exactly what he has seen, or will see, from his chair at the opera. M. Lavignac is one of the few musicians who have a gift for writing.

M. Lavignac's *Music Dramas of Richard Wagner* has been accepted as a standard authority on the subject on the Continent, and has attained a wide popularity. Although published in this country only a few weeks ago, it has already passed through two editions and has received unanimous praise from the critics. Miss Singleton's work has given great satisfaction to the author as well as to her critics, for in a letter to her M. Lavignac writes: "I am happy to tell you how much I appreciate your translation for its fidelity and elegance of style."

Mr. Maurice Hewlett, the author of *The Forest Lovers*, has completed a beautiful story entitled *The Madonna of the Peach Tree*. Like his other book it deals with mediæval life.

Mr. Max Pemberton's new novel bears the attractive title, *The Garden of Swords*. It is now appearing serially in *Munsey's*, and will be published subsequently in book form by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, whose *Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* is selling rapidly, has gone to spend the winter in Dresden, where he will give his whole time to the writing of his first novel.

Those who remember Mr. John Davidson's translation of François Coppée's *For the Crown*, which had a successful run at the Lyceum in London some three years ago, will be glad to hear that he has commenced a translation of M. Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* for Sir Henry Irving. Only a poet can adequately render the poetry of an alien into his own tongue, and the excellent work which Mr. Davidson accomplished in M. Coppée's drama leads us to hope that, at last, we may have something like an equivalent of the French play in English literature. Mr. Davidson's translation will probably be published by Mr. John Lane. Mr. Lane has just published a play in four acts by Mr. Davidson, entitled *Godfrida*.

We hear that Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company, who have just published the translation of Rostand's *Cyrano de*

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Bergerac, by Howard Thayer Kingsbury, contemplate bringing out an *édition-de-luxe* of the play about Christmas. We gather that it will be a sumptuous affair with many illustrations in photogravure of scenes from the play which, we may say, lends itself as it is presented by Mr. Mansfield to fine pictorial display. Only a small limited edition will be issued and the price will probably be $6.00. We have no doubt that the edition will be quickly exhausted. We give a new portrait of Mr. Mansfield, whose success with *Cyrano* promises to become one of his greatest triumphs.

Richard Mansfield

Two new novels published almost simultaneously have interested us very much, because of a certain similarity, but more by reason of their striking contrast. In Mr. Edwin Pugh's *Tony Drum* we have the story of a Cockney boy, and in Mr. Pett Ridge's *Mordemly*, the story of a Cockney girl. The environment of both is a London slum, and there the likeness ends. The history of the short and intense life of Tony Drum is steeped in an atmosphere of gloom and sadness, and is all too brief; on the other hand, Mordemly, in spite of all her tribulations, keeps "bobbing up," and her nature, like her creator's temperament, is sunny and oozing with humour. Mr. Pugh's work is on a simpler scale than in his previous stories and it unquestionably has gained in strength. He has made of Tony Drum a living boy, he has got inside of him and made him speak words that are not the less real because they are magnificent or grotesque or aged. Now and again he speaks for Tony when Tony's soul is hidden from him, and then the words are a thin, unreal imitation of a child's eloquence or originality. We should not like to say that Sentimental Tommy was his inevitable forerunner, but that young genius has perhaps unconsciously done something to form the mind, and to colour the temperament of the Cockney boy, whose inventions concerning heaven, and whose sniffing disparagement of all earthly pleasures beyond his crippled reach as mere dust and ashes compared to what he had experienced in a previous existence, are very much in the strain of Tommy's romancings about Thrums. Indeed, without suggesting imitation, the more you think of it, Tony's genius and Tommy's are closely akin. It will be long before the little eager-natured hunchback leaves the memory, the tender-hearted, sensitive, boyish figure, thrown largely on books for companions, curious about life, with life around him very unbeautiful, yet without a strain of coarseness. The dramatic quality of Mr. Pugh's work is evident in the persistence with which scene after scene occurs to the reader when he has finished the book and put it away. Tony found the books which were at his hand strangely

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alive to him, and something of that fondness for the book containing his story is transferred to the reader who keeps him company for the short span of his little life.

The story of *Tony Drum* would not have pleased Mordemly, Mr. Pett Ridge's little Cockney heroine. Mordemly had a habit like many of her betters of reading the last chapter of a book to find out how it ended. "If they don't end up 'appy," said Mordemly, "I reely don't see, miss, what particular call they've got to go and write 'em for. What's the use of bragging about your misfortunes?" It is explained to her that there is sorrow and there is misfortune in the world, and that it is only natural they should be written about. "But why 'arp on the question?" demanded Mordemly, "that's my argiment. Why make a song about it? This place ain't too lively as it is." *Mordemly* is capital, altogether the best thing that Mr. Pett Ridge has given us. There are chapters in it that Dickens would not have been ashamed to acknowledge. Some two or three years ago we said in these columns that Mr. Pett Ridge had it in him, more than any other living writer, to follow in the footsteps of Dickens. He has kept clear of the grotesque exaggeration that mars so much of Dickens's work, and he has kept clear of the exaggerated brutality and coarseness of the latter-day tellers of tales of mean streets. *Mordemly* is realistic, if accuracy of observation be still the foundation of realism, and moreover, it is a pleasant book to read. The characters are portrayed with fascinating skill, and no one who has lived any time in London could fail to recognise them. One wants to shake hands with the man who has introduced us to Mordemly, her father and mother, Mrs. Mitchell and Miss Mitchell, the Gilliken Gang, and the Gilliken of the Salvation Army. Mordemly and Tony Drum are instinct with life, though lived at opposite poles, and for this very reason they afford us not only keen enjoyment, but a most instructive study in contrasts. The childhood of an artist is a fascinating subject which must entice many writers, and Mr. Barrie, Mr. Pugh, and Mr. Pett Ridge will not be the last to dramatise it.

EDWIN PUGH.

Mr. Edwin Pugh is only twenty-five years old, having been born in London in 1874, and strange though it may seem to a reader of his books, he is a confirmed optimist and a keen sportsman. He comes of sturdy old Welsh stock, and has been a story-teller since ever he could master the elements of the English tongue. He actually had a short story published and paid for in his twelfth year. His youth was spent in a hard, uncongenial grind; at first in an iron foundry, working fourteen hours a day, which seriously impaired his health, and then as a lawyer's clerk in a London solicitor's office. His father died when Edwin was only thirteen years old, and being the eldest of a large family his education and dreams were interrupted for a number of years, while he worked hard to keep the home together. At sixteen he began to write stories, poems and articles which were accepted, and for four years he continued this desultory work for the popular press. Then at the age of twenty he wrote *A Street in Suburbia*, which brought him some friendly

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notice. He wrote this story in a fortnight "after office hours." A serious illness intervened and made it impossible for him to continue his routine work, but shortly afterwards he was enabled to give up his toil in the city and to devote himself entirely to literature. *The Man of Straw* and *King Circumstance*, published subsequently, brought him a wider audience in England, but it is *Tony Drum* which will win for him an international reputation.

Mr. W. Pett Ridge had published several collections of stories and dialogues, unheard of on this side, before his first novel, entitled *A Clever Wife*, was published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers in the spring of 1896. Since then his work has been steadily advancing and growing in the public estimation. His subsequent books are *The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst*, also published in 1896, *Secretary to Bayne, M. P.*, and *Three Women and Mr. Frank Cardwell*, both published last year. The last mentioned novel, although highly praised in London, and one of the brightest stories he has written with the exception of *Mordemly*, has for some reason or other not been published in this country. We have called his latest novel, while speaking of it in these columns, *Mordemly*, but we ought to say in justice to the American publishers that they have rechristened it *By Order of the Magistrate*. Why the highly characteristic and sufficiently original title of *Mordemly* should have been changed to the tame and commonplace one which it now bears, we fail to comprehend.

Mommsen the historian declines to give his support to the project for a monument to Heine. That Heine was an eminent poet he admits, but he declares that "what I know about his personal character and political life is simply shameful, and if genius makes up for all errors it does not excuse infamous deeds. This prevents me from expressing myself in favour of the monument." How many monuments that are raised to men of "consecrated lives," to use Dr. Johnson's satirical epithet, would bear this test?

We reprint the contents of an old handbill which was printed and circulated in the North of England early in the century. It will be seen that Mr. "James Williams" was a man of many parts.

I, James Williams, parish clerk, saxtone, town-cryer, and bellman, make and sells all sorts of haberdasheries, groceries, &c., likewise hair and whigs drest, and cut, on the shortest notice. Also—

N. B.—I keeps an evening school, where I teach, at reasonable rates, reading, writing, singing and sums.

N. B.—I plays the hooboy occasionally, if wanted.

N. B.—My shop is next doorre, where I bleed, draw teeth and shoo-horses, all with greatest scil.

N. B.—Children taut to dance, if agreeable, at six pence per week, by me, J. Williams, who buy and sell old iron and coals—shoes cleaned and mended.

N. B.—A hat and pair of stockings to be cudgelled for, the best in 5, on Shrof Tushday. For particulars incuire within, or at the horse shoo and bell, near the church, on tother side of the way.

N. B.—Look over the door for the sighn of the three pigeons.

N. B.—I sell good ayle, and sometimes cyder—Lodgings for single men.

It is a pity that when Professor Brander Matthews was writing the paper on Rhyme which appeared not long ago in our pages, he did not have before him the choice specimens contained in these verses of a "hymn" which was lately printed in *The Open Court:*

There are still higher vistas
  Which open to our eyes.
There's light beyond the mist, as
  In symbols truth still lies.
Religion's consummation
  Through truth is yet to be.
The truth will bring salvation,
  The truth will make us free.

We reverence tradition,
  And heed inspired men's
Prophetic intuition,
  But seek high'r evidence.
There is but one foundation,
  But one sure ground, forsooth:
It is the revelation
  Of science and its truth!

We should like to have beheld the hymnologist during the moments when he was possessed or obsessed or distressed by the particular form of inspiration which wrenched these rhymes out of his brain cells. And we should like to hear somebody sing the "hymn."

Speaking of Professor Brander Matthews reminds us that the second novel that he has written will begin to ap-

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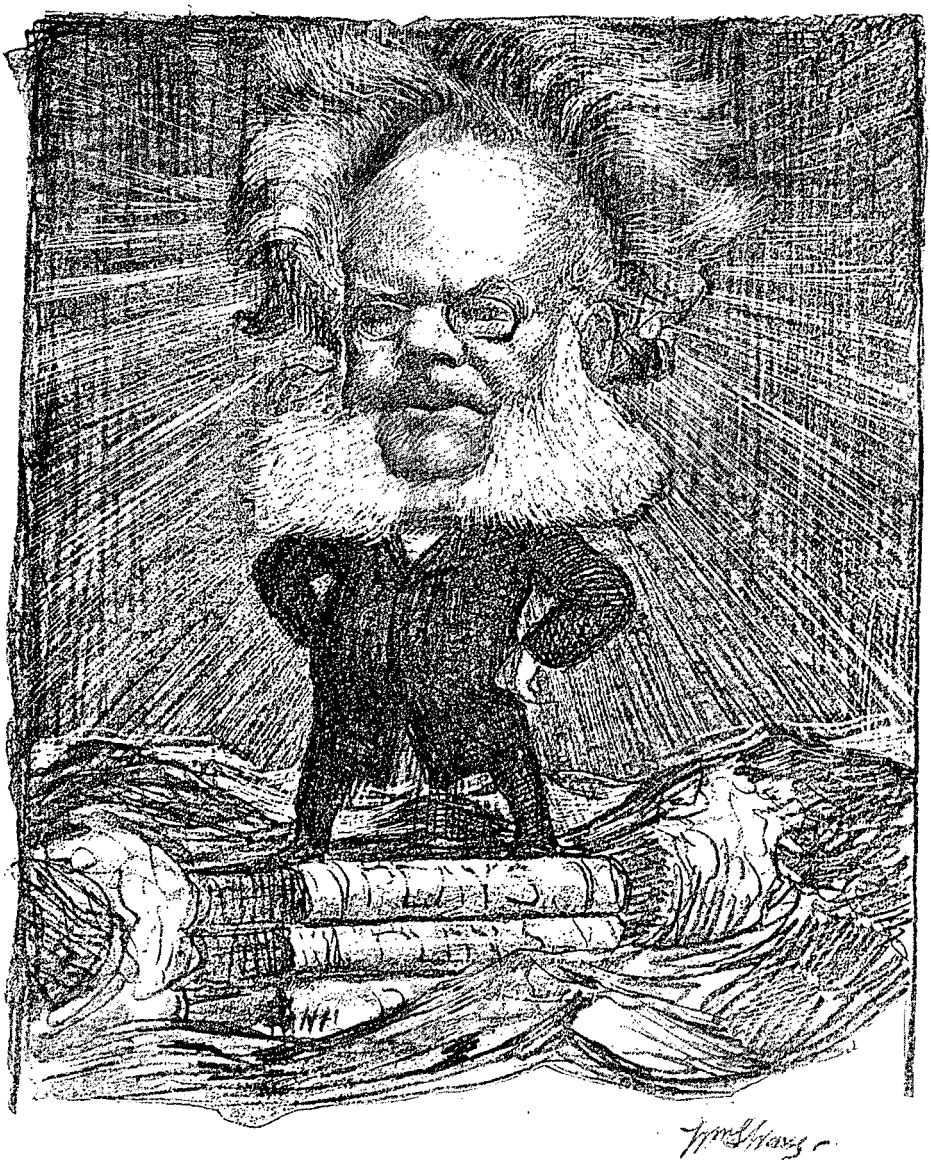

IBSEN ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

pear in *Harper's Bazar* early in January. As already announced, the title is *A Confident To-morrow*. The text will be illustrated by Thulstrup, who was the illustrator also of *His Father's Son*.

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The Ibsen portrait, reproduced herewith for the first time, was drawn in lithographic crayon by William Strang, who intended to have it issued as a lithograph. It was bought by Messrs. Frederick Keppel and Company and is regarded not only as a most interesting portrait of the great dramatist, but as a work of fine art. The significance of the portrait can easily be left to the imagination.

As Zangwill says, a man of plays,
Not parts, the doughty Ibsen is:
Who spares the comb, but not the brush,
Yea, puts Le Gallienne to blush
In capillary synthesis.

❧

Messrs. Hadley and Matthews, of New York, have just issued an American edition of *Emin Pasha: His Life and Work*. The work has been compiled by Emin Pasha's literary executor from the

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great explorer's journals, letters and scientific notes as well as from official documents.

Mr. G. W. Steevens, known best in this country by his brilliant commentary on American life, entitled *The Land of the Dollar*, has made a great hit in England with his new book entitled *With Kitchener to Khartum*. The book has only been out a few weeks in England and already is in its sixth edition. *The Spectator* calls it a masterpiece, and another authority calls him the Rudyard Kipling of war correspondents. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish at once an American edition with eight maps and plans.

Some persons have criticised the title "Trimalchio's *Dinner*" adopted by Professor Peck for his translation from Petronius, on the ground that this particular episode has always been spoken of as "Trimalchio's *Feast*." So it has; but so also it should not have been. In the first place, the Latin word *cena* means "dinner" and not "feast" *(epulum)*; and in the second place, to use the word "feast" is to miss a point. The absurdly elaborate meal over which Trimalchio presided fulfilled, to be sure, all the conditions of a feast; but its ostentation is much better brought out by regarding the affair not as a special and exceptional effort on his part, but as an every-day repast—in fact, as a "dinner."

A Sister of Evangeline has just been published by Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company. Mr. Roberts has begun writing the third volume of the trilogy of which this is the second, and *The Forge in the Forest* was the first. It will be entitled *Leopards and Lilies*. It is not probable, however, that it will be ready for publication before autumn of next year.

Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company have acquired Mr. William Young's *Wishmakers' Town*, which was published by Messrs. Holt and Company nearly a dozen years ago, and have given it a new lease of life. Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich has written an introductory note in which he says: "The charm of it all is not easily to be defined. . . . I think there is a new generation of readers for poetry of this kind, and to them the book is commended." Apropos of the fact that *Wishmakers' Town* was first published early in 1887, we quote an appreciative letter which was written to the author by Mr. Richard Harding Davis while the latter was still a reporter on the Philadelphia *Press*. But the letter has a further interest for us, as will be seen when the signature is reached:

PHILADELPHIA, April 11, 1887.

WILLIAM YOUNG, ESQ.,

My dear Sir:—Of course I don't know who William Young is further than what I have learnt of him from *Wishmakers' Town*, a presentation copy of which I read at Johns Hopkins University prior to my getting one of my own. I know it by heart however, and if I were the literary editor instead of an ubiquitous reporter, I would make the readers of the *Press* know it by heart also.

The Boston *Transcript* gave me an opportunity of saying something about it, but a very little, as I have but a slight influence with the exchange editor, since he has stopped smoking and consequently does not borrow my segars. But I have worked upon the "literary editor," and I will send you what he says when it appears. "I have over two columns of book reviews upstairs now," he said, "and how can I possibly notice your friend's verses which came out over a year ago?" I told him to read what he called verses, and if he was not moved to speak of them I would put no faith in his future effusions. As I am the only man now on the staff who does read his criticisms, the threat had the desired effect, and he is now quoting, "Lovers I count on my finger tips, lives, like dice, for my smiles are thrown," whenever I venture into his sanctum. You may be a young man (as you no doubt gather by this that I am), or you may be an old man, who will think all this impertinent. In any case I have put myself on record as being a great admirer of William Young; I have done what little I can to make others read him, and if the world does not fully appreciate him, let him remember, God does not pay his debts every Saturday night; neither does "the terrible trumpet of Fame" sound with no uncertain sound as readily as it should. Preserve this as a literary curiosity until the autograph is sufficiently valuable to make it marketable.

I am Sir, Yours, &c.,

Richard Harding Davis,

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When it is remembered that not until the year 1890, with the publication of *Gallegher and Other Stories*, did Mr. Davis gain his earliest public recognition, the confidence which this young man had in his own powers, herein expressed with such delightful naïveté, is superb.

Professor Saintsbury, by the way, states in his new *Short History of English Literature* that Charlotte Brontë's life has received "disproportionate and even unfortunate attention"—rather an impertinence, it seems to us, on the Professor's part. One might say with more truth that Professor Saintsbury had given to English literature "unfortunate attention," when it is considered how loose is his style and how careless he is about facts. When he made this statement about the Brontës originally in an earlier work on literature, he accompanied it with three very grievous errors. In the present book he has confined himself to one, and one that has been corrected over and over again. He tells us that Charlotte Brontë could not get *Jane Eyre* published "at first," but that it was "at last" accepted. As everybody knows nowadays, *Jane Eyre* was seen by only one firm of publishers and accepted promptly and heartily by them. Mr. George Smith, of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company, brought home with him one eventful Saturday night, the manuscript of a story which so fascinated him that he was unable to drop it until he had got to the end. The story was *Jane Eyre*, and the manuscript is one of Mr. Smith's treasured possessions.

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, who arrived in New York a few days ago, has undertaken to write a volume bearing the title, *A Short History of the United States*. There is room for a successful "Short History" of our country, if we could find another historian like Green to write it. Unhappily, as Professor Saintsbury has just shown us, to call a volume a "Short History" does not make it a book to be placed on the same shelf with Green. We notice, by the way, some confusion on the part of a very capable London correspondent in announcing this work as coming from the pen of Mr. Justin McCarthy, the author of *A History of Our Own Times*, and the father of Justin H. McCarthy. We are reminded of an Irish wag who, upon a London newspaper confusing the son with the father, remarked that this was not the first time that a Cockney had dropped an *h*.

Now that Col. Roosevelt's oratorical efforts are over for the immediate present, and he has time to reflect upon the lessons of his successful campaign, we have a suggestion to make; which is that he, being a university graduate and man of letters, shall form a resolution hereafter in addressing public assemblages, not to pronounce one of the most dignified and impressive words in the English language as though it were spelled "gentlemun."

Our contributor, Mr. I. F. Marcosson, visited Mr. Zangwill the other day, and in the course of conversation asked him what he thought of the Jew in American fiction. Mr. Zangwill smiled and said: "There is no Jew in American fiction. The only Jew that I have been able to discover is the Jew of the comic papers, the caricature of all times. There has in reality been but one book descriptive of the American Jew, and that is the *Yekl* of Abraham Cahan, which describes the East-side portion of New York, resembling the European Ghettos in many particulars. Aside from this there is no other picture of the Jew over here as he really is." What has impressed Mr. Zangwill most in American fiction is the development of the short story. "The American," he says, "knows how to do this artistically and better than any other writers. That is their main contribution." Two American authors have appealed to Mr. Zangwill strongly. "First there is the splendid style of James Lane Allen. Englishmen are pleased with his admirable use of words. Then again the sketches of Stephen Crane have pleased me, especially their colour. The stories of Mrs. Mary P. Judah are clever. Henry James has also interested me."

Mr. Zangwill regards the South with great interest. It appears to him to be so full of romance, a place of ancient chivalry, a land where large estates are

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to be found and a region of wide hospitality. Because of these things he has always regarded the South as an ideal sort of place, rich in human ruins and romance. Mr. Zangwill does not contemplate writing anything new in fiction for some time, but he is elaborating the *Ghetto Tragedies*, which perhaps contains his best work in the short story, into a larger volume, to be published very soon. Mr. Zangwill will, at least, spend the winter in this country, lecturing under the management of Major Pond, and probably visiting the South later in the season.

Even the superficial reader of Zangwill's work cannot but feel that he is the man to put upon the stage, as he has in the pages of his books, the real Jew. To him would seem to belong the right to incarnate the tragedy and the triumph of Judaism. Mr. Marcosson asked Mr. Zangwill whether he had thought about writing a Jewish drama, and in reply he said: "I shall put *The Children of the Ghetto* upon the stage some day. I have been asked to do so by many actors, and intend to do it at the first opportunity." As is well known, Mr. Zangwill has completed a comedy for Mr. Richard Mansfield, based dramatically on *The King of the Schnorrers*. *The Children of the Ghetto* possesses much dramatic possibility coupled with a delightful and yet tender phase of Jewish life. Perhaps here we have the great story of the Jew for the stage. Assuredly it is the great picture of the Israelite attired in orthodox garments.

There are two great problems, Mr. Zangwill says, which will puzzle the coming Jewish writer. The possibilities of the problem of intermarriage are tremendous, and that of "Zionism" bristles with difficulties, and yet both of these must be grappled and dealt with in the Jewish fiction of the future.

About a year ago the *Journal of Germanic Philology* made its appearance, and announced its intention of taking a rank heretofore unattempted in this country, and the first volume has fulfilled the announcement. Its articles have been of varied character, but every one of them is a contribution to the science of Germanics. They have been of both purely linguistic nature, and of literary quality, so that the man of literary tastes finds something new as well as the man whose delight is in the study of language. The *Journal* undoubtedly ranks as the very foremost of critical journals for Germanics in this country, and even the long established papers of the same kind, *Das Litterarische Centralblatt*, *Deutsche Litteraturzeitung*, and *Zeitsschrift für Deutsches Alterthum* have given it cordial recognition and praise. The reviewing department has already been used by numerous libraries as their source of reliable information in regard to new books dealing with Germanic subjects, and this department alone ought to put the *Journal* into every college and university library and into larger public libraries. The reviews are all prepared by specialists in their own lines, they are stern, independent, but just and helpful, and each one is a contribution just as thorough as anything else in the *Journal*. Professor Camillo von Klenze, of the University of Chicago, has been added to the editorial staff, and he will have charge of the department of the comparative study of literature. Great credit is due to Professor Karsten, by whose personal expenditure of time and money the undertaking has been well inaugurated, and it is to be hoped that Germanists and libraries in general will enlarge the subscription list so that it will ultimately make the *Journal* self-supporting.

Little Miss America just entering her *Third Reader* made a discovery the other day. She told paterfamilias, who is the literary editor of a monthly periodical, that they were "reading Longfellow and—and—Mr. Whittaker's poems at school now;" and that she might let him have some of their poetry to print in his magazine!

Just now when children's literature is loading the book-stalls, there comes up the perennial question as to whether the young mind ought to be amused and interested by the traditional stories about giants, fairies, robbers, and magicians, or whether it should be mildly

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soothed with zoölogical facts accompanied by pictures of live-stock in ruminative attitudes. We said something about this question long ago in the pages of The Bookman; but what we have just now in mind is the practical impossibility of keeping any healthy child away from that forbidden ground about which the Educationist has drawn a sort of barbed-wire barrier of prohibition.

❧

Not long ago an anxious mother who was impressed by the Educationist and who had therefore kept her youthful son and daughter from any knowledge of certain stock subjects of old-fashioned juveniles, sent them out to play in Gramercy Park, near which she had lately bought a house. They came back at noon all aglow with enthusiasm. Oh, yes, they had had *such* a good time! They had met some other children and had learned some splendid new plays. "Well, what did you play?" asked the sympathetic mother of her small son. "Cops and Burglars," was the eager answer. "Dreadful! and what did *you* play?" she demanded of her sweet-faced little girl. "Spooks and Witches!" So wags the world and so is Nature always giving a solar-plexus blow to Art.

❧

We chronicled a year or more ago an epigram of Oscar Wilde's to the effect that the first and most important rule for one who would live as do the thoroughly enlightened, was this: "Never go to see a play by Henry Arthur Jones." Now comes the curious rumour that *The Liars*, which has been running so successfully at Wallack's with Mr. Jones's name upon the play-bill was in reality written by Mr. Wilde. For obvious reasons, Mr. Wilde could not just now get any play of his accepted by an Anglo-Saxon manager; and so they say he arranged for Mr. Jones to do some work upon *The Liars*, and thus to make it possible for him to father it as his own. We do not vouch for the truth of this report, but it is certainly an interesting one. There are various things about the play which make the hypothesis not untenable. It is, for instance, a perfectly moral play in its intention, but its morality is not precisely of the brand that one associates with the name of Mr. Jones. On the other hand, it is full of epigram, though this is hardly up to the epigrammatic standard of Mr. Wilde's acknowledged work. So we do not express any opinion of our own, but merely say that if the story is true, then time has brought to Mr. Jones a very real revenge upon the Neo-Greek who once despised him.

❧

There is one peculiarity about Mr. Jones which differentiates him from most playwrights, who generally make a fuss about rehearsals. A friend met him one day during the rehearsal of one of his recent plays, and asked him how the thing was going on. "Very well," said he; "they're rehearsing now." Observing an expression of wonder on his friend's face at his levity, Mr. Jones went on: "I don't have much to do with rehearsals. I don't like them. My work has been done before then; the rest is their business"—indicating the theatre. The confidence in his finished work was as superb as his estimation of rehearsals was untheatrical and refreshing.

❧

A New York newspaper which has always stood up manfully for the value of the classics, gives the public a taste of its own classical quality by printing a report of the great success of Sarah Bernhardt's appearance in Paris as "Medea of the Euripides." Was the editor's mind unconsciously influenced by his recollection of Tess of the D'Urbervilles?

❧

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new story, *The Day's Work*, has been well received by the public, the circulation up to date being larger than that attained hitherto by any of Mr. Kipling's works in the same period. The characters in Mr. Kipling's new serial of schoolboy life to appear in *McClure's Magazine* are Stalky, McTurk, and Beetle, and they are said to be "the most real, attractive, likeable boys since Tom Brown." Among the titles of the chapters are "An Unsavoury Interlude," "The Moral Reformers," "The Little Prep," "The Last Term."

❧

A story has been going the rounds to the effect that the editor of the *Cantab* published at Cambridge, in England, requested a literary contribution from Mr. Kipling, and that Mr. Kipling replied with a humorous negative in rhyme *à la*

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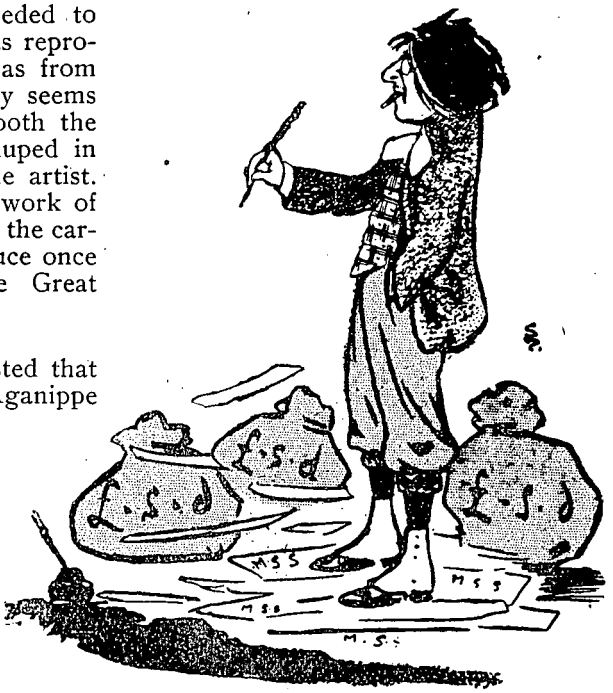
Mr. Gilbert, but that he conceded to them a bit of drawing which was reproduced in the November *Critic* as from Mr. Kipling's pencil. The story seems to have some truth in it, but both the *Academy* and the *Critic* were duped in believing Mr. Kipling to be the artist. As a matter of fact, it was the work of a Cambridge undergraduate, but the cartoon is good enough to reproduce once more in association with the Great Young Man's Refusal.



A CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATE'S IDEA OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

When Sir Philip Sidney boasted that although he never drank of the Aganippe well he somehow managed to write rather good verse, he was slurring that holy thing which a good many modern reviewers call the "literary quality." As employed by them the term is often cabalistic, and therefore beyond the reach of exact definition, but here is an illustration of its use: A certain writer—it happened to be Jerome K. Jerome—was praised by a reviewer in very high terms. A genial fancy, a pleasant humour, a happy turn of phrase—all were his. His book was readable, but—here the blow falls—it was unliterary. Now the particular merits of Mr. Jerome are not in question. He may or may not be literary. What puzzles us is merely the use of the term. Why withhold it from him, if by means of letters, he succeeds, as the reviewer thinks, in producing these effects? This is only one case among many of the application of the mystic literary canon, and there is some danger lest a useful word may be wrenched from its moorings altogether. The critical soothsayers have a great knack at such perversions of an honest term. They sanctify it first, and they will soon be turning it into cant if they are not watched.

How far they have gone already is illustrated in a recent interview with Mr. Kipling, who applies the word as if it actually conveyed an insult. Sir Edward Russell, of the Liverpool *Daily Post*, had caught him and was drawing him out about India, Cape Colony, Cecil Rhodes, and several other things. "Wasn't India a fine example of a grand civilising empire with a great literary organisation behind it—a Leadenhall street all the time?" asked Sir Edward. "Oh, that didn't amount to much," was the reply. "There was nothing literary about Clive, was there?" This seems to have shocked the interviewer, but not so much as Mr. Kipling's championship of Mr. Rhodes.

> "Well, but now there was Mr. Schreiner, a good English university man, of high culture, eminent at the bar and in the Cape Parliament. He and his sister, the author of *The Story of an African Farm*, were opposed to Mr. Rhodes. Were they benighted and uncivilised? No, but they were purely literary," at which word my great writer sniffed as if he had been a Hannibal, a Barnato or a Kitchener.

Altogether a rather absurd interview with its contrast between the blunt, careless overstatements of the man and the little prudish thrills and shocks of the interviewer, but serviceable enough in illustrating our point. For it is clear that Kipling does not like the thing known to critics of a certain class as the "literary quality."

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When a writer like Mr. Kipling begins to hurl the term "literary" at a man as if it were an abusive epithet, the cant sense of the word must be reckoned with. This cant usage always suggests something done laboriously and with an eye to effect. It sometimes implies the heavy plush style as in Mr. Hall Caine's writings, and sometimes merely those standards of elegance which dog you from the days when you took text-books on rhetoric seriously. At all events, it calls to mind the supremely conscious style that works from without inward, fitting the thought to the words, not the words to the thought, with the result that the showman's anxious, puckered face peers at you between the lines. In the long run the public sees this and renders a rude justice, giving, of course, either bad reasons or none at all, for the public is not analytical. It merely knows the difference between its servants and its masters, and it requires more man and less manner than it commonly gets. Herein lies the weakness of the literary schools with their emphasis of the method.

Good or bad, Mr. Kipling's thoughts are flung to the public in the way he chooses. It may take them or leave them. If he feels like naming every bolt and bar in a steam engine, he does so. If he disapproves of Asia, Asia is no more. The mere independence of the man sets people buzzing and gives him half his success. There is no "literariness" in him; he has no models and takes no advice. There is an immense certainty in his views, and all he has to do is to clothe them with the words he likes best. To quote again from the interview with Sir Edward Russell:

> His beau ideal, or at all events his present-day idol, was Mr. Rhodes. What did he think of him? The greatest of living men. . . . My next question: Has Mr. Rhodes, in a public sense, any morals? "Tut," says the other great man, "he's making an empire!" What did I mean by morals? Here the conversation became a little confused, and on the great man's side a little contemptuous. "Morals forsooth!" Well, high ideals, "The best ideal is to spread civilisation and to make an empire in doing it."

"Tut" does not sound like one of Mr. Kipling's expletives, and as for "forsooth" we would as soon believe it of him as "Zounds, sirrah," but this is a detail. The rest is his own without doubt—Mr. Rhodes the greatest of living men, and the political philosophy that makes the big moral swallow the little one.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has now written more than half of the sequel to *Sentimental Tommy*. The provisional title is *The Celebrated Tommy*, but this may be changed. Mr. Barrie will not be able to finish the work in time for its appearance in *Scribner's Magazine* next year, but he hopes to have it ready for that periodical in 1900.

Mr. Barrie's *Margaret Ogilvy* has been translated into Swedish.

The success of *The Little Minister* on the stage has incited Mr. R. H. Russell to publish a handsome edition of Mr. Barrie's novel, to be known as the Maude Adams edition. The same artist, Mr. C. Allan Gilbert, who made the illustrations for Mr. Russell's Maude Adams souvenir, spoken of here last month, has prepared thirty full-page wash drawings for this edition of *The Little Minister*, and there will also be a number of illustrations from photographs taken especially for the purpose. It will be bound in white vellum, stamped with an appropriate design in gold, with a miniature portrait of Miss Adams. If the book realises all that it promises to be, it is certainly cheap at the price, which is $2.50.

Mr. Barrie's dramatisation of *The Little Minister* is being toured at present in Scotland by a road company, while the larger towns are being reserved for the Haymarket company. We believe that the play is having a good reception, but, as was to be expected when the play was put on its native heath, critics and playgoers are having a good deal to say about it. Especially has this been the case in Forfarshire, where the famous "Thrums" (Kirriemuir) is situated. First of all they claim that the actors do not give the true dialect nor the correct accent. But the Forfarshire dialect is a fearful and a wonderful thing, and the accent of Thrums sounds most vilely in the ears of even a Scotsman—in other parts. Then again some of the staid Kir-

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riemuir people object to a certain part of the "business" in Nannie Webster's cottage as not true to life. How much it is to be deplored that we cannot know what the Auld Lichts themselves think, for no true blue Auld Licht would witness a theatrical performance.

There is trouble in the Auld Licht Kirk of Thrums at present. About a year ago the Rev. W. C. Conn was elected minister of the Original Secession Church of Kirriemuir, known as the Auld Licht Kirk, and he has not been exempt from the vexation of spirit which seems to overtake the occupants of that honoured pulpit. He has been taken to task by his Presbytery for countenancing the singing of "human hymns" and the use of the organ in church; for acquiescing in the practice of standing while singing, and sitting during prayer, whereas the proper postures, according to Auld Licht customs, are exactly the opposite. Mr. Conn, we believe, is unrepentant and has flatly refused to ask his congregation to go back to the old practices. What will the elders and members of the Auld Licht Kirk do with this rebellious minister of Thrums?

Can no one with sufficient understanding and imagination, asks Ian Maclaren, give us the romance of commerce with its contrast of petty details and vast schemes, of sordid greed and high courage, with its endless moral situations and problems? If any one doubts whether this is a possible subject he has not read *The Autobiography of a Joint Stock Company*, which appeared in *Blackwood's* a number of years ago and must have been written by Laurence Oliphant. Many are crying out for a successor to Anthony Trollope, who will continue the clerical chronicle and give us more curates and more bishops—both perfectly and endlessly delightful sorts of men who will tickle one's fancy by the mere sight of them to the end of time—and some have a strong impression that Mrs. Oliphant did not say the last or by any means a just word on dissenting religious life in Salem Chapel. The lower middles, the small shopkeeper and clerk type, still wait for another Dickens, and in saying so one is not at all ungrateful to Mr. Gissing for his sombre, strenuous work; and the proletariat with their new fermenting ideas and plans surely afford material for some sympathetic and virile writer.

"Quite a large number of people not all Celts by any means," Dr. Watson goes on, "had their appetite whetted by Mr. Neil Munro's book of stories, and now are vastly pleased with *John Splendid*. Perhaps it may indicate a want of literary conscientiousness, but they do not, without exception, feel bound to compare Mr. Munro's work at every turn with *A Legend of Montrose*, or even with *Kidnapped*. The author has made his own and a distinct contribution to the reading of Argyle's character, one of the most perplexing problems in Scots history and in human character. He understands the subtle Celtic nature as neither Sir Walter nor Stevenson could—by the way, the Provost's daughter ought to have married Splendid—and his descriptions of land and water are exact, affluent and distinguished; indeed nothing better of this kind has been done within recent years. As Mr. Munro can write from the inside of Celtic character, which is a labyrinth for which quite intelligent Lowlanders have no thread, he might address himself to the romance of '45 with its heroines and its treacheries. Of course the man who attempts this fascinating task must distinctly understand that his work will be compared by critics, as a matter of duty, with *Waverley* page by page—*Kidnapped* and *David Balfour* being kept in reserve—and he will be admonished of his folly in entering reserved ground; but it remains for his consolation that there are many facts Sir Walter dared not use (because they were too hot for the handling) which have now cooled; and that Sir Walter was much happier with his lairds than with his chiefs."

Major Pond has secured Ian Maclaren for a six weeks' tour of the Pacific Coast to begin early in the spring. Dr. Watson had so many engagements within the limited time at his disposal when he was in America two years ago, that he was unable to visit the Pacific slope, though he greatly wished to do so. Although this is his chief purpose in re-

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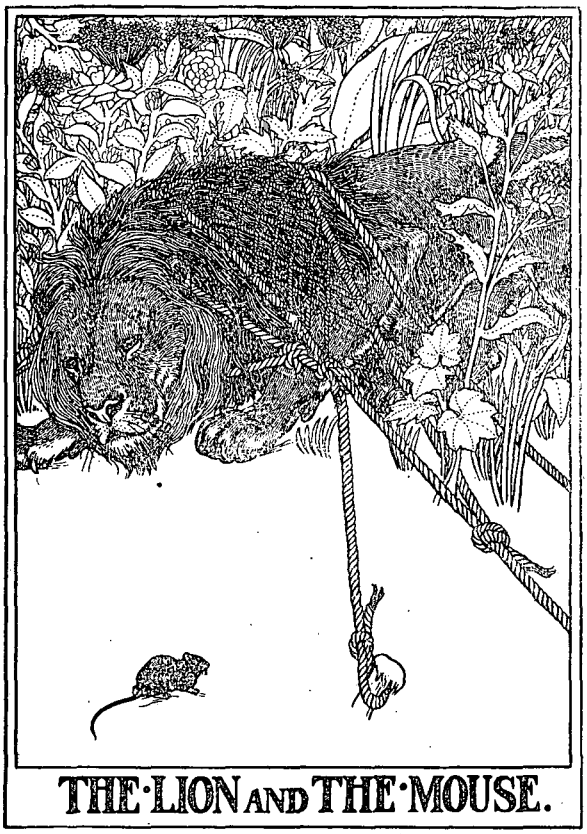

DRAWN BY PERCY J. BILLINGHURST. FROM "A HUNDRED FABLES OF ÆSOP." PUBLISHED BY JOHN LANE.

visiting these shores, it is possible that he will be heard in New York and other large cities *en route*.

One of the best collection of drawings that we have seen this season is contained in *A Hundred Fables of Æsop*, published by Mr. John Lane of the Bodley Head. The pictures are the work of a new artist, Mr. Percy J. Billinghurst, but we venture to predict that his work will not remain long unrecognised. *Æsop* was never so cleverly conceived and executed in black and white. Mr. Kenneth Grahame has written an introduction to the *Fables* which are taken from the English version of Sir Roger L'Estrange. We reproduce one of the illustrations.

Many of the pictures on Grandmother's old blue pottery are fairly accurate representations of real characters and scenes of real places. Some of the pottery made for America contains representations of American scenes, and these pieces are ardently sought for by collectors. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have in preparation a work on American history, especially old New York, as depicted on the dark blue pottery of Staffordshire. It will contain upwards of one hundred and twenty-five reproductions in color, of pieces decorated with scenes, views of buildings, etc. The text will be by Mr. R. T. Halsey and the reproductions will be largely from his own collection. It is expected that the book will be ready for publication early in the coming year.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish immediately a volume of collected papers by Amelia E. Barr, the nature of which may be readily guessed at from the title—*Maids, Wives and Bachelors*.

Mrs. Barr relates a recent experience of hers that further illustrates and corroborates what Mark Twain calls "mental telegraphy." Mrs. Barr has been engaged on a new novel, it appears, in which the scene shifts to Algeria. As she was ignorant of the characteristics, manner of life, customs of the people and the country, she was obliged to have resort to the necessary authorities in the library. Just then a strange thing happened. While her mind was so intent on this part of the globe that she was in imagination living there, she received a letter from the proprietor of a large hotel in Algiers inviting her to visit him and spend the winter months under the clemency of the warm climate. The mysterious thing about it is that Mrs. Barr never heard of this person before and cannot account for his timely interest in her.

Mark Twain, who, it seemed to many, made himself ridiculous some time ago by discrediting Fenimore Cooper, now puts himself on record as never having

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been able to find a line in Thackeray which interested him.

A bookseller is reported as saying the other day that "the sex novel is dead, and the women who did things are at a discount." Evidently the novel of adventure is the live novel of the present, and it is the men who did things who are wanted.

The *Temple Magazine* in its November number has discovered that to the famous entry in a library catalogue of

Mill on Liberty.
Ditto, on the Floss.

has now to be added this excellent list:

Lead—Copper.
" —Metallurgy.
" —Kindly Light (Newman).
" —Poisoning.

Another amusing catalogue blunder instanced was that of a book by Dr. Gordon Stables indexed in the catalogue under Horses.

"The brothers Rhead" have been engaged in two artistic enterprises which have made quite a stir in the art world. One of these is a series of remarkable drawings which have been used to illustrate a handsome *édition de luxe* of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The illustrations have been very carefully reproduced and, with the text set in quaint type to harmonise with the decoration, the whole forms a wonderfully interesting and beautiful work. There are thirty-six full-page illustrations, and numerous small pictures, one of which we reproduce. The printing is in two colours on a very rich paper with broad margins, and the binding is most attractive. The same may be said of the other work which these brothers have been employed in illustrating—Tennyson's first edition of *The Idylls of the King*, consisting of "Vivien," "Elaine," "Enid," and "Guinevere." *The Pilgrim's Progress* is published by the Century Company, and *The Idylls of the King* by Mr. R. H. Russell.

We ran across two good stories about two Scotch professors, recently. One evening Professor Masson detected a student reading a paper while the class was in session. The professor stopped speaking, and when the student looked round to ascertain the cause of the sudden stillness, he found all eyes riveted upon him. "And me lecturing on Shakespeare!" was all the professor's remonstrance. But it was effective. It was uttered almost wearily, but it went right home, as can be easily understood by those who ever came under Professor Masson's winning, rugged personality.

The other story records a smart reply of a Scotch student to his professor. As a rule the professor has the best of it, but in this case the tables were turned. An enthusiastic professor had been advocating the advantages of athletic ex-

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DRAWING FROM THE ILLUSTRATED "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS," PUBLISHED BY THE CENTURY COMPANY.

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ercise. "The Roman youths," he cried, "used to swim three times across the Tiber before breakfast." The Scotch student smiled, at which the irate professor exclaimed, "Mr. McAllister, why do you smile? We shall be glad to share your amusement." The canny Scot replied: "I was just thinking, sir, that the Roman youths must have left their clothes on the wrong bank at the end of their swim!"

English as she is advertised in one of New York's thoroughfares:

ALL GARMENTS WARRANTED FOR SALE HERE.

Really! Well, we hadn't supposed that they were given away at other shops.

Mr. Richard Hovey has grown more steadily in the appreciation of the public during the last few years than any other of the younger American poets. Mr. Hovey was born in Bloomington, Ill., thirty-four years ago, but his boyhood was spent in the East, the winters in Washington and the summers in the pleasant town of Andover, Mass. He graduated in 1885 from Dartmouth, and his loyalty to the old New Hampshire college is shown in several of his best odes and lyrics. During the last twelve years Mr. Hovey lived, until recently, in Washington and Boston, and now lives in New York, with annual journeys northward and southward to his two former homes. In October last he was appointed a lecturer on English literature in Barnard College.

Two years spent in Paris, and an intimate acquaintance with such men as Maeterlinck and the late Stéphane Mallarmé, helped to confirm Mr. Hovey in a feeling which is natural to his genius for symbolism and mysticism, and in a love of the real and actual in daily life as the proper subject matter of poetry, and to school him in the refined and skilful practice of *vers libres*. Mr. Hovey has translated eight plays of Maeterlinck, including all but the last to appear, *Aglavaine et Sélysette*. These were published by Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company, in their Green Tree Library, and the volume of lyrics which he has just issued contains five translations of the verse of Mallarmé, the most notable being that of the well-known "Hérodiade." Mr. Hovey's own volumes already include: *The Laurel*, an ode (one hundred and fifty copies were privately printed), 1889; *Launcelot and Guenevere*, 1891; *Seaward*, an elegy on Dr. T. W. Parsons, 1893; *Songs from Vagabondia* and *More Songs from Vagabondia* (both books written conjointly with Mr. Bliss Carman), 1895 and 1897, respectively; and this last year, *The Birth of Galahad*, a romantic drama, brought out by Mr. Hovey's present publishers, Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company, in connection with *The Quest of Merlin* and *The Marriage of Guenevere*, the two plays which made up the earlier volume of *Launcelot and Guenevere*. *Along the Trail*, already referred to as containing the translations of Mallarmé, is fresh from the press. It represents Mr. Hovey's work in the lyric and ode for the last eighteen years, the earlier pieces lying side by side with the finished verse of to-day. The dates attached to the poems in this book afford an interesting study in the chronological development of Mr. Hovey's talent. The first three poems are on the late war, namely, "The Word of the Lord from Havana," in which, for the first time, so it is said, the phrase, "Remember the Maine," was used; "Bugles," a part of which was printed in the October *Scribner's*, and "The Manifest Destiny."

Mr. Hovey entered Dartmouth, expecting to be a naturalist, and studied with that idea in mind. He read a great deal of poetry while at college, and wrote more or less, but never expected to devote himself wholly or chiefly to literature. But whatever he undertook, both then and during subsequent years, he found himself coming back to poetry. At one time he prepared for the priesthood, and for a number of years he was a journalist; but he always cared more for literature than for anything else that he studied or engaged in. Finally, he became inspired with the desire to write plays. "In order to be a playwright," he has said, "one must know the theatre inside out, and for this purpose I went on the stage. I have always taken part in theatricals more or less, amateur or pro-

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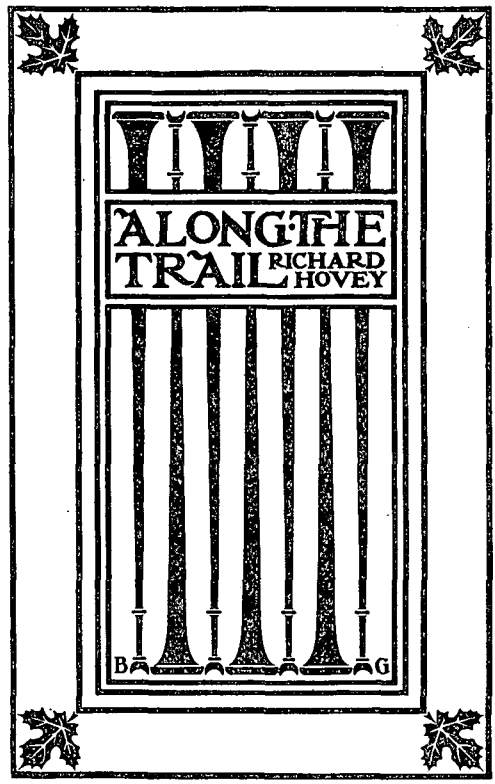
fessional, and to myself I am actor first and author afterward; or perhaps playwright first and poet afterward."

"What the public care for most in poetry, as well as in everything else," Mr. Hovey says, "is for a story. They want to read about some man's life, or his love affair, or how he did his work and achieved success; and it is natural and right that they should. The swing and the rhythm of such a man as Kipling take hold of people tremendously, but only those poems appeal to the greatest number which tell a story. Look at the way in which even *Lucile* has sold in this country. There have been considerably more than a hundred editions. Then, too, we like the outdoor note in poetry. We go in for the greater freedom of treatment, but more especially for freedom of atmosphere and spirit—the sort of poetry that represents free and natural and buoyant life, whether indoors or out. We don't care so much for the refinements of the scholar as for something genuine and healthy and modern and alive. Our ancestors in this country lived outdoor lives of conflict with nature and communion with her, and we who spend too much time in houses and offices like to find that atmosphere in our poetry. We expect our books to be better than ourselves, you know; or, at least, to fit in with what our consciences and our ideals tell us we ought to be. We prefer the sort of work that a man does who lives outdoors a great deal, and has a healthy mind in his healthy body, and is free from morbidness. English poetry compares with American as the song of a caged bird with that of a free one."

Next to this sense of freedom, Mr. Hovey recognises three problems with which the poet to-day is confronted: "one relating to the enfranchisement of woman from her traditional and conventional position, one relating to political freedom and empire, and one relating to religion. Now, of course, when stated in that bald way, the matter assumes a totally different aspect from what it does as I view it. It is no part of my plan to lay down rules, or even to make suggestions, with regard to what I think is the right attitude toward women, or of women toward other human beings. I am merely trying, through the Arthurian cycle, to deal with women in a new way—a way that to me seems to accord with the present age. My next work of



COVER DESIGN BY B. G. GOODHUE.

considerable extent—it won't be begun for several years—will elaborate in a similar way certain aspects of politics; and I presume," with a smile, "that my old age will be devoted to a series of poetical works in which the religious thought will be the central one. Behind these themes my work is dominated by a thought which is the outgrowth of study in a certain neglected domain of psychology."

Speaking of the vicious and misleading term, "the symbolistic school," as applied to certain of the younger poets of to-day, Mr. Hovey discards the appellation utterly, and finds in the stress which is laid in their work on individuality their

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greatest unity—a principle of separation rather than of union, the conception of the human being as something apart from the rest of the world rather than the conception of him as merely one of a mass. Certain recognisable notes may fairly be said to be characteristic of them, taken as a group. "One of these notes," says Mr. Hovey, "is a root-and-branch democracy that will be satisfied with nothing less than a complete realisation of the brotherhood of the race. We cannot be put to sleep with a lullaby of 'Freedom, Freedom,' when there is no freedom. Another note is an independent treatment of women and those relations which her presence in the world occasions. It is characteristic of the younger poets to find the conventional standards narrower and less exacting than the true psychology and ethics of love. They have a tendency to look upon the current conception of marriage as a fetish instead of a sacrament; to believe that the woman should submerge only so much of her personality as the man, and to find God's way of making life good. Another note is the Hellenic note of joy; the worship of sorrow has few devotees. The fourth note is virility, something to say to strong men in the midst of the battle of life, instead of mere sentimentality. Still another is philosophic idealism; we have seen the finish of materialism in poetry. To the note of religion there is no exception among the younger poets; they are all filled with the sense of God and the spirit of worship. And last, the desire for spontaneity has led to greater freedom of technique, impelling the younger men at once toward the simpler ballad measures and toward the flexibility, complexity and naturalness of *vers libres*. The new poets do not desire to do away with the old forms; their aim is enrichment, not impoverishment. They believe that the purpose of the form is to reveal the spirit, and unconventional verses in the hands of the rare man who is their master respond more quickly and subtly than any other form to every shifting sense of thought and emotion."

To one who should wish to get hold of the spirit and the message of this group of younger poets as indicating the ideals and qualities which they have more or less in common, without reading their books, Mr. Hovey would recommend William Watson's "The Unknown God," Mr. Roberts's "The Unsleeping," Mr. Carman's "Berris Yare," Mr. Riley's "Love is the Deadest Thing," Kipling's "Ballad of East and West," John Davidson's "Ballad of a Nun," Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven," Maeterlinck's "Et s'il Revenait un Jour," Verhaeren's "La Nuit d'Hiver Elève au Ciel son pur Calice," Viele-Griffin's "La Chevauchée d'Yeldis," and (since Henley and Mallarmé are so often spoken of with their juniors) "Out of the Night that Covers Me," and "Hérodiade."

Our attention has been called to the fact that the stirring martial songs to be found in Mr. Farmer's successful novel, *The Grenadier*, are not "translations" as we stated in our last number, but that they are original compositions by the author. On another page will be found a spirited poem on "The Czar," by Mr. Farmer. *The Grenadier* has already passed through three editions.

There is a brilliant destructive analysis of the religious novels of Marie Corelli and Hall Caine in the *Quarterly* which is so closely progressive in its argument that it almost defies quotation, but the conclusion which the writer comes to may be guessed from the following sentences:

> Must we conclude that Mr. Hall Caine as well as Miss Corelli has, under pretense of showing us the orthodox creed in action, flooded the market with samples of unscientific and degenerate mysticism. . . . Mr. Caine lives and dies by emotion. . . . He has an eye for what he sees, but he lives in a world of his own. . . Their religion is not Christianity, but its caricature; and their apologetics are as wanting in balance as they are fertile in sickly and sensuous dreams.

The article really deserved a wider hearing in a more popular magazine and would be well worth reprinting.

The circulation of the first number of Cassell's *New Penny Magazine* in England has been enormous if not unprecedented, no fewer than 750,000 copies having been sent out, and the orders for

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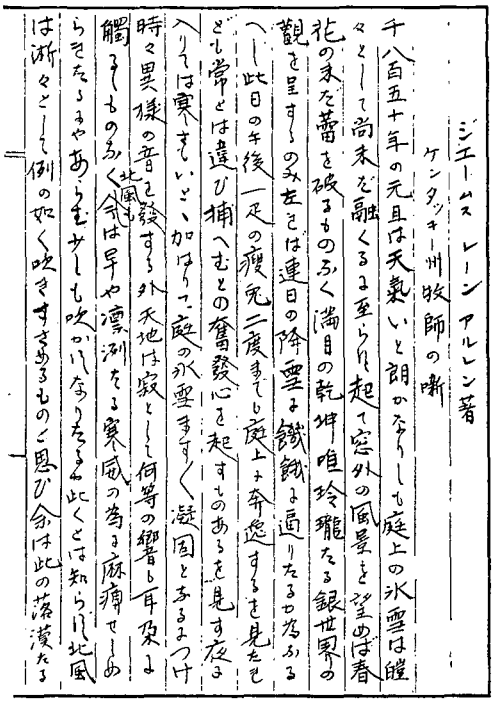
the second number promise to reach the same extraordinary figure.

The publication of Mrs. Shorter's new volume of poems by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company has been postponed until next spring. The title has been changed to *My Lady's Slipper and Other Poems.*

That George Eliot's novels should be turned into tableaux in a little Indian hill station shows how far-reaching and how intimate is the popular appeal of her work. The residents of Almora, a small hill estate in the northwest provinces, recently staged a scene from *Adam Bede.* The scene chosen was that in which Mrs. Poyser gives Squire Donnithorne a piece of her mind, while old Farmer Poyser looks stolidly on, evidently much amused at the lecture which his landlord is receiving from the eloquent woman. We understand that the little scene was capitally acted and gave much amusement at an evening party which formed one in a series of similar entertainments.

As one cannot hear too much about George Eliot, it is interesting to read in Mr. Augustine Birrell's biography of Sir Frank Lockwood, that Lockwood's mother, Jane Haimes Mitchell, was a schoolmate of Mary Anne Evans at Coventry. They met only once, however, in after life, and Mrs. Lockwood's impressions of the novelist are not given. It may be remembered that the Misses Franklin, whose school George Eliot attended between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, were daughters of a Baptist minister in Coventry, who lived in a house in the Chapel-yard, almost exactly resembling that of Rufus Lyon in *Felix Holt.*

Some time ago we announced that a translation of Mr. Allen's *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath* was being made into Japanese. Miss Dyer, who is largely responsible for the translation, has recently returned to this country and has brought with her a proof of the first page of *A Kentucky Cardinal* in Japanese, of which we herewith give a reduced facsimile. Miss Dyer is visiting friends in New Orleans, where she will remain during the winter. She will return to Tokyo in the spring in time to see the Japanese edition through the press. We note with interest that our suggestion to have the



FAC-SIMILE OF THE OPENING PAGE OF "A KENTUCKY CARDINAL" IN JAPANESE.

edition illustrated from the Japanese point of view has been received favourably and is being seriously contemplated.

The Choir Invisible has just been issued in a new, revised and illustrated form. As a piece of bookmaking it is a model of excellence in every respect, and Mr. Allen is to be congratulated on the manner in which the publishers have combined with Mr. Orson Lowell, the artist, to emphasise the beauty of his work. At the last report, one hundred and seven thousand copies of *The Choir Invisible* had been sold.

It is an open secret that the author of *Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War,* just published by Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company, is Mr. F. P. Dunne, the managing editor of the Chicago *Journal.* Mr. Dunne introduced Mr. Dooley to the public through the columns of the Chi-

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cago *Evening Post*, but the conversations on the late war, which first gave Mr. Dooley his extraordinary vogue all over the country, appeared in the *Journal*.

Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company will bring out before Christmas a little book of verse and prose by Mr. Henry Copley Greene, called *Plains and Uplands of Old France*. Mr. Greene is the translator of Marcel Schwob's *Children's Crusade*, recently published by the same firm. In his latest book Mr. Greene follows two writers who have travelled the same road, Mr. Joseph Pennell and the late Robert Louis Stevenson, and it seems impossible for the sojourner in that curiously remote and singularly al-

luring country of Burgundy, Perigord and Provence, to escape a certain subtle spell which falls upon the traveller. The book is illustrated and decorated by Mr. George H. Hallowell. We reproduce one of Mr. Hallowell's initials, derived from a curious old Gothic sculpture.

Mr. Thomas Hardy has been enjoying a bicycle tour through Somersetshire and Devonshire, and has now returned to his home at Dorchester. The last news we had of him was that he was engaged in correcting the proofs of his new volume of poems. It may interest our readers to know that Mr. Clive Holland will contribute to early numbers of THE BOOKMAN some interesting papers on Thomas Hardy's country, illustrated with pictures of places celebrated in the novels, from photographs taken expressly for this purpose by Mr. Holland himself.

The news of Mr. Harold Frederic's untimely end on November 19, in his forty-third year, has caused widespread and sincere regret. It was not easy to know him, despite the frankness of his manner. He had much in reserve which he imparted only after confidence had been established. But those who knew him best had an absolute belief in the genuine friendliness, kindness, and simplicity of his character. He had strong health and a buoyant spirit—possessions which carried him over difficulties to which most men would have succumbed. As a worker he was untiring and dauntless. He took without grudging or bitterness the comparatively ill success of his early books and went on. It was a heavy blow to him that, owing to the failure of his American publishers, Messrs. Stone and Kimball, Mr. Frederic missed the payment on the sales of *The Damnation of Theron Ware* to which he was entitled in this country. Mr. Frederic was self-taught, but few men knew so much. There was scarcely any subject on which he was not able to give information. Remarkable as his books are, he was greater than his books. In conversation he had few equals. An anonymous article on the Historical Novel appeared from his pen in the English *Bookman* some time ago, and is now published over his own name, for the first time here, in the present number. The photograph of himself which Mr. Frederic liked best was taken for THE BOOKMAN, two years ago, and published in the issue of November, 1896.

We are sorry that want of space in the present number prevents us from reviewing at length Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's fascinating romance, which is the book of the moment in England. Despite the fact that a large majority of the English critics were inclined to sniff at Mr. Watts-Dunton writing a novel of any importance, they have been unanimous, without exception, not only in praising the book but in doing so with enthusiasm. It has gone through three editions in about as many days, and is

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the great literary surprise of the season. Much was made in the preliminary announcement of *Aylwin* of Mr. Watts-Dunton's intimate friendship with Tennyson, Browning, William Morris, Meredith, Rossetti and Swinburne, and of the fact that these prominent literary figures would appear among the characters of his book under a thin disguise. But now that the book is published we see that while some of these men have stood for their portraits in the pages of *Aylwin*, and that their habits and surroundings have been ingeniously worked in, the story in itself is full of deep feeling and action, apart from such accessories. Dr. Robertson Nicoll, writing in the *Daily Chronicle*, finds in *Aylwin* "a vivid, enthralling, absorbing love story, full of movement and life and vigour," and he declares that "its open-air freshness, its thrilling interest, and its intense and noble passion will make it one of the most eagerly read novels of recent years." *The Athenæum* calls it "a story of tragic power, a work of freshness, liveliness, vigour of action and undeniable poetry and philosophy," and claims for it "a high and permanent place in our literature." As for its style, *Literature* says that it "is full of poetry," that it has "a vein of personal reminiscence," which makes it "a fine addition not only to our best works of fiction, but to our masterpieces of prose." "Sinfi Lovell is the finest heroine in recent fiction"—all the critics seem to concur in this—"one of the most finished studies of its type and kind in all romantic literature." Finally, from the numerous reviews which have already reached us from England, we quote another extract from the *Star:* "We can recall no study of the love passion that can compare with *Aylwin*. It declines to be classed. It is of no school. It owns no lineage, acknowledges no tradition. Its form is new, its ethical message is new. . . . Since Shakespeare created Ophelia there has been nothing in literature so moving, so pathetic, so unimaginably sorrowful as the madness of Winnie Wynne."

THE COMING OF REVOLT

I HAVE BEEN PASSIVE;
I HAVE SUBMITTED TO THE LAW,
AND I HAVE SEEN
THE TIDE OF LIFE FLOW FROM ME
TO RETURN, BRINGING
BUT SEA WEED
AND THE DEAD I LOVED.
STILL HAVE I HELD MY PEACE,
BELIEVING IN THE LAW,
UNTIL THIS HOUR.

Paul Kester.

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THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

The best cast seen in New York for many a weary month has made a popular success out of a French play from which little was expected even by those who produced it. Mr. Charles Frohman, our most powerful dramatic purveyor, has recently given signs of wishing to be known not only as the most widespread, but as the first manager in both of the English-speaking nations. He is a very able man, and nobody knows what he may accomplish. If he will support a few companies as strong as that at the Garrick, in plays as good and better than *Catherine*, who cares how many farces and *Christians* are given to those who wish them?

No play of the year except *Cyrano de Bergerac* has aroused such intelligent discussion—a term which is not intended to embrace columns of sluggish rambling over the virtue of Glory Quayle. *Cyrano de Bergerac* has penetrated even to Third Avenue, and *Catherine*, though it appeals almost solely to the trained artistic taste, has become already a subject to talk about. That is what the theatre ought to be. The more the plays which arouse comment on questions of art, and not of morality or meaning, the sooner the day when, for an intelligent man, an evening at the theatre will be an evening to the good.

Catherine is conventional and what we Americans fairly call artificial and insincere; but to a Frenchman there is nothing shallow or untrue in coolly choosing a pretty and commonplace theme and writing graceful and cultivated prose about it. The play is said to have been written by Lavedan, who had just succeeded with an improper comedy, to show by a Comédie Française success his title to the seat of Meilhac. He is virtuous and decorous by calculation. As one nation does not understand the idiosyncrasies of another, but only the universal traits, we call this Gallic taste for neat and finished expression in conventional forms by harsh names; but one may love it whose heart is equal to any emergency. If *Catherine* were badly written it would be a chromo. Being the work of a man of literary refinement it is a pleasing repast for the æsthetic sense.

The translation is crude and heavy. Hall Caine sat in the audience the first night, and the management, with a fascinating instinct for fitness, has selected him to correct the work of the anonymous first employee. No deeper wisdom could have been shown had a deputy been sent across the Bridge to engage Laura Jean Libbey, or across the deep to have the Frenchman's work put into shape by Marie Corelli. Why not submit all these difficult matters of literary expression to the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal?* Seriously enough, our managers understand the acting qualities of a play, but when it comes to preserving or detecting the aroma of a style they need more help than will ever be given by Mr. Hall Caine. He is a genius in his way, for nobody without keen perceptions would have invited all the clergymen in town to his play and then called a special rehearsal to change those traits in Canon Wealthy which might offend his brother ministers; but this genius is practical and not artistic.

The acting, however, is turning *Catherine* into even a popular triumph, in spite of the foreign elements and the luckless traducers. It makes one think what a resource, what a comfort and inspiration, the theatre ought to be, and what it may yet be in New York. There is something so satisfying and full in the work of a cast which is composed of artists from top to bottom, that not even the flame of sporadic genius gives just that pleasure. There is a possibility that the same players may perform Mr. Barrie's new comedy. It is only a dream to think of a company in a fixed home in our city, as good as this one, and enough larger to allow a varied repertory, kept together permanently, so that they might "feel each other's elbows," as the French actors say; only a dream, but one worth indulging. Suppose Annie Russell, with her poetry, humour, and faultless technique were to give us a new Viola, to William Owen's Sir Toby, would not that be something to see, if the rest of

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ANNIE RUSSELL IN "CATHERINE."

the cast was composed of such actors as those at the Garrick? Then there is *Divorçons*—what a Cyprienne Miss Russell would be! She can do most things without failure, for she knows her business and has personal charm, but the field in which she is eminent is not strained intensity, like the last two acts of *Catherine*, but pathos, intelligent humour, and fancy, the light and shade of happiness and sorrow, poetry and truth.

Sometimes I foolishly fall to dreaming of what a magic place the theatre would be if a score of our most gifted players had always worked together on the greatest plays. If it is such an experi-

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ence to sit in the Français, and see a strange art, what would it be to have any night the possibility of seeing the greatest drama in the modern world equally well played? Then, instead of the pleasure of having this year Julia Arthur as Rosalind, Ada Rehan as Portia, perhaps Maude Adams and William Faversham in *Romeo and Juliet*, we should have these comedies and tragedies, without their equals in any other modern literature, given by a company in which these actors should play evenly with their peers, not only those dramas, but most of

HENRI LAVEDAN,
Author of "Catherine."

Shakespeare, as Germany sees all of Schiller and France most of Racine and Molière; and not only the other English classics, not only Sheridan, Goldsmith, Jonson, Webster, and the rest, but the best of old and new from other lands, and the highest produced in England and America to-day. A strong, permanent company, which seldom travelled, with a repertory and constant rotation in plays—that will serve at least as an alluring dream.

All this wandering must lead back again to the cast of *Catherine*. Mrs. Le Moyne's voice and her use of it, with her slight and distinct changes of face, have made a sensation in the town, and we have welcomed a useful actress to the stage; only to hear, indeed, that she is to appear next season in *The Great Ruby*, which happily may not be true. The elocution is just an atom too distinct, but it is admirable for all that, and it is rare. It would be possible to select half a dozen others in this company to praise for exceptional work. Such faults as too much slowness and suppression would speedily vanish with more of such performances, before the audiences on which they would come to depend. The actors do not yet quite grasp the brisk, enthusiastic way in which such a Gallic piece of taste must be carried along.

Cyrano de Bergerac has been played by Ada Rehan and her supporters, and on the East Side by the Third Avenue stock company. To see the drama presented by these organisations is to appreciate some of the difficulties met and surmounted by Mr. Mansfield's stage management. Much of the strength of the play is in its quantity. Its wit is as plentiful as it is sharp, the personages engaged are a multitude, the scenes are varied, full, and lively, the speeches plentiful, extended, and individual, the moods numerous, although one is dominating. In both the performances which followed Mr. Mansfield in Greater New York, this fullness was removed and a thin selection substituted,—half as many actors, shorter and fewer speeches, sparser settings, a fraction of the repartees—a total effect not of too exuberant workmanship, but of a poorly chosen line of samples. Imagine two silent supernumeraries doing service as that swarm of hungry poets, and you have a fair idea of the whole Daly show. Prudery called for the excision of some parts, economy killed others, and the necessity of keeping Cyrano down to the level of Mr. Daly's mediocre leading man turned the spouting poet-warrior into a comparatively terse foil for Miss Rehan. Mr. Richman, however, never looked more handsome than he did in his mildly enlarged nose, and Miss Rehan seldom exulted with less restraint in her own personality.

The Third Avenue production was somewhat better than Mr. Daly's, though necessarily pitiful. It had more gusto,

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and the actor who played Cyrano, although he had an East Side oblivion to subtleties, had a dominating personality which made the warrior aspect convincing. Mr. Mansfield hardly needs to fear his imitators.

To read a novel before seeing the play of which it is the foundation is as often a danger as an aid. Painfully acquired acquaintance with *The Christian* led me to one wrong impression on the opening night. Further reflection makes it clear that Mr. Morgan's interpretation of John Storm is correct, taking the character as it is written in the drama alone. Mr. Morgan substitutes for the intense fanatic of the novel a youth without experience, who takes a notion to go into the church and accomplish a work he has reasoned out. The love of Glory has nothing to do with it, because he then believes that if he wishes he can easily induce her to share his contemplated sacrifice. His answers to the worldlings in the early part of the play are logical repartees, not passion, which is aroused only when he gets into the thick of the fight and real obstacles crowd upon him. Even then, as soon as the tempest is past, he is calm and rational again, and can compromise with Glory and marry her, which would be absurd in the John Storm of the novel. Another advantage in this interpretation is connected with a fundamental truth about acting. Remembering that the majority of the people who buy seats do not know the book, have no acquaintance with Storm, and so expect no given actions from the youth who strolls upon the stage in the prologue, Mr. Morgan remains quiet and listens to the talk about him with but half an interest. Those few who know the other Storm may be disappointed, but the spectators of the play alone see no reason why this youth should quarrel with everybody in sight. If he did begin to rage and disagree immediately he would lose sympathy with the free-minded theatre-goer, who would set him down as a noisy crank whose business it was to create trouble, and therefore when the climaxes are reached later, Storm would have the audience against him instead of in his sympathy, and the bursts of power shown by Mr. Morgan would count for less. E. J. Henley, whose recent death is so deep a loss—certainly at his best one of the most powerful actors of our generation—once walked behind the scenes after the first act and said to a younger friend: "Look out for yourself, my boy. You are acting too much. Let all the others act all they want at first. You keep quiet, and remember the fourth act." Those who saw Henley last year in *John Gabriel Borkman* may object that he seized the attention as soon as he appeared upon the stage, but that only throws another light on the meaning of this rule. Borkman does not appear until a whole act has been devoted to arousing interest in him, all the other characters talking about him and fixing the expectation of the audience on him, so that when he comes on he is already the centre of attention. Had he appeared before he was a vivid interest he would have allowed his acting to rise only gradually, with the rise of the feelings of his audience.

Hall Caine objected strongly to Mr. Morgan's conception of the prologue, as did many others familiar with the novel, but the young actor resolutely clung to his faith, and he is now enjoying one of the most distinct triumphs of recent months. If he plays John Storm in England, why not give him such a splendid Glory Quayle as Virginia Harned?

Norman Hapgood.

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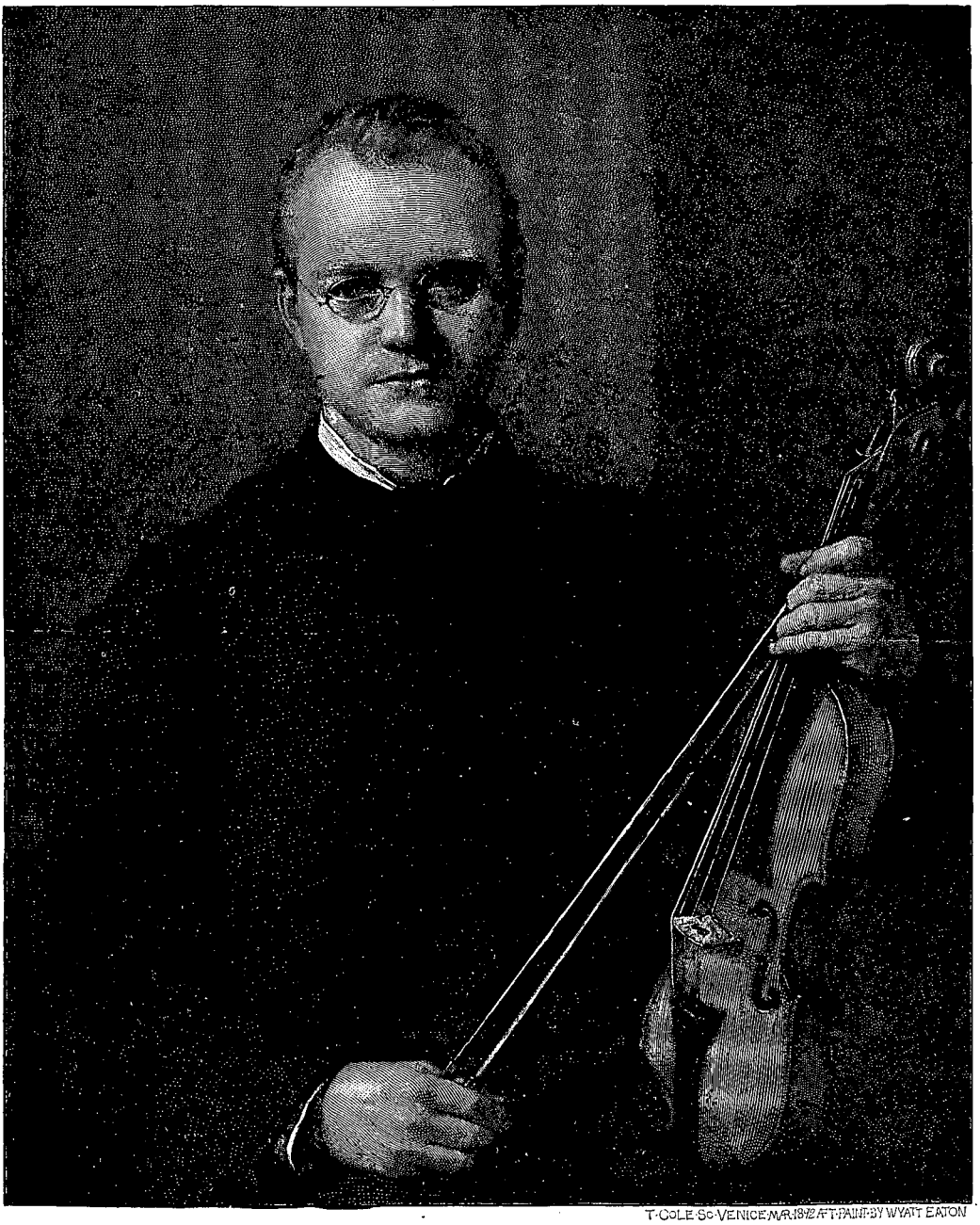

THE MAN WITH A VIOLIN.

Portrait of Timothy Cole by Wyatt Eaton. Engraved by Timothy Cole. By special permission of the Century Company. (See "A Century of American Illustration.")

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A CENTURY OF AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION

IV.—Departures in Engraving.

The closing year of the Civil War, inaugurated the first number of *Our Young Folks*, which came from the house of Ticknor and Field, and which has since been merged into *St. Nicholas*. Sol Eytinge, Harry Fenn, Winslow Homer, W. J. Hennesy, J. G. Brown occasionally, J. Wells Champney, Hoppin, Fay and Farley, were among the artists contributing pictures to this magazine. Still another important event in a magazine way occurred in 1871, when the publishing firm of Scribner and Sons launched, under the editorship of Dr. J. G. Holland, a new monthly publication bearing the name of the house, and from the first *Scribner's Magazine* took a prominent place which it has ever since maintained. It gradually gathered about itself a brilliant lot of young draughtsmen and professional engravers, and it did not hesitate to make daring experiments which though to-day seem most conservative acts, yet then were viewed with amazement and no little foreboding. The woodcutters endeavoured with more or less success to translate literally the technique of the draughtsmen, and their departure caused many an old-time engraver to wag his head dubiously, if he did not protest audibly, against these new-fangled notions. John G. Smithwick, F. S. King, Henry Wolf, and J. P. Davis were working at this time with the most satisfactory and artistic results, with later, Frederick Juengling and Gustav Kruell, while Timothy Cole, serious, capable and a thorough master of his medium, was making steady advance and fulfilling all the promise of his earlier days.

So there came to be pictures bearing the personal characteristics and art feeling of the men who designed them; there were a snap and go, a vigour and a sympathetic rendering in them hitherto unknown. The artists were delighted and the public was amazed. There began the foundation of a school of American illustrators and engravers, and the younger set was encouraged in originality and received some little work. Similar publications were spurred on to increased efforts and the competition was made keen. All these are referred to particularly, because they had so strong an influence on book illustration as well, first in the encouragement to the artist in making it worth his while to give time and thought to illustrative work, and to the engraver, in inducing him to break away from the conventional, almost meaningless line with which he was hitherto wont to express the original drawing. The change though gradual was perceptible, for the work of both artist and engraver during the war period, had deteriorated from the sencerity of the earlier years, when though the work was more crude, the intention certainly was simply and naïvely earnest.

These mutations, however, were not altogether apparent in the first few volumes of the publication, which though a trifle livelier than its more sedate rival, *Harper's Monthly*, was not entirely satisfying in an art way. The principal article in the first number was a paper on New York street vendors, portraying well-known types that have since passed away, but which at that time were familiar to everybody who had occasion to pass along certain thoroughfares. It cannot be truthfully said that the artists produced masterpieces in an illustrative direction, or that the engravers did them justice in the translation in line. George Reynolds was the principal draughtsman for this article, though both Thomas Worth and A. R. Waud contributed their mite. Again one is amazed that such performances could have passed current, for the figures are wretchedly proportioned, ridiculously out of drawing and false in all the relations. It is unnecessary to dwell on the hopelessness of the compositions, for criticism fails here. Yet with all these faults there was a certain novelty to the pictures and in a way, a resemblance to the scenes, as they are remembered and the public was struck with them. Subsequent numbers contained drawings by the well-known Frenchman, Emile Bayard, who was later to make a name for himself with his

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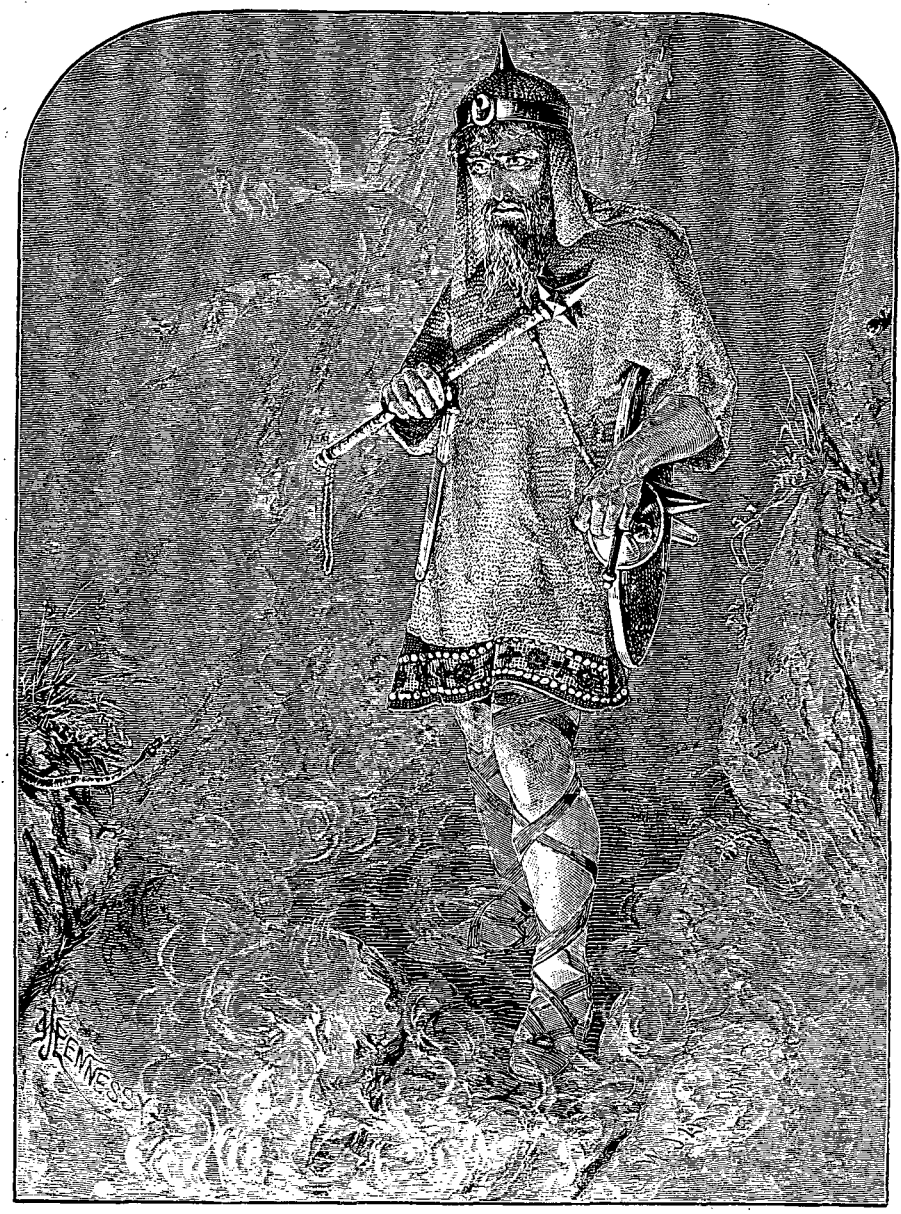

EDWIN BOOTH AS MACBETH.

Drawn by W. J. Hennessy. Engraved by W. J. Linton.

illustrative work. These were apparently taken by arrangement with some European publication. W. L. Sheppard was a frequent contributor of drawings, and Addie Ledyard, a woman, whose outline pictures seem to have been most popular, for she figured extensively here and was evidently in favour with the art editors. Maria Oakey, now Mrs. Dewing, is seen once or twice, but her illustrations lacked the seriousness she developed later in her paintings.

Prior to the appearance of *Scribner's Magazine*, which of course is now the *Century*, though there came later a *Scribner's* to divide the honours with its old namesake, the Appletons had begun in 1869, the publication of *Apple-*

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LOOKING SOUTH FROM FORT TICONDEROGA.

Drawn by Harry Fenn. From "Picturesque America," published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. By permission.

ton's Journal, which ran for ten years and was for the times, copiously illustrated, much in the same manner as *Harper's Monthly*, some of the same artists and many of the engravers contributing, woodcuts being used entirely. The drawings did not show a large command of the medium, or a severe academic training on the part of the artists, and it is more than possible that these last were not materially helped out by the engraver, who managed pretty well to mangle the expressions of the faces and generally to distort many of the original lines. But the woodcutter was not wholly to blame in the matter, for the artists were only indifferent after all. Among the pictures in the first number was a large cartoon of three folded pages, making a long composition called "The Drive in Central Park," by Thomas Hogan. There were represented a long alleyway of trees, with a procession of pleasure vehicles of all sorts, the occupants dressed in the curious fashion of the day, the women with big skirts and small hats, the men in peg top trousers and very high hats. Another illustration was the picture to a poem by R. H. Stoddard, called "Love Thy Neighbour," in which a man with flowing side-whiskers looked sentimentally at a woman in a jockey hat and feathers, who toyed with the petals of a rose. It was probably considered "fetching" in its day.

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Copyright, 1895, by D. Appleton & Co.

"EF YOU DON'T LEMME LOOSE I'LL KNOCK YOU AGIN!"

Drawn by A. B. Frost. From "Uncle Remus: His Songs and his Sayings," by Joel Chandler Harris. By special permission.

V.—The Illustrated Subscription Books.

In 1872, however, the Messrs. Appleton made a departure of an epoch-creating order that caused more or less of a popular sensation. This was the issuing of the first of the important illustrated subscription books, of which many were to follow and become such a source of profit to the trade. The volume was *Picturesque America*, and was perhaps the first book to contain large woodcuts, though there were steel engravings as well. It was edited by William Cullen Bryant, and among the artists were Harry Fenn, R. Swain Gifford, Granville Perkins, Alfred R. Ward, Thomas Moran, W. L. Sheppard, J. D. Smillie, Homer Martin, William Hart and A. C. Warren. The compositions were mainly landscapes, though some architectural views were included. The pictures were planned on conventional lines, with niggling touch in the recognised Hudson River school of the day; now they seem thin and feeble in almost every way, although then they were considered by the public at large as masterpieces of the draughtsman's and the wood engraver's art. The enormous success that attended this publication induced the firm to add another volume, on *Picturesque Europe;* a staff of artists was sent abroad to gather material for the book, and a similar result followed, for the illustrations in quality differed in nowise from those done in America. This was succeeded by *Picturesque Palestine*, for which Harry Fenn and James D. Woodward made a special journey to the Holy Land. Again the public responded liberally and the publishers were well reimbursed for their trouble and outlay. It is interesting to note here that in the late fifties, continuing through the War and for some time after, there was a curious fad which for a while interfered with the book publishing trade so far as these presentation volumes were concerned. It was no less than the craze for the photographic album, the now obsolete leather-bound volume with thick pages, in which were inserted *carte de visites* and "imperials." It swept over the entire country, and the

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larger houses in the trade possessing binderies, were kept busy supplying the demand, for scarce a family, no matter how small the resources, but had one of these monstrosities on the centre table. Incidentally they were another source of revenue to the trade.

Through these earlier years the women of the Bible, presented in various forms, were always a drawing card. Most of the subjects were drawn by French artists and some of them were engraved in France; others were made in England and a few emanated in this country, some of the popular figure painters of the day being engaged to furnish pictures. In 1872, there was also begun the career of the Aldine Press, with the well-known engraver, W. J. Linton, as the predominating spirit. His woodcuts at once called attention to work, which at that time was considered the highest art notch that had been reached. Mr. Linton had been long and favourably known as an engraver of great prominence and an authority on such matters, and he subsequently became the author of many books bearing on his profession, of which he was the most distinguished member at that time in this country, although he was an Englishman by birth. In the Aldine were reproduced engravings after the old masters, translated through the temperament of a not always artistically gifted workman, with popular French pictures and some by Americans. The printing was all that could be desired and the publication for the time was certainly sumptuous. The house of Appleton made another artistic venture in 1875, in the shape of the *Art Journal*, in which native and European art was exploited.

A phenomenal success was achieved in 1871 by Thomas Nast, through his caricatures and cartoons of the doings of the Tweed ring, published in the pages of *Harper's Weekly*. His prominence in this direction caused him to be in instant demand for book illustration, for which, however, he was but poorly equipped and did most unsatisfactory work. But his cartoons were epoch-making affairs and showed the artist to be a genius in caricature, where his lack of preliminary training mattered little, though in his illustrative work the faults became at once conspicuous. Nevertheless, he contributed many illustrations both for school books and for a number of children's stories in the magazines.

There were not wanting, however, draughtsmen with what may be referred to as a seriously humorous vein; in other words, artists who with good training and much artistic invention, could be funny and at the same time satisfy æsthetic needs. Unquestionably the leading man in this class is Arthur B. Frost. In 1873, New York was interested in the experiment of a daily illustrated newspaper, called *The Daily Graphic*, and its artistic staff contained many young men who were destined later to take a prominent place among the American illustrators. W. A. Rogers, C. D. Weldon, Charles Jay Taylor, Frederick Opper, and Arthur Frost, had the experience of furnishing daily cartoons, sketches, comics, and illustrations of the events that happened in a news way. The training was severe, but it doubtless gave facility and it surely sharpened the wits of the workers. With the collapse of this journal Mr. Frost sought other fields for his specialty and readily found plenty to do on the magazine and book work, and he has been most prolific. Perhaps nothing more genuinely funny has been offered by our native men than his pictures for an edition of Joel Chandler Harris's *Uncle Remus*, where the artist entered thoroughly into the spirit of the famous darkey classic, and upon which the author in an introduction to a new edition bestows the highest praise. But this is only one of the many books that Mr. Frost has pictured. Farm life, the negro, the sportsman and the dweller out of doors, or the tramp in all his laziness and dirt, the artist portrays not only with photographic exactness, but he catches admirably the life, the spirit, the inner consciousness of it all and executes them with sound ideas of proportion, construction and form, while his technique is altogether delightful.

VI.—Influence of the European Students.

In the later seventies, some of the painters who had studied abroad in Paris, Munich, and Italy, began their home flight, bringing with them novel ideas that were soon to revolutionise art affairs in this country, though the Centennial

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"STOP THIEF !"

Caricature on the Tweed Ring by Thomas Nast in *Harper's Weekly*, Oct. 7th, 1871. By permission.

Exhibition at Philadelphia had begun to open American eyes as to the possibilities of foreign training and work, as distinct from the prevailing ideas that had been established and accepted here. The lack of American equipment, the weakness of drawing and the thinness of colour, were apparent as never before, and a wave of art broke over the country such as it had not previously experienced. It was felt that the old order must be changed, to give place to the new, and the little band of men just returning were hailed as the advance guard of a new movement. They met, however, with considerable opposition and not a few obstacles. The older men regarded them with great suspicion. They resented the innovation, misinterpreting their motives and fearing the influence soon to be exerted. Nor did they comprehend the departure in technique; accustomed to thin, niggling manner of finish, the vigorous brush sweeping, the effective generalisations and the breadth of handling, struck them as impertinences to be frowned upon and suppressed at once. But to certain people this new development, this bigger way of looking at nature, was a relief from the stilted and inartistic fashion that had prevailed so long, and they welcomed the departure. The virility, directness, and frankness unusual heretofore came as a revelation. The newcomers presently banded themselves into a new society and went their own ways undisturbed by the criticisms of the older men. Many of these men, indeed most of them sooner or later, found their way into illustrative work, for they had to seek a variety of means to make an artistic livelihood.

The magazines were, of course, among the outlets in this direction, and not only art books, but educational works received the benefit of their services. It was furthermore natural that they should find the older engravers unsympathetic interpreters of their pictorial labours, for these men had been trained in entirely different directions, and there arose the set of woodcutters previously referred to, whose aims were not so much to exploit themselves on the block, as to make themselves the medium of an honest translation of the draughtsman. To this end they struggled bravely; the very

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GIVING MEDICINE TO A REFRACTORY HORSE.

Drawn by James E. Kelly for *St. Nicholas*, Dec., 1876. By permission.

brushmarks in water colour, guash or oil, were faithfully rendered and all the personal characteristics of the artists were retained, so far as it was possible within the limitations of wood and line. About the Centennial year, the process of photographing the drawing directly on the block became, after many experiments, an accomplished fact, and a revolution of the engraver's art was begun which unfortunately was to end disastrously to him, although he little suspected it at the time. However, his task was lightened for the moment, since he had his drawing beside him always, to refer to and to keep himself from going astray. Thus the draughtsman was better interpreted in every way.

About the first of these cuts, done from the photograph direct on the block, was made by Timothy Cole, after a drawing by James E. Kelly. It appeared in the children's magazine, *St. Nicholas*, in December, 1876, and this marked a great advance. It also shows how earnestly the engraver sought to render the artist's individuality in the reproduction. Since this time Mr. Cole has become perhaps the most prominent figure among the American engravers, and his art has reached the highest development. Despite the fact that the half-tone process and other methods have in a measure almost entirely supplanted the demand for block work, Mr. Cole has been fortunate in holding a sort of roving commission from the Century Company, to do for them such subjects as have appealed to him, and to this end he has been abroad for a number of years, reproducing the masterpieces of many European galleries, collections of which have appeared in book form and continue to be published from month to month, in the *Century Magazine*. In these he has caught the spirit of the painter and reproduced faithfully the technique of the original, with as much sense of colour as his medium is capable of, and far more than had hitherto been realised. It may be stated that nearly all of these recent blocks have been cut directly before the original pictures. His Dutch masters, and his early Englishmen from the National Gallery in London, are remarkable and highly artistic performances, and

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an earlier work, a portrait of himself by Wyatt Eaton (see page 318), is fully representative of his admirable technique and sympathetic rendition of the painter's efforts.

Prominent among the younger men to give themselves over to illustrative work was Robert Blum, who, though acknowledging his predilection towards the work of Fortuny, nevertheless developed a style quite his own, giving dainty expression in a most artistic way to his ideas; he was prolific in invention, as well as highly facile with his mediums. While Chase, Beckwith, Duvenec, and Courrier had been exploited through the reproduction of their pictures, and each had contributed a small proportion of illustrative work, they cannot be classed, properly speaking, among the illustrators. Walter Shirlaw, however, had entered the field by this time, and there were later, F. S. Church, whose sketches of animals endowed with almost human attributes attracted popular attention; Alfred Kappes, a remarkable delineator of negro life; Hopkinson Smith, writer, artist, and business man, and able at all; W. A. Rogers; Wyatt Eaton; E. W. Kemble, genuinely humorous; George Wharton Edwards, decorative, but attacking any and all subjects; M. J. Burns, drawing the seafaring folk and their boats; Otto Bacher, astonishingly dexterous in pen and ink representations of architecture; Frederick Dielman, and others.

Arthur Hoeber.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CZAR

When the storm is on the prairie,
When the galloping clouds abound,
When the high artillery thunders near and far,
With the ring of spurs and bridles,
With the bellowing of the herd,
In a whirl of dust and terror comes the Czar.

The Czar, the cattle-tyrant, autocrat of all the plain,
Who rounds with oaths the horns and hoofs to swell his snorting train,
Who stamps his signet on the steers with burns and brands that mar,
The ruler rude with strength endued, the broncho-breaking Czar!

Rough he rides arrayed in buckskin,
Fringes tossing to and fro;
At his hips the playful pistols jump and jar;
And the weather-worn sombrero,
And the lariat in his hand
Are the crown and sword and sceptre of the Czar.

When his subjects dull, defiant,
Kick against the pricks and goads,
When they ramp and furious foam in wild stampede,
Then his lash his ukase ushers;
He's the Czar of all the Russias,
Where the cattle and the coyote come to feed.

The Czar, the cattle-tyrant, autocrat of all the plain,
Who rounds with oaths the horns and hoofs to swell his snorting train,
Who stamps his signet on the steers with burns and brands that mar,
The ruler rude with strength endued, the broncho-breaking Czar!

James Eugene Farmer.

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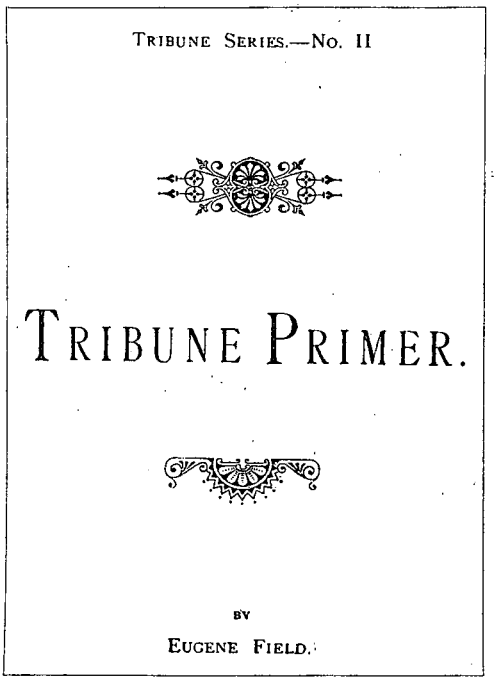
THE FIRST BOOKS OF SOME AMERICAN AUTHORS

IV.—Eugene Field.

Eugene Field, during the autumn of 1881, while managing editor of the Denver *Tribune*, wrote and had printed in that paper a series of little skits of a few lines each, with short sentences and with capital letters liberally used, like the first lessons in reading printed in children's primers. But, unlike the little stories in the school books, which teach a moral lesson, these do exactly the opposite, and describe comical situations brought about by the naughty boy doing what he would like to do and not what he ought to do. The specimens presented below will show the character of these little sketches.

In 1882 a collection of ninety-four of these sketches was printed, forming a small pamphlet of forty-eight pages, exclusive of the cover. It was an eighteenmo, five and seven-eighths inches by four inches in size, and was issued in pink paper covers. Its title was *The Tribune Primer*, and it was the second in a short-lived series (only two numbers were issued) called the Tribune Series; the first being an essay on Robert G. Ingersoll, by O. H. Rothacker, the editor-in-chief of the paper. This *Tribune Primer* was Eugene Field's first book. It is one of the rarest of American books of this century, and is, undoubtedly, more valuable than any other book of its size published in America during the last twenty years. It was miserably printed in pale ink by the Denver Publishing Co., whose imprint is on the verso of the title page, and it was dedicated to Robert J. Burdette. The running headline is "Denver Primer." The little sketches are not numbered, but each has a short title above it. The title-page and first page of cover are here reproduced. On the third page of the cover is an advertisement of the Denver *Tribune*, ending with the injunction, "Send for Sample Copy." The second and fourth pages of the cover are blank. As the separate issues of the newspaper were not copyrighted, of course the primer could not be.

We say that it was issued in 1882. That, at least, is the date on the title-page, but it is probable that it really appeared during the last days of 1881. During November the paper carried an advertisement that the *Primer* would be


TRIBUNE SERIES.—NO. II

TRIBUNE PRIMER.

BY

EUGENE FIELD.

ready for the trade on December 1. In the first numbers for December it is stated that the publication had been delayed, and that it would be issued December 10, which is, perhaps, the approximate date of publication. Several of the little stories appeared in the number for December 14, but none of them are included in the *Primer*.

The following is Mr. Francis Wilson's account of the difficulties he met with in trying to obtain a copy of the *Tribune Primer*. The reproductions used here are, through his courtesy, made from his copy.

Confident of the ascendency of Field's star, and believing that sooner or later his publications, especially those privately printed and those of which only a few copies had been or might be issued, would be very scarce

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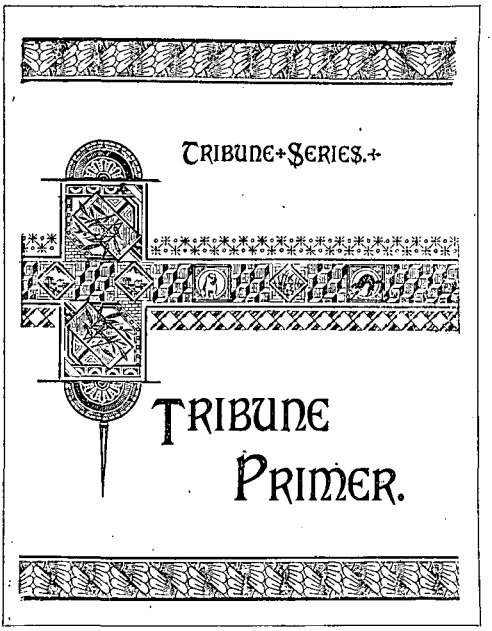


and difficult to obtain, I set off on a long, and what proved to be a fruitless, search for a copy of the Denver *Tribune Primer*. I was hampered by no less a person than Field himself, who, for love of mischief, threw every possible obstacle in the way. This state of affairs continued for ten years. Field would send seductive advertisements of dealers from whom the book might be procured, having carefully scissored away the name of the city and street. He ostentatiously, provokingly, and continuously flaunted his own copy, and otherwise behaved so exasperatingly that at length it became necessary to threaten him with condign punishment unless he surrendered the particular information which he was at the moment withholding. Field replied as follows:

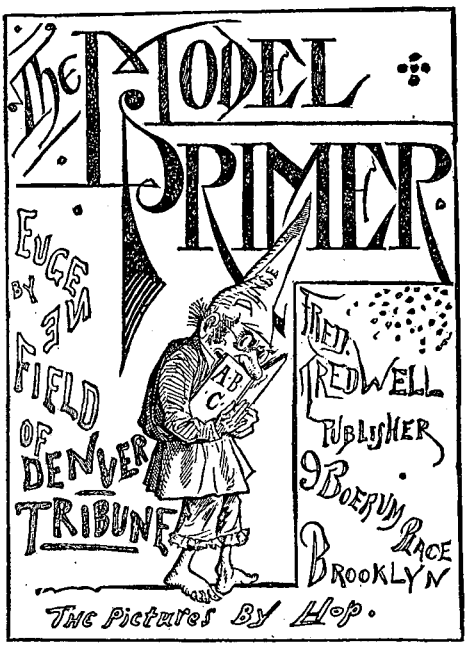
"Your note of warning came too late. Miller is already on the trail of the possessor of the *Primer*. Way didn't know I meant to keep the thing secret in order to have fun with you, and he bla-a-ted the whole business to Miller, who intends to hunt up the *Primer* owner the next time he goes West. E. F. Jan. 11, 1895."

The joy of receiving from a very dear friend at Christmas, 1895, a copy of this rare little book was tempered by the thought that Field could not know of its acquisition. He had been dead but a few weeks.

The same year, 1882, Frederic Tredwell, of Brooklyn, son of Mr. Daniel Tredwell, author of *A Monograph on Privately Illustrated Books*, and several other works, brought out twenty of Field's little sketches—eighteen of those included in the *Tribune Primer* and two additional ones—under the title *The Model Primer*. In this book the sketches are printed in large type, each sketch having a page to itself and with a comical picture on the page facing. These pictures, signed "L. Hop," were by L. Hopkins, a friend of Tredwell's, now, we are informed, living in Sydney, New South Wales, and quite an important personage in that community. He and Tredwell brought out the book together, more as a joke than anything else.

The *Model Primer* has a page measuring six and one-half inches by five and three-sixteenths inches, a little larger than that of the Colorado book. It consists of twenty-two leaves, exclusive of cover and of a blank leaf at front and back, or twenty-six altogether. It was issued in light, salmon-coloured paper covers, the first page being printed from the same block as the title-page. The other cover pages are blank. The separate sketches have no titles, but are numbered in large Roman numerals from I. to XX. Of course no copyright was possible on the text, but the cuts could be copyrighted, and on verso of title-page we read: "Copyright, 1882, Frederic Tredwell."

This first edition, the title-page of which is herewith reproduced, was printed in Brooklyn, probably in the early days of 1882. Tredwell at that time was keeping a little second-hand book shop in the basement at 9 Boerum Place.



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In 1883 he moved to New York and opened a book-store at 78 Nassau street. While here, probably in the spring of 1883, he had another edition of the *Model Primer* printed by the Trow Printing Company. The plate from which the cover and title were printed was corrected, and in place of "9 Boerum Place, Brooklyn," it was made to read "78 Nassau Street, New York," and on the verso of the title-page, below the copyright notice, is printed "Trow's Printing and Bookbinding Company, New York." Otherwise the two editions seem to be letter for letter, and were apparently both printed from the same types, which may have been kept standing, if, as the friends of Tredwell insist, no plates were ever made. The first issue is more crudely printed and on poorer paper, and this alone would distinguish it, if there were no other points of difference.

The statements of authors regarding their own books are notoriously inaccurate and unreliable. Now, with the facts of the two *Primers* before us, let us see what Eugene Field himself has said about them.

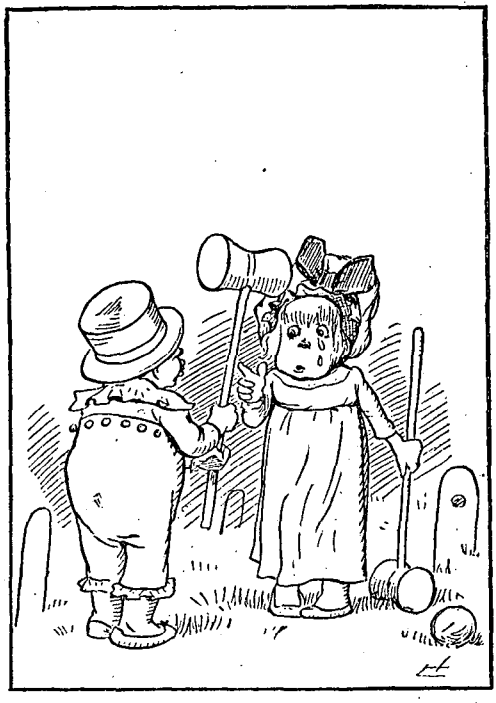
In his "Auto-Analysis," which is said to be a reprint of the circular letter which he had printed to send out to those numerous applicants who plagued him continually for information about his past life, his likes and dislikes and so forth, he says:

> My publications have been chronologically as follows: 1. *The Tribune Primer;* Denver, 1882 (Out of print, very scarce). *(The Model Primer;* illustrated by Hoppin; Treadway, Brooklyn, 1882. A pirate edition.)

In a copy of the *Model Primer* owned by a friend of his, he wrote, under date of August 7, 1894, (we reprint it from Mr. Francis Wilson's charming sketch, *The Eugene Field I Knew):*

> *The Model Primer* is composed of about half the little paragraphs to be found in the *Tribune Primer*. Tredwell, the publisher, pirated the matter and produced it without consulting me, though subsequently he wrote me saying that he meant to share the profits with me. I suppose there were no profits, for I have not heard from Tredwell again. A copy of this edition of the *Primer* sold at the Libbie

This is a Cock Roach. He is Big, Black and Ugly. He is Crawling over the Pillow. Do not say a Word, but lie still and Keep your Mouth open. He will Crawl into Your Mouth and You can Bite him in Two. This will Teach him to be more Discreet in Future.



Here we have a Game of Croquet. Henry has just Hit Nellie with a Mallett, and Nellie is calling Henry naughty Names. Their Mother is not Much of a Croquet player, but in a minute she will Come out and Beat them Both.

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sale in Boston, in 1893, for $7.00. The bidders must have been under the erroneous impression that it was one of the original *Tribune Primers*. The little sketches appeared originally in the Denver *Tribune* in the fall of 1881 and winter of 1882. The whole number printed did not exceed fifty. I quit writing them because all the other newspapers in the country began imitating the project.

Here he says that the whole number of paragraphs printed in the newspaper did not exceed fifty, but actual count shows that ninety-four were printed in the Denver *Primer*, and there are many more, some of a local nature and personal in their application, which were not collected. Again he says that the *Model Primer* is composed of about half the little paragraphs to be found in the *Tribune Primer*, whereas in fact it includes only eighteen out of ninety-four. Giving the name of the artist, Hoppin instead of Hopkins, that of the publisher as Treadway instead of Tredwell, and saying "in the Libbie sale" instead of "at Libbie's auction rooms" are other slips of the pen.

But the *Model Primer* is not a reprint of the *Denver Primer*, and we do not know that Tredwell, the so-called "pirate," ever saw a copy of the Colorado book. On the other hand we are reasonably certain that he did not see a copy, at least not until after he had planned his own edition.

His *Primer* was evidently compiled from the original numbers of the Denver *Tribune*. As originally published in the newspaper the sketches themselves were without titles, but were numbered in Roman, the series in each issue numbered by itself, and with the general heading "The Tribune Primer." When collected and brought out in book form the author supplied titles to the sketches separately; in Tredwell's collection they are numbered only. But more con-

What is This we see? It is a Razor, and Papa uses it Every morning to make his Neck sore. It looks Pretty Sharp. Draw it across your Fingers and Make it Dull. You could Cut your Name on the Mantel Piece with the Razor if you Were to Try. A Razor is a Handy Thing to have in a House where there are Corns and Piano Legs to Carve. It is also Just the Thing to Cut off the Kitten's Tail with.

Here we Have a Baby. It is composed of a Bald Head and a Pair of Lungs. One of the Lungs takes a Rest while the Other runs the Shop. One of Them is always On Deck all of the Time. The Baby is a Bigger man than his Mother. He likes to Walk around with his Father at Night. The Father does Most of the Walking and all of the Swearing. Little Girls, you will Never Know what It is to Be a Father.

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clusive proof is that the *Model Primer* includes two sketches which did appear in the newspaper and which are not in the *Tribune Primer*. These two are No. I., "The Policeman," and No. VII., "The Fish." The titles, of course, are ours.

The ninety-four sketches in the Denver book appeared in nine issues of the *Tribune*, while those in the Brooklyn edition were selected from five numbers only. A tabulation of the date of issue of the paper and the number of sketches appearing in the two issues of the *Primer* may be of interest.

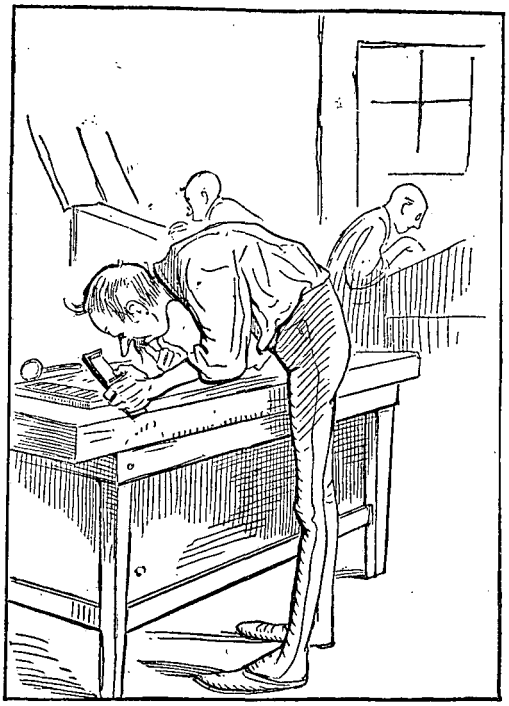
Date of paper.	No. of Sketches in *Tribune Primer*.	No. of Sketches in *Model Primer*.
Oct. 10	7	1
Oct. 17	7	0
Oct. 24	10	7
Oct. 31	10	0
Nov. 21	16	5
Nov. 24	14	2
Nov. 28	9	0
Dec. 5	9	5
Dec. 6	12	0

"The Policeman" appeared on December 5 and "The Fish" on November 21. We hazard an opinion that Tredwell did not receive his *Tribune* regularly and that he missed seeing one or more of the issues from which he made no selections —or perhaps his artist friend did not find them amenable to illustration.

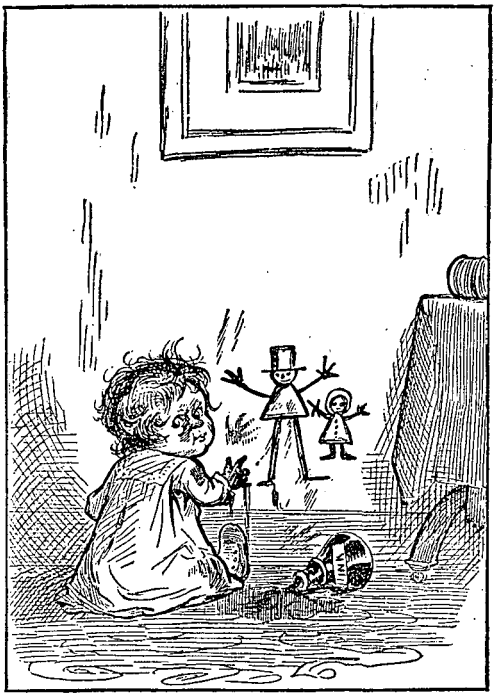
There has been a reprint of the *Tribune Primer* made this year in Sedalia, Missouri, which is to be sold "for the benefit of the Eugene Field monument which it is proposed to raise at Columbia, Mo." The publisher of this edition has, as Mr. Wilson said of Tredwell and his *Model Primer*, "audaciously copyrighted the whole thing," though all his copyright protects is his "Re-dedication" and his advertisement on the back cover.

We have reprinted five of the skits with the accompanying illustrations from the *Model Primer*.

Luther S. Livingston.



Behold the Printer. He is Hunting for a Pickup of half a Line. He has Been hunting for Two Hours. He could have Set the half-Line in twenty Seconds, but it is a matter of Principle with Him never to Set what he Can pick up. The Printer has a Hard time. He has to Set type all night and Play pedro for the Beer all Day. We would like to Be a Printer were it not for the Night Work.



Can you See the Ink Bottle on the Table? It is Full of Nice Black Ink. If you Want to, you Pour the Ink out on the Carpet. It makes the Carpet look Black, too, does it Not? Sit down on the Carpet and Put both of your Little paddies in the Ink. See, your Fingers are Covered with the Ink! What a nice Picture you can Make on the Wall Paper now! Make a Picture of a Big Man and a Little Girl. This will be a Surprise to Mamma.

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ON HISTORICAL NOVELS PAST AND PRESENT

At the age of eighteen, or thereabouts, I had read Sir Walter Scott's novels so often and so thoroughly that there seemed nothing left in them for me. I had sucked them dry, and I turned away to other things, never doubting, however, that the Wizard of the North was the greatest of novel-writers. To this conviction I remained constant for a long time; it lost definiteness in my mind, no doubt, as years went on, but it continued to be a rule for me that nobody would ever touch Scott. At last, when I was perhaps twenty-five, chance set me to reading him again—and to my amazement, it was a difficult task. I did not abandon it lightly; I toiled honourably and doggedly at each of the old pet quartette of my boyhood, *Quentin Durward* and *The Talisman*, *Ivanhoe* and *Kenilworth*, but they said nothing whatever to me. Possibly, I thought, this was a juvenile class which I had outgrown, and so I essayed *Old Mortality*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, and others which had won respect rather than affection in my childhood. But no; they were equally impossible. With much sadness, but no self-distrust, I concluded that Sir Walter had been a vastly overrated man. It was plain that he could be no hero to thoughtful and enlightened critics of mature years, and I fancy that I said so in print. We are so very old at twenty-five!

Now, after another and much longer interval, I have read my Scott once more, and the marvel to me is that I could have been such an ass in the middle distance, so to speak. I have come to a time of life when one is warned that tastes and fancies are no longer blown lightly this way and that; when prejudices are palpably hardening and crusting in one's mind, and one's likes and dislikes present themselves as steadfast companions for all that remains of the voyage. If I am not conspicuously wiser than I was, I am at least much wearier. For my sins—and my living—I have had to read practically all the "historical" fiction produced in England during the past dozen years. Conceivably, it is not so plain an affair of cause and effect as my words would suggest, but this I know, that each time I go to Edinburgh, with the added burden of another year's contemporary "costume" fiction on my nerves, a stronger impulse tugs at me to kneel before the Waverley memorial, and put dust on my head, and publicly abase myself in shame and contrition.

Four English writers who were born during the period intervening between *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Waverley* (1805-14) wrote historical novels, which impressed the two generations succeeding that of Scott, and which keep in some measure their hold upon the public of our day. Of these four Bulwer was the oldest by only a little, but measured by his work he seems very much further off. His *Last Days of Pompeii* is still treated as a classic by the non-classical public, probably more on account of its theme than its merits as a piece of work, but *The Last of the Barons* deserves more readers than it gets nowadays—though I am told Bulwer is coming into fashion again. In point of years Thackeray comes next, with a *Henry Esmond* and a *Virginians* (the latter much sniffed at by our superior critics of twenty-five), which are imperishable literature. I shrink from saying as much for *A Tale of Two Cities*, which is nowadays carried along more by the fact that it belongs in the set of Dickens than by its individual value, yet who is writing such vivid drama, in any kind of setting, archaic or otherwise, for us today? And then there is Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth*—that superb kinetoscopic panorama of fifteenth century life in the Netherlands, Burgundy and Rome, which is as surely alive as any book in our language.

These four men were boys while the Scott legend was in actual process of creation. They felt the magic of the spell he wrought upon the English mind, at first hand, and they must all have been profoundly influenced by it. Bulwer is the only one who was impelled to imitation; you can see that he analysed Scott's methods of work, and strove to build up his structures after the same plan. His contemporaries, G. P. R.

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James and Harrison Ainsworth, were also imitators of the Waverley method, but they worked without genius or sound taste, and produced only stuff which lettered folk are glad not to have to know. But Bulwer imported qualities of his own into his work which individualise it, and make a place for it on our shelves, albeit somewhat out of reach. It is impossible to use the word "imitation" at all with the other three. We feel that Scott must have made a tremendous impression upon the lads Thackeray, Dickens, and Reade, who were respectively twenty-one, twenty, and eighteen when the great man died, but each in turn, when he had learned his craft at other work, turned to the historical scenario which most appealed to him, and made a book which was perhaps more fully saturated with his own personality than anything else he ever did.

Another group brings us a generation further away from Scott. It may begin with Charles Kingsley, who was born the year after *Waverley*, and end with Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, who came into this life only fifteen years later, although his belated appearance in literature makes the association seem unnatural. Here enters the didactic school, the people who are preachers as well as artists. *Hereward*, *Hypatia* and *Westward Ho!* are fine pieces of work, but it is impossible to escape the sermons and moral tags with which they are loaded. Upon their heels comes *Romola*, an extraordinary mosaic of archæological research and intuition, and powerful study of human motives and passions as well, but to be thought of most of all as a preachment. As for *John Inglesant*, who could make his way through it without recalling how the tireless figure in the pulpit used to recede, expand, disappear, and loom again before the drowsy eyes of childhood? *Lorna Doone*, which belongs to that period, shines out in blessed exception like a planet against a steely sky of ethical purpose and transcendental mysticism.

And was it *Lorna Doone*, I wonder, that changed the drift in historical fiction? The book, after it was once introduced to public attention by that comic accident which no one can blame Mr. Blackmore for grinding his teeth over, achieved, as it deserved, one of the great successes of our time — and great successes set men thinking. A long gap, in the matter of dates, at least, separates *Lorna Doone* from *Micah Clarke*, but nothing of importance intervenes, and I catch a certain elusive suggestion of a relationship between them. It is a misfortune of Dr. Doyle's to be often vaguely recalling something else to the reader's mind, but it is my purpose here only to fix upon his *Micah Clarke* as beginning the period of historical fiction in which we still welter. It was the product of his amateur days, and even now, when he is perhaps the busiest, and certainly the best paid professional writer in England, it remains his only good historical novel. I know others who prefer *The White Company*, but to me the choice is unintelligible. The earlier book is fresh and natural, and its action is developed by people of genuine flesh and blood, whose names you can remember and whose personalities interest you. But who can recall a single name in *The White Company* a week after the book has been read? And is it not redolent on every page of laborious note-books, of archaisms carefully dug up, of chronicles ransacked, and of heraldic and armorial authorities catalogued and one by one ticked off? And there was to be a further descent. *The Refugees* might be cited, but there is nothing much more to the point. Have you read *Brigadier Gerard?* To what class of readers can such a work be addressed? Can one imagine Thackeray or Reade, or even Henry Kingsley, gravely presenting Napoleon, on the eve of his being sent to Elba, as concerned about burying his marriage certificate and the record of his son's birth, in order to safeguard the future prospects of his dynasty? I repeat, what class of readers is it who assume that the validity of a marriage between an Emperor and the daughter of an Emperor is dependent on the production of a paper? The receipt for the gunpowder burnt on the occasion of the King of Rome's birth might as well have been saved in proof of his legitimacy as the parchment which Brigadier Gerard helps the Emperor to secrete, after he has risked life and shed blood to rescue it.

This is indeed the question raised now

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by almost every new "historical" novel: for what uniformed and elementary intelligences has this feast been prepared? Consider *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, for example. A bright and brisk enough narrative, certainly, but written in such slipshod hasty carelessness that the heroine who in September does not understand a word of English, comes to London the following June and moves in the highest society, speaking fluent and idiomatic English, without a hint of an accent. The author merely forgot to arrange this little hitch; the character of his heroine was of such infinitesimal importance to him, by comparison with the rushing drama of horses ridden to death and precipices scaled at midnight by foot-breadth ledges, that the trivial question of her nationality escaped attention. Mr. Mason is a very young man, and he appears to have talent. The fact that he seems to know nothing whatever of history renders it doubtful whether the historical novel is his most obvious mission in literature, but it is probably within his power to come day write a good book. If he set to work at a study of what he knows and sees about him, he would not dream of galloping through his task in this headlong and unreflecting fashion. But he sees by the bookstalls, and the gossip about spreading editions and swollen receipts, that with the "historical" novel no knowledge or care or self-restraint is necessary. For the "historical" novel anything is good enough. And when a practised writer of reputation, like Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett, accepts this view, and is not ashamed to offer such a book as *A Lady of Quality* to the public, perhaps it is not strange that beginners like Mr. Mason should be full of it.

I am not denying, of course, that much scholarship and writing-talent and dignity of aim go to make up a book like Mr. Andrew Lang's *Monk of Fife*, but it does not seem like a novel to me, and I do not understand that the public have treated it as belonging to popular fiction. Mr. Gilbert Parker's *Seats of the Mighty* shows a notable grubbing of facts, which he enforces by portraits and old woodcuts that give the work the resemblance of a memoir; but by his process, the facts only get in the way of the novel, and the novel makes an unintelligible hash of the facts. When you read *The Virginians*, you perceive the minutest shades of temperamental difference which distinguish American colonists from Englishmen, and even Whigs from Tories among the colonists. That is the art of the novelist. The differences between Englishmen and colonists on one side, and Frenchmen and French Canadians on the other, were a thousand times more marked; but Mr. Parker displays no power of distinguishing them. The Virginian, who is supposed to tell the story, is in no way differentiated from the gentlemen and officials of Quebec, whom he is among. He is not more convincing as a Virginian than he would have been as an Armenian. Mr. Weyman, too, gets up his backgrounds with considerable pains, but to the generation which was nourished on the familiar old Routledge translations of Dumas, it is not possible to contrive much interest in Mr. Weyman. I confess to have lifted my eyebrows in astonishment when he told an interviewer, a few years ago, that he went to France for his subjects because there was no romance in English history. He stood as he spoke, too, within sight of Ludlow Castle—the splendid scene of half-a-dozen romances more moving than anything belonging to the whole artificial and empty post-renaissance period with which he concerns himself. I am ready to believe that there is genuine stuff in Mr. Marriott-Watson's *Galloping Dick*, as well as a profound knowledge of the chap-book argot, but unhappily I have no feeling for highwaymen. *The Splendid Spur*, by "Q," was pretty, but it was the merest fragment; one could imagine the author doing five more like it, equally pretty, equally trivial, within the year.

I have not spoken of Stevenson, partly because the tragic breaking off of *Weir of Hermiston* is still so keen a grief to me, that I turn from writing of it as if it had been a personal bereavement. That lofty beginning of a great book makes a natural overture, however, to the few remaining words I want to say. Here at least was a man who did not write down to a public with whom he could not imagine himself eating, and whose ignorance he could only guess at. The most strictly "historical" of his finished works, *The Master of Ballantrae*, was

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written over and over and over again, taken to pieces, re-arranged, changed from the third to the first person, etc., through a space of time probably exceeding that which Mr. Weyman, for example, has given to the actual writing of all his books combined. This was the spirit in which the big books were written, in the days before the historical novel was a money-making business, and when an author expended all his learning and skill and strength on an historical work for his own credit rather than that of his banking account.

As might be expected, the influence of Stevenson has been most marked upon the young Scotch writers—but even here it has given an impetus without providing brakes. I am not at all keen about Mr. Crockett's usual work, but his *Raiders* strikes me as being the best "historical" novel, aside from Stevenson, which the decade has produced. It is at once boldly imaginative and dignifiedly restrained. The people in it have been thought out; the story proceeds from them, instead of sweeping over and through them like a whirlwind out of the darkness. Yet here, too, we have an example of the finest work coming first—the fruit of the years during which the devout amateur longed and hoped and cherished high ambitions. The descent from *The Raiders* to *The Grey Man* is much less violent than the drop from *Micah Clarke* to *Brigadier Gerard*, but it is a descent, none the less. Mr. Crockett has caught the infection, and, alas, has done his share in spreading it. He is writing, like the rest, for the crowd which pushes up editions, and not for the honest approbation of those whom, in his heart, he respects as competent judges.

Yet the young Scotchmen whom Stevenson set to work are on the whole much nearer the mark than the Englishmen I have mentioned. They have at least the true tradition, and one can only pray that its power over them may wax as time goes on. Eighty years ago the fictional side of English literature was in melancholy ruins, when Scott came with his great talent to purify, renovate, expand and build afresh. Now we are in a bad way again, and especially so in the very department which he made his own. Some things we do better than they were done in his time, no doubt, but in the matter of the historical novel we have lapsed below even the G. P. R. James-Reynolds-Ainsworth level. If we may not hope for another Scott, at least we may plead with our young craftsmen to think over the story of his achievement, to examine again what it was that he did, and the means by which he did it, and to search in the right spirit for the lessons his work can teach them.

Harold Frederic.

THE LAST LOVE OF GAWAINE

You will betray me—Oh, deny it not!
  What right have I, alas! to say you nay?
I, traitor of ten loves, what shall I say
  To plead with you that I be not forgot?
My love has not been squandered, jot by jot,
In little loves that perish with the day.
  My treason has been ever to the sway
  Of queens; my faith has known no petty blot.
You will betray me, as I have betrayed;
  And I shall kiss the hand that does me wrong,
  And, oh! not pardon—I need pardon more—
But in proud torment, grim and unafraid,
  Burn in my hell, nor cease the bitter song
  Your beauty triumphs in forevermore.

Richard Hovey.

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NAMES

Not long ago a representative of one of the great London journals, in writing from Paris about the political agitation which has arisen in France over the case of Captain Dreyfus, expressed the opinion that the French army was practically ripe for a revolt which should overthrow the present government of the Republic and establish in its place a military dictatorship. The only check upon the accomplishment of such a purpose seemed to him to be the lack of a military chief sufficiently strong and sufficiently daring to command the confidence of the soldiers. He further stated that General Zurlinden, then the military governor of Paris, appeared to be the only leader who had shown himself capable of carrying out a *coup d'état;* since he had already defied the civil authority in dealing with the case of Colonel Picquart, and the office which he held gave him distinctly a coign of vantage. The correspondent added, however, that General Zurlinden was practically ruled out because his name suggested German ancestry, and would therefore in itself make French soldiers hesitate to follow him in destroying the Republic.

This forms a sort of modern parallel to an incident narrated by one of the Roman historians, who tells us that in a certain crisis the legions shrank from accepting the command of a general whose name, Atrius Umber, was so strongly suggestive of the gloom and darkness of defeat. The two occurrences are, of course, not wholly identical in principle. The Roman soldiers were swayed by a superstitious belief in omens, the French soldiers by national and racial prejudice. Fundamentally, however, both episodes illustrate the importance of a name, and the way in which men's minds are consciously influenced by it. A name, indeed, is as much a factor in one's personality as any physical attribute—as much so, for example, as his height, the colour of his hair, the expression of his face, and the modulation of his voice. In forming an opinion of a person whom we meet, the name he bears is never wholly unimportant to us. Indeed, even before we meet a man we get a certain vague but real impression of him as soon as we have learned his name, and this impression is in nine cases out of ten to some extent justified by later observation and acquaintance, even though this justification be of a purely negative character. For instance, if we were told that a person bore the name of Bezaleel Scroggs, we should scarcely expect to find in him either a dreamy, æsthetic, imaginative, sensitive and poetic type of individual, nor, for that matter, an urbane, cultivated, and accomplished man of the world. We could not, perhaps, exactly formulate a positive conception of his personality, but we should be willing to wager a considerable sum of money that he would not represent either of the types that have just been specified. Even if he should turn out by some rare chance to be both impressive in his personal appearance, and exquisite in his mentality, we should still accept him with a certain hesitation, and should always, so to speak, exact a certain discount from his graces and accomplishments whenever we reverted to him in our thought.

Literary history is filled with apt and striking illustrations of the very real importance of a name. Both authors and publishers long ago accepted as a fact the value of a good title in attracting the notice of the public to a given book. This is why Mr. Thomas Hardy made three changes before putting forth *Jude the Obscure* under that particular title, which was, after all, extremely infelicitous. This also is why Dickens spent many hours in considering the name that should be given to each one of his novels, and why his published correspondence with Mr. Forster contains so much relating to this subject. Mrs. Craigie's best and most powerful novel, *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham,* dragged for awhile with the purchasing public, and even now very few persons can remember the title with any accuracy, so clumsy is it and so unrelated in its parts. One of George Moore's most terrific pieces of realism

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has proved less popular and has been read less than some of his inferior works, because its hero, whose name is also the title of the book, was called Mike Fletcher—a name that jarred upon the susceptibilities of the average book-buyer. If the present writer may be pardoned for referring to himself, he can draw upon his own experience for another illustration of the same thing from the publishers' point of view. He got together some time ago a collection of his miscellaneous verses and found a speculative publisher who was rash enough to accept them for appearance in book form. But when this publisher found that the title of the proposed volume was to be a Latin word, his rashness left him and he frankly said that no book of verses with a Latin title would ever sell. He would publish the verses cheerfully, but he must insist upon the selection of some other title. That was a year ago, and the verses are still unpublished, because I have not yet been able to evolve from my inner consciousness any other name than that which the practical wisdom of this particular Mæcenas foresaw would damn the volume hopelessly.

The names of characters in fiction are also factors, both in the success of any given book and in the permanency of the characters themselves, as types in the minds of all who read of them. In giving names to his personages, Dickens showed the same grotesqueness and also the same crude power that are displayed in his delineation of them. As he is a caricaturist rather than an artist throughout all his work, so is he also a caricaturist and a lover of the grotesque in the names that stud his pages. Squeers and Pecksniff and Moddle and Hannibal Chollop are practically inconceivable as real names, just as Squeers and Pecksniff and Moddle and Hannibal Chollop are practically inconceivable as real persons. Yet for this very reason the names are suited to the characters as Dickens has dashed them down upon his canvas in primitive colours and with broad, free strokes. The persons are not existent persons and the names are not existent names. Yet both names and persons typify certain elemental traits, and they live, therefore, in men's minds as literary symbols to denote certain obvious and definite attributes. There is something, indeed, in the very sound of the names themselves that harmonises with the individuals who bear them. A man named Squeers, for instance, could hardly fail to squint. He could hardly fail to be cruel and to infuse into his cruelty a certain vulgar jocularity that would make it thoroughly repulsive. Pecksniff, too, by virtue of his name, was necessarily a hypocrite and full of cant. Moddle had to be lachrymose and weak. Hannibal Chollop was inevitably an American of the half-horse, half-alligator type. I suppose that if one were seriously to seek the ultimate reason why these names are so appropriate, it would be found in the fact that they contain a subtle half-suggestion of other words in our language which are associated with the traits embodied in the particular characters in question. In this respect they might be regarded as bearing out the theory of verbal impressionism contained in the verse of Mallarmé, regarding which I wrote last month, and they might be illustrated from that classic of childhood which in ballad form celebrates the slaying of the Jabberwock—a bit of verse which, while purely comic in its intention, may be studied very seriously, both by the philologist and the psychologist as embodying in its word-formation some very profound and significant linguistic hints.

Thackeray, being a true artist in his character-drawing, was an artist also in his nomenclature. The persons in his books are absolutely true to life, and he names they bear impress one always as real names; yet even more than those which Dickens has immortalised are they appropriate and perfectly harmonious in their relation to the characters who bear them. That a gouty peer should be Lord Colchicum, that a family which has just emerged from social obscurity into prominence should be styled the Newcomes, that a "ratting" baronet should bear the name of Crawley, that a cold-blooded go-between of icy speech should be known as Wenham (suggestive, of course, of Lake Wenham, whence London gets its ice supply), that a man of many duels should be entitled Captain Macmurdo, that a truculent critic, whose specialty is smashing authors, should figure as Mr.

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Bludyer, and that a great noble, tainted through and through with every sort of vileness and depravity, should be immortalised as the Marquis of Steyne, is as fitting as that a noted Oriental traveller should be called the Honourable Bedwin Sands, and that a dinner, attended by the Duchess of Stilton, should also show in its list of guests the names of the Marchioness of Cheshire and the Duc de la Gruyère. Anthony Trollope followed rather closely in the footsteps of his great contemporary, but rather overworked the formula, as, for instance, in naming his poor curate in *The Warden*, Mr. Quiverfull; for, as Henry James has pointed out, we can conceive of a curate named Quiverfull and of a curate with thirteen children; but when the curate who has the thirteen children is also named Quiverfull, the coincidence is too remarkable for our credulity.

The bestowal of names upon their characters by less important novel writers need hardly be considered here, yet there is hardly any doubt that the popularity of English noblemen as stock subjects in fiction is very greatly enhanced by the sonorous titles which they bear—titles the very sound of which suggest everything that is aristocratic and patrician and that sort of thing. Strathmore would never have appealed with so much power to the Ouida-reading public had his name been more plebeian; and a sprinkling of fine old Norman and Saxon place-names is always *a priori* as attractive to the average novel reader as it is to the owners of apartment houses and hotels, who probably resort to works like these in looking up attractive titles for their buildings. On the other hand, Mrs. Craigie lately weakened her readers' liking for a heroine by inflicting her with the name of Bridget, though she disguises this in the first few chapters by using the French form Brigitte; and Victor Hugo in his ignorance of English made a portion of his novel, *L'Homme Qui Rit*, absurd by gravely giving the family name of a British peer as "Tom Jimjack." Regarding this curious freak of nomenclature, a well-known Englishman once had an amusing interview with Victor Hugo; but, to employ Mr. Kipling's now classic phrase, this is another story and has no relevance to our discussion.

The names of which authors are themselves possessed are no less worthy of a serious mention. A striking and unusual name is fully as important to a writer as are the titles of his books. It marks him out at once as separated from the general run of literary men, and gives a certain real distinction to even a comparatively small success. You do not have to stop and carefully explain in the case of Rudyard Kipling, for example, that you mean the particular Kipling who is the creator of Mulvaney; for not only is there no other Rudyard Kipling, but there is practically no other Kipling of any kind, and there never has been; and even before this uniquely-named genius won a world-wide reputation, he was perfectly secure of whatever credit the English-speaking public might be willing to bestow upon his book. The same thing is true of Dickens and of Thackeray, for their names are by no means usual ones, and even in the beginning there was no confusion in the mind of any one such as might have arisen at first had their names been Brown and Jones. Shakespeare, Tennyson and Longfellow are instances of writers whose eminence is emphasised at least and made especially distinctive by their unusual names. Conversely, a cacophonous name or one that calls up incongruous or ludicrous associations must prove an impediment if not an insurmountable barrier to fame. The Ettrick Shepherd would surely have had a higher rank in the minds of men and would have won a wider recognition had it not been his misfortune to bear the name of Hogg.

This subject of names, however, if we pursue it further, takes us beyond the domain of literary history and into the sphere of associational psychology if not to the very verge of mysticism. Is it not true that there does exist in general a certain harmony between every name and the person who is named? Putting aside for the moment any attempt to explain this fact, if it be a fact, let us consider whether most names do not to the mind of almost everyone connote certain general traits of character or at least certain general indications of temperament. For example, among men's

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names, does not the name of John call up in the mind of everyone a rather steady-going, practical, usual sort of man without much imagination, but with plenty of common sense? Is not the name Francis indicative of mental and physical traits which are precisely the reverse of John's? Edward and George are rather more uncertain. As a rule they bring to mind natures less prosaic than that of which John is possessed, though less extreme than that which is connoted by either Francis or Alfred or Herbert. There is much more character, however, in the Christian names of women than in the Christian names of men, possibly because there is a much greater variety in them and because more thought is given in bestowing them. Hence it is possible to discriminate more carefully in ascribing traits and attributes to the possessor of any particular feminine name. Emma, for example, is the feminine parallel to John. It suggests a personality that is not particularly individual, that is rather tame and rather limited, but one that is as a rule amiable and kindly. Alice contains a hint of domesticity; Helen of reserve, of dignity and of a certain patrician grace; Amy of friendliness, pertness, and good humour, with perhaps a touch of the flirtatious; Ida, of underlying seriousness, without much depth; Ruth, of sweetness, patience, and purity; Ada, of jollity which oversteps the bounds of dignity; Esther, of self-control and clearness of thought. It will be noted that the names here mentioned are names which are not usually twisted into diminutives; for this question of diminutives has a special importance of its own. Many names are given to a child at its christening which if unchanged would be by no means congruous with the character and disposition of its possessor; and when this happens to be the case, by a sort of unconscious psychological process, by-forms are almost always substituted among friends and acquaintances. Thus if a boy named John turns out not to be a John of the type described above, his friends will be very certain to speak of him as Jack. If the name Lily happens to be given to a baby who afterwards grows up into a rather stout brunette, it is safe to say that her intimates will style her Lil. Some names have several by-forms, and then the particular one which is chosen becomes immensely significant. For instance, the name William is rather a neutral name with a hint in it of primness and precision. Suppose, however, that a particular William happens to be rather bluff and boisterous and hearty; then he is very certain to be known as Bill, while if, on the other hand, the primness and precision in him are stressed and made unduly prominent, then he will be known as Willie; and if the name Willie clings to him after he has become a man, one may be very sure that he is a very weak and watery sort of a person. In women's names the same thing is continually seen. Margaret, in itself and unchanged, suggests dignity, character, and a strong regard for the proprieties; but Madge implies that a particular Margaret has turned out to be rather harum-scarum, lively, and mischievous, while Maggie suggests only what is very plain and obvious. The name Mary, because of its religious associations, has been so universally bestowed that in itself it has no particular associations, being given to princess and peasant girl alike. It is a beautiful name, yet from it and for the reason mentioned, no deductions can be drawn. Abbreviated, however, into May, it brings to mind a rather simple nature yet one that is perhaps a little sensuous. Under the form Marie, it tells of a certain archness and love of fun, of something bright and dainty and piquant. Disguised as Mamie, it verges upon the common, or at any rate, upon the distinctly commonplace. Elizabeth, unchanged, connotes about the same qualities as does Margaret. When converted into Betty, it means pertness and perversity; shortened into Beth, it means softness, timidity, and a certain lack of character. As Bessie, it tells of kindliness, constancy, strong affection, and all the qualities that brighten and beautify a home. As Lizzie it descends a step or two in the direction of Mamie; as Eliza, it becomes uninteresting. There are certain names which have been so unfortunate as to become widely popular, and therefore to be given indiscriminately by mothers who have read many novels. Such names, for example, are Edith, and Maud, and Ethel, and Gertrude. These are beautiful names, and they had at one time a meaning; but now they are so often met with

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as to have lost their distinctive character, and no deductions can be safely drawn from them at all.

Some one may say, with a rather sceptical smile, "Why is it that any name should be associated particularly with any special trait or traits, or that it should call up one type of individual rather than of another?" And he will perhaps remind you of the case of the old Greek sophist who called his slaves after various conjunctions and prepositions in order to show that there is nothing in mere names. It is not really necessary, however, to assume that there is only an occult basis underlying the appropriateness of individual names. Mr. Howells, I believe, somewhere observes that when you are told of a certain man that he is named Andrew Jackson, you can get a pretty clear idea of the sort of people who named him, and therefore, of the sort of environment in which his early years, at least, were passed. The thought which inspired this very true remark can be extended and made to have a wider application. Most names indicate to some extent the domestic surroundings, the degree of cultivation, and the æsthetic development of the family to which an individual belongs. For this reason, and for this reason chiefly, names are psychologically significant. When we get out of the sphere of usual names this significance is much enhanced. On the one hand, peculiar names of a particular class afford infallible indicia that point in a particular direction. Old Testament names like Jonadab and Abijah and Abednego can have been given only by a particular class of persons, and their possessors must necessarily represent in their training the sort of surroundings which these persons obviously had. On the other hand, exceptional and romantic names, like Esmé, and Zaidée, and Gwendolen, and Hermione, denote with equal certainty the fact that those who gave them belong to still another and very much contrasted class. Considering these things, therefore, and noting also the significance of by-names which are in reality unconsciously descriptive of developed traits, one can discover a rational basis for the theory that there exists a certain harmony between names and the individuals who bear them. How far this theory can be applied and how much of an element of occultism also lurks within it, must be left to the reflective mind of the reader who has had the patience to follow me thus far.

Harry Thurston Peck.

ACROSS THE COLOUR LINE*

Success, after all, is only relative. It is not so much the actual measure of what we accomplish that is weighed in the scale of achievement as the sum of the difficulties overcome. The honest critic, like the honest physician, requires some little knowledge of what has gone before if he would properly diagnose the case. Genius of course needs no such introduction—the veriest tyro in medicine can recognise scarlet fever and small-pox at a glance. But talent, even very fair talent, is, like a multitude of other less definite diseases, dependent for appreciation upon a proper point of view.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet, has done some work which needs no mention of the author's race and circumstances to win for it instant recognition as a literary factor; in judging his latest book and first novel, *The Uncalled*, however, it is necessary to bear certain facts in mind, if we would do him justice.

The book is an earnest work worthy of being taken seriously, and yet in the reading of it there are moments when we do well to remember the difficulties of race and environment with which the author has had to struggle. We recognise then, that what for another would be but mediocrity may be credited as an achievement to Mr. Dunbar.

In his latest work he leaves the field which had come to be regarded as peculiarly his own, and for which he was

*The Uncalled. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

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so eminently fitted—the portrayal of negro life—and has entered the lists with the ever increasing number of writers who tell us of life in the great Middle West. This is a daring venture, and while we respect the courage and the artistic ambition which prompted it, we must regret it in the interests of art. Specialisation in art is not merely a matter of business. It mirrors the great economic and scientific tendency, which is but a logical evolution in the growth of the world, mental and physical. It is another form of the "division of labour," of economic science, a consciousness that the immensity of the field of the world's work, calls imperatively for one man to do one thing, should the thing be done at all well. Zola's definition of art as "a bit of nature seen through a temperament" is most literally true now. We do not ask for broadness of vision, except in the genius (or in the critic); we demand the flashlight of some one imagination to be thrown for us on some little corner, that we may see what is there without the trouble of exploring it ourselves.

It is therefore no belittling of the true literary value of Paul Dunbar's earlier work, his exquisite poems, and the sketches in *Folks from Dixie*, to say that they touched us so deeply because they gave us what we asked for—the glow of a warm heart thrown on a little and hitherto almost unknown corner of our country's many-sided life. When this promising poet, from whom we expected work of increasing power along the same lines, forsakes his own people, and gives us pictures of the life of the white inhabitants of an Ohio town, he challenges us to judge him without the plea of his especial fitness for the work. His touch is firm enough in his new book, his knowledge of his subject is intimate and secure, but it is the knowledge of an outsider. The picturesque is seen, the possibilities of setting—it is the point of view of the stage manager, in fact; but the charming, tender sympathy of Mr. Dunbar's Dixie stories will be sought for in vain in *The Uncalled*. In thus placing himself outside the pale of his peculiar gifts, Mr. Dunbar scores one point to his advantage. He has given us an unusual thing, a first novel by a young writer, a story of soul-conflict, which is not an epitome of his own struggles, temptations and griefs. The fault that Mr. Dunbar has escaped is not so distressingly common among writers in the English tongue, it is true. The Anglo-Saxon race is more inclined to the narration of impersonal outward fact and action, than to the analysing of mental torment. But even here our young authors are apt to make too much of their own measure of experience, which is but another way of saying that they rush into print before they have anything to say.

The Uncalled is the story of a boy in an Ohio town, the forsaken, orphaned child of worthless parents, adopted by a prim and masterful old maid, and by her prepared for the ministry against his own innermost convictions. An incident in his parish permits him to speak his mind and frees him from the hated calling. After some few vicissitudes he quickly falls into the work-a-day world of healthy work which satisfies him. This is all the story, and its simplicity of outline is one of its chief charms, for it shows that Paul Dunbar is not yet sufficiently Anglo-Saxonised to prefer the banality of "action" to the richer field of the soul's struggles.

The book has good points, among them the earnestness which pervades it. The writer takes his work seriously, he believes that talent incurs responsibility, and is willing to stand by his belief. But the book has faults, too, serious ones. It is out of focus for one thing, a fault only too common with novels revolving around a single figure. So few writers have the power to make this figure as interesting as it should be. From being too constantly held up to us we grow to dislike this central personage, just as in real life we are apt to become sometimes impatient of those we have always with us. Fred Brent suffers the fate of most novel heroes; we weary of him, and turn with pleasure to the well-drawn, sympathetic figures of his guardian, Hester Prime, and her lover and husband, Eliphalet Hodges. These two figures really hold the interest of the book, and are portrayed with many a delicate line and shading which is commendable to a degree.

The workmanship is good, with the exception of such occasional lapses into

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old-fashioned phraseology as "After the events recorded in the last chapter," or such a lamentable slip as the following:

> So great has been our absorption in the careers of Fred Brent, Miss Prime and Eliphalet Hodges, that we have sadly neglected some of the characters whose acquaintance we made at the beginning of the story.

The technique of *The Uncalled* is essentially modern. The language is a great disappointment, after the music and easy flowing richness of Mr. Dunbar's poems. It may be that the barren and commonplace, though perfectly correct, English of the book is intentional on the part of the author. The life he portrays is hard; it is void of all softness and beauty, and he may have judged it wrong to paint it in colours that glow of themselves. But he has overshot the mark, the senses long for an oasis in the desert, for a spot of beauty in the dryness of the diction. And in spite of a remarkable accuracy of detail, and a commendable discretion in the proper handling of this detail, too, the book is absolutely without local colour. It is village life all over the Union that Mr. Dunbar paints here, not especially the life in the Ohio town he has named Dexter. This is a serious fault, and combines with the dryness of the language to render the reading of the book at times just a little difficult.

These, however, are all the faults, or at least very nearly all the faults in *The Uncalled*. And the book contains much that compensates for these faults. It is permeated through and through with an exquisite delicacy of touch, a chasteness, if we might so call it, which is almost feminine; in fact, one is struck now and then with the thought that a woman might have written every page in this book, a clever woman who has learned to think, but still a woman whose experience has not robbed her of any womanly grace. Whether this is a fault or a good point, is left to each reader to decide for himself. It raises one interesting question: does Anglo-Saxon civilisation, with its predominance in art and literature of the "eternal feminine" thus affect the impressionable nature of the negro? Or, does the taming of the savage African blood leave him only his natural softness of feeling, and eradicate his virility with his savagery? But there is much of charm in the refinement with which the book is written, and if it sometimes lacks virility, it does not lack a certain power. One passage is worth quoting in evidence. Brent's Seminary friend, Taylor, an unsuccessful writer, trying in vain to find a footing in some assured calling, tells Fred in warning the story of his struggles and failure. The closing sentences are about the strongest thing in the book. Telling of his ambition, which, fostered by thoughtless adulation from admiring friends, drove him into the uncertain field of literature, Taylor says:

> Well, it's no use to tell you how I went on in that way for four years, clinging and losing hold, standing and slipping, seeing the prize recede just as I seemed to grasp it. Then came the awakening. I saw that it would have been better just to go on and do the conventional thing. I found this out too late, and I came here to try and remedy it, but I can't. No one can. You get your mind into a condition where the ordinary routine of study is an impossibility, and you cannot go back and take up the train you have laid, so you keep on wasting your energy, hoping against hope. Then suddenly you find out that you are and can be only third—or at best, second-rate. God, what a discovery it is! How you try to fight it off until the last moment! But it comes upon you surely and crushingly, and cut, bruised and wounded, you slip away from the face of the world. If you are a brave man you say boldly to yourself, "I will eke out an existence in some humble way," and you go away to a life of longing and regret. If you are a coward you either leap over the parapets of life to hell, or go creeping back and fall at the feet of the thing that has damned you, willing to be third-rate, anything, for you are stung with the poison that never leaves your blood. So it has been with me; even when I found I must choose a calling, I chose the one that gave me the most time to nurse the serpent that had stung me.

There is something in these words beyond the commonplace, something that touches the heart of all who have striven and known failure. Another point may be scored for Mr. Dunbar in his fine appreciation and sympathetic portrayal of the power of religion in humble, restricted lives. This is a quality already foreshadowed in *Folks from Dixie*, and in *The Uncalled* it is brought to ripest fruition. Evidently deeply religious himself, Paul Dunbar does not forget the artistic balance in his own interest in the subject, and relieves its earnestness by delicate touches of humour, by a gentle

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smile at even the thing he reveres. Coming out of prayer-meeting, after a lively session, Eliphalet Hodges remarks:

"It's funny to me, Miss Hester, how it is that Christians know so much more about the devil's ways than they do about the Lord's. They're allus a-saying, 'The Lord moves in a mysterious way,' but they kin allus put their finger on the devil."

"'Liphalet Hodges, that's a slur."

"I ain't a-meanin' it as no slur, Miss Hester, but most Christians do seem to have a powerful fondness for the devil. I notice they're allus admirin' his work an' praisin' up his sharpness, an' they'd be monstrous disappointed ef he didn't git as many souls as they expect."

Therefore, taking as the measure of success the sum of the difficulties overcome, *The Uncalled* is an eminently successful book. But as Mr. Dunbar finds for his hero at last the vocation for which he is truly "called," so he himself should return to those lines along which, as we have already indicated, lie his best chances of actual, not relative success. And with Mr. Dunbar it will be no experimenting, as with Fred Brent, it will be but a returning to the path first pointed out to him by the unerring instinct of true talent.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

CHRISTMAS IS A-COMIN'

Bones a-gittin' achy,
Back a-feelin' col',
Han's a-growin' shaky,
Jes' lak I was ol'.
Fros' erpon de meddah
Lookin' mighty white;
Snowdraps lak a feddah
Slippin' down at night.
Jes' keep t'ings a-hummin'
Spite o' fros' an' showahs,
Chrismus is a-comin'
An' all de week is ouahs.

Little mas' a-axin'
"Who is Santy Claus?"
Meks it kin' o' taxin'
Not to brek de laws.
Chillun's pow'ful tryin'
To a pusson's grace
W'en dey go a-pryin'
Right on th'oo you' face
Down ermong yo' feelin's,
Jes' 'pears lak dat you
Got to change you' dealin's
So's to tell 'em true.

An' my pickaninny—
Dreamin' in his sleep!
Come hyeah, Mammy Jinny,
Come an' tek a peep.
Ol' Mas' Bob an' Missis
In dey house up daih
Got no chile lak dis is,
D' ain't none anywhaih.
Sleep, my little lammy,
Sleep, you little limb,
He do' know whut mammy
Done saved up fu' him.

Dey'll be banjo pickin',
Dancin' all night thoo.
Dey'll be lots o' chicken,
Plenty tukky, too.
Drams to wet yo' whistles
So's to drive out chills.
Whut I keer fu' drizzles
Fallin' on de hills?
Jes' keep t'ings a-hummin'
Spite o' col' an' showahs,
Chrismus day's a-comin',
An' all de week is ouahs.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

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AN INTERESTING THACKERAY DISCOVERY

THACKERAY'S FIRST BOOK REPRINTED HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE ITS DISAPPEARANCE IN 1837.

[In one of the numbers of *The Autographic Mirror*, published in 1864, three sketches by Thackeray were reproduced from the original drawings then in the collection of Thomas F. Dillon Croker. The text explained that these were "originals of designs illustrating an interlude entitled *King Glumpus*, in the style of *Bombastes Furioso*, which was played by amateurs in 1837, and of which only a few copies were published."

This "interlude" seems to have escaped Thackeray collectors heretofore, and, so far as we know, it is not included in any of the published editions or bibliographies of Thackeray's works. Copies of *King Glumpus* have, however, at last appeared, as all printed books in time have a way of doing, and one of them has come to America. It is a small octavo pamphlet of sixteen pages, in blank yellow covers, with three full-page illustrations, similar to those reproduced from the original drawings in the *Autographic Mirror*. The title in full is |*King Glumpus:*| *An Interlude* | *In One Act.* | [*For private circulation only.*] | *London:* | 1837. |

The play was printed for private circulation, and Thackeray is said to have acted a part in it. It is, in fact, Thackeray's first printed book, though he had previously contributed to various periodicals, such as *The Snob*, *The Gownsman*, *The National Standard and Journal of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals and the Fine Arts*, and perhaps others. The existence of the play seems to be unknown to even Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, and, in the new Biographical Edition of her father's works, she states that the first of his writings ever published in book form was the 1838 Philadelphia edition of *The Yellowplush Correspondence*. *King Glumpus*, however, must take precedence. Admirers of the author will find both text and illustrations extremely Thackerayesque.

Luther S. Livingston.]

KING GLUMPUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GLUMPUS, *King of (Sugar) Candy.*
LORD LOLLYPOP, *Prime Minister.*
EARL OF GRUB, *Admiral of the Fleet.*
THE QUEEN.
LADY LOLLYPOP,
LADY HOPKINS,
LADY POPKINS,
LADY TOMKINS, } *Maids of Honour.*

SCENE I.

Apartment in the Palace. KING GLUMPUS *reclining on a Sofa.*

Enter LORD LOLLYPOP, Prime Minister.

Lollypop. Hail mighty Glumpus! prythee Glumpus tell,
How fares King Glumpus? Glumpus, are ye well?
No answer! Glumpus, surely thou'rt not glumpy,—
Well, if ye'll answer not, why, then I'll thump ye.

[*Hits him on the side: —the King starts up.*

King. Struck in the ribs! soft, soft, I do but dream,
Yet with the pain I'm half inclined to scream.

[*Sees Lollypop.*

Ah! Lollypop, great Minister of State!
I hope you're well, we have not met of late.

Lollypop. Most gracious Glumpus, Monarch of our land,
I'm glad once more to grasp your royal hand;

[*Gives the King a hearty squeeze.*

And thus, my liege, upon my knee whilst kneeling,
I beg to state, how vastly well I'm feeling:
I ne'er was better in my life,—and hope,
That you, like me, are not inclined to mope.

King. Thanks, Lolly, thanks, these looks methink betell,
That I, like you, am wonderfully well.
But now to business——

[*They draw round the table, on which are placed writing materials.*

Hand me o'er the paper,
The pens, and ink, the sealing wax, and taper,
I wish to write His Majesty of Denmark,

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But how am I to make this horrid pen mark?

[*Throws down the pen and takes up another.*

Ah! This will do:—now Lollypop, I'm thinking,
All Denmark's naval force, forthwith of sinking,
Because, d'ye see, of ships they've got too many,
Whilst we, my Lolly, somehow haven't any.

Lollypop. O! happy thought, the nation likes a rumpus,
A row, like this, will please the folks, dread Glumpus.

King. The task is done,—what think ye of our letter?

[*Lollypop reads it.*

Lollypop. If 'twere my own, it scarcely could be better.
'Tis short, and sweet,—yet full of weighty matter:
Shows a great mind!

King. Oh! Lollypop, you flatter!

[*Blushes immoderately.*

What ho! without!

Enter EARL OF GRUB *in Naval Uniform.*

Lord Grub, this billet-doux,
For Denmark's King, I'll e'en entrust to you:
'Tis of vast moment, see it's not delayed;
Here's twopence too;—pray let the post be paid.

Grub. My Sovereign Liege, my head I'll forfeit, if I
Don't let old Denmark have it in a jiffy!

[*Flies off the stage.*

King. Off like a shot! That Grub's a sprightly fellow,
I'll henceforth make him Admiral of the Yellow:
And when our fleet is ready—then Lord Grub,
Shall sail for Denmark in a good-sized tub,
Taking command.

Lollypop. There's none, I'm sure, more fit,
In choosing Grub, you've made a lucky hit.

King. And now our work is for the present ended,
I beg you'll leave the room, nor be offended,
Since 'tis our pleasure to be left alone.

Lollypop. E'er you can say "Jack Robinson," I'm gone.

[*Exit Lollypop.*

King. (*Solus.*) 'Tis very strange, just now, when I awoke,
And felt a pain, as though I'd had a poke;
Strange dreams disturb'd my rest, I thought my life,
Was sought by Lolly—jealous of his wife.
Soft! soft! I heard a noise, a female tread,
Exquisite sound! I'd better hide my head.

[*Pops into a closet.*

KING GLUMPUS.

Enter LADY LOLLYPOP.

L. Lol. What! no one here! ah! woe is me, alack!
I'm sick at heart, my brains are on the rack:
Hither I came, and thought to meet the King,
Oh! Lollypop, my heart is on the wing.
I feel in love, but not with thee, my Lolly,
The King, alone, has caused my melancholy.

[*The King starts out of the closet, Lady L. screams, the King throws himself at her feet.*

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King. Ha! say not so, bright angel, here I vow—
L. Lol. If Lolly comes there'll be a precious row!
King. Hang Lolly!
L. Lol. So say I.
King. What's he to me?
I'd hang a dozen Lollypops for thee!
And by this kiss I swear——
L. Lol. Here comes Lord Lolly,
And I, alas! am ruin'd for my folly.
[*The King rushes off on one side, she on the other.*
Enter Lollypop.
Lol. Thunder and lightning! Glumpus and my wife;
'Tis clear! he runs,—aye, runs too for his life.
[*Rushes after the King sword in hand.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.—Queen and three Maids of Honour, LADY HOPKINS, LADY POPKINS, *and* LADY TOMKINS *seated round a table playing at Whist:—after playing a few cards* LADY HOPKINS *jumps up in a great passion and throws down her cards.*

L. Hopkins. I'll play no more! Her Majesty's a cheat,
She's got a Knave of Clubs beneath her feet:
Night after night I've lost my money fast,
Suspecting oft,—I've found her out at last.
[*Rise, and advance to the front of stage.*
Q. She calls me *cheat,*—that's more than I can stand—I
[*Seats herself.*
Feel I'm fainting,—fetch a drop of brandy!
[*Goes into hysterics.*
Lady Pop. Help! help!
Lady Tom. Help! help!
Lady Pop. Her Majesty's in a flurry.
Queen. Bring me the brandy.
Lady Tom. Don't be in a hurry.
[*Lady P. pours some down her throat.*
Queen. Ha! now I'm better—henceforth Lady Hopkins,
(Hear Lady Tomkins—mark it, Lady Popkins),
Henceforth, for ever, from my presence go,
Thou saucy woman, get thee gone, and know
What 'tis to call *me cheat!* I'll tell the King;
Those ears of thine His Majesty shall wring:
Wring till they're red—Avaunt! and quit my sight.
Lady Hop. I've no desire to stay, and so, good night:
Farewell for ever! should we chance to meet,
And play another rubber—pray don't *cheat.* [*Exit.*
Queen. (*Still considerably flurried.*)
That odious monster:—now that she is gone,
And we three ladies here are left alone,
And three can't play a rubber, what d'ye say,
If we resume our game some other day?
Lady P. 'Tis all the same to me.
Lady T. The same to me too.
Queen. Then my proposal both of you agree to.
Music, 'tis said, will soothe the savage breast,
And calm the spirits, when like mine opprest:
Strike up, fair damsels, sing some heav'nly strain,
Something that's sad, yet soothing to the brain,
"If I had a donkey *wot* wouldn't go,"
Or if it please me not, then "Jump Jim Crow,"
In short, whatever air you chance to know.
[*Lady Tomkins sings.*

AIR:—"*King of the Cannibal Islands.*"

O! have you seen the Cabs of late,
That drive around the town so great,
If you have not, 'tis not too late,
The Cabs of our comical Island.
These funny Cabs have got one seat,
Over the head's the driver's feet,
Which we don't think looks very neat,
The Cabs of our comical Island.
[*Lady Popkins joins in the Chorus.*]
Hoke poke Cabs and Cart,
Tilbury, Tandem, Gig so smart,
You see we've got them all by heart,
The Cabs of our comical Island.

Queen. Exquisite strain! it seems my grief to smother,
Come, Lady Tomkins, pray strike up another.

AIR:—"*Yankee Doodle.*"

Time rolls on surprising fast,
It beats the Greenwich Railway;
A year has past, since Christmas last;
But not in such a stale way.

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There's not a day, I'll boldly say,
But something new is started;
The world's grown mad, at which I'm glad,
Men ought to be light-hearted.

The queerest thing's the great balloon,
I really shouldn't wonder,
If very soon they reach the moon,
Though very far asunder:
And when to earth it doth descend,
How folks will Mr. Green teaze,
To ascertain, as some maintain,
If the moon be made of green cheese.

Queen. Thanks, ladies, thanks, those strains have sooth'd my head.
[*Goes up to the table and pours out a glass.*
I'll take another drop—and then to bed.

Lady P. Come, Lady Tomkins, wish the Queen good-night,
Our fly is at the door—

Lady T. Drive on, all's right:
I'm ready now thy summons to attend,
Adieu, fair Queen, our steps we'll homeward bend. [*Exeunt.*

Queen. They're off, and so am I, but not to bed.
I'm up to fun,—the brandy's in my head.

SCENE III.

Apartment in the Palace.—LORD LOLLYPOP *discovered, solus.*

Lord L. Ah! woe is me, alack-a-day, alas!
I little thought that this would come to pass
When first I met and woo'd my gentle Molly,
Gave her my hand, and made her Lady Lolly:
False-hearted woman! once plain Molly Brown,
A butcher's daughter of old Brentford town,
Rais'd to high rank, to all this world can give,
That makes it worth a woman's while to live;—
But break my heart—I cannot bear to think,
And since it happened haven't slept a wink:
Soft, soft, they come, I'll stow myself away,
Lie still my soul, and list to what they say.
To wait one moment e'en, I feel thou'rt loth,
Yet rest thee still, I mean to slay them both. [*Goes behind the screen.*

Enter KING GLUMPUS *arm in arm with* LADY LOLLYPOP.

Lady L. E'en so, sweet Glumpy.

Lord L. (*Aside.*) Death! she calls him Glumpy,
Perfidious monster! how I'd like to thump ye.

Lady L. What's that! ah me! did'st thou not hear a row?

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King. I heard the distant lowing of a cow.
Lady L. Methought I heard a voice so like Lord Lolly's.
King. Fie, silly girl! away with all these follies;
Have I not told ye whilst thou'rt true to me,
I'd hang a dozen Lollypops for *thee!*
Lord L. (*Starts from behind the screen.*)
Base bragging knave, that's easier said than done,
Hang me, Sir, if your Majesty hangs one.
King. That's to be proved, we'll shortly see who's right,
My soul's in arms and eager for the fight.
Lord L. One moment pause till I've turned up my cuff,
And *hanged* be he who first cries "Hold, enough."
[*They fight, and the King is mortally wounded.*
King. Oh, my! I'm justly served; I'm killed outright,
And scarce have breath enough to say good-night:
My head's all swimming, Oh! Oh! Ah! Oh!
I'll snatch a kiss, sweet angel, ere I go.
[*Kisses Lady L. and apparently expires.*
Enter the QUEEN.
Queen. (*Perfectly horrified.*) What! Glumpus killed!
Lord L. The fault is hers.
Queen. Thou slave!
Take that,—and follow Glumpus to the grave. [*Stabs Lady Lolly.*
Queen. O! sorry day! O! day so full of strife—
I've lost my husband!
Lord L. And I have lost my wife.
Sad is my fate! a widower I can't tarry.
Queen. Nor I a widow.
Lord L. Then prythee let us marry!
Queen. Well said, Lord Lolly,—now the King is dead,
I'll tell thee, this has long been in my head:
I meant to poison Glumpus and your wife.
King. O! horrible! I've yet enough of life
To be revenged.
[*Starts up, stabs her, and falls again.*
Queen. All's fairly up with me.
[*Dies.*
Lord L. And I alone am left—this must not be.
I do remember Doctor Bolus said,
A little laudanum soon will reach the head.
The Doctor, too, I've little doubt was right,
And so I'll take a drop, and then—good-night.
[*Goes to a cupboard and brings out a quart bottle of laudanum, which he drinks freely.*
'Tis in my veins already—laudanum's very handy,
[*Screws up his mouth.*
But does not taste one-half so nice as brandy.
How soon it tells—I feel I'm sinking fast,
Another moment perhaps will be my last:
That moment's up—and sure enough I'm down. [*Falls.*
Close by the butcher's child, sweet Molly Brown.
Lady L. La! love ye! I'm not dead.
[*Jumps up.*
Queen. Nor I!
King. Nor I!
Lord L. Then I'm a Dutchman if I mean to die.
[*All get up and dance "Jim Crow."*

We'll turn about and wheel about,
And do just so;
Every time we wheel about,
We'll jump Jim Crow.

King. Silence, ye knaves! remember I'm the King,
'Tis not our royal pleasure you should sing. [*Steps forward and addresses the audience.*
Ladies and Gentlemen, I've a word to say—
You know, that those who fight, and run away,
Live but to fight again some other day;—
So let me hope, that we who've died in sorrow,
May live this night to die again to-morrow.
[*Curtain drops amidst thunders of applause.*
W. M. Thackeray.

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SORROWS OF WERTHER.

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

(*W. M. Thackeray.*)

—*From the "Sketch."*

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KIPLING'S MEN

The composite Kipling hero, if he could be placed before us, would astound us by his frank humanity. He would drink—sometimes to the point of getting gloriously drunk—he would smoke incessantly; he would make outrageous love to his neighbour's wife; he would have his moments of depression and elation; he would possess brains, energy and stupendous cheek. His nationality would, of course, be American. At about the age of thirty-two he would marry himself for love with the composite Kipling heroine, the description of whom would be out of place here. But what we would remember of him most vividly would be his cheek, and his Americanism. In Kipling's more recent prose work the occasional ring of insincerity that sounded through much of his early writing has happily been absent. There are those who find it hard to reconcile the reverence of the "Recessional" with the popular and probably just estimate of his cynical genius, but that is a mere detail, and nowhere has he bewrayed the wholesale and unscrupulous sacrifice of fact to effect that was the very substance of *American Notes*. The "Notes" have been pretty well forgiven and forgotten. Americans don't lose temper over *Martin Chuzzlewit* any more. We have become accustomed to that sort of thing; we are doing quite well, thank you! and after a moment's irritation are inclined to think of our critics with kindly, pitying curiosity. Easterners, on the whole, rather enjoyed the malicious exaggeration of Kipling's notes. Those absurd Chicagoans, who had grown so aggressive with their big buildings, their stock yards and their Fair, richly deserved the trouncing, and as he wisely refrained from trying to be funny at the expense of New York or Boston or Philadelphia or Washington, we accepted with really civilised fortitude his abuse of our neighbours and frankly gave him the honour due the creator of Mulvaney and Dravot. He was a very young and very clever man with a reputation for impudence to sustain, and there is probably no better refutation of his *American Notes* than the portrait of the American Tarvin in *The Naulahka*. Standing by himself Nicholas Tarvin claims hardly more than passing attention. He is interesting in that he combines all those qualities of heart and head which go to make the complete Kipling hero (which means that he is a worker, that he has brains, courage, and, above all, cheek, that he rides bucking horses and dents flying coins) and that he is evidently meant by his creator as a representative American. Among Kipling's men he is not easily to be classified. He and two or three others occupy niches apart.

Despite all that has been written of the absolute originality of Kipling's tales and characters, there was much in his early work, the work done during his connection with E. K. Robinson on the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore, that was strongly suggestive of Thackeray's influence. To mediocrity the influence of the author of the *Book of Snobs* is often blighting: to Kipling it was a spur and inspiration. The writer without real strength is too ready to accept Thackeray's view of life as complete for all times and environments, and to drift into mere imitation. Kipling confined himself to accepting Thackeray's understanding of that part of the world and the human heart of which he himself had no knowledge, and with each day the debt grew less. Compare, for instance, the club-room scene in "The Story of the Gadsbys" with a similar scene in the forty-seventh chapter of *The Newcomes*. There could be no suspicion of imitation, but the suggestion is apparent. In both the story is carried on by the same device, almost by the same men. In both the dialogue is too witty. We are prone to ridicule as unnatural and absurd the stately, pompous Alexandrines of the old tragedy. They violated reality, certainly, but for a purpose, and a future age may as justly find fault with the present-day novelists who make their club men talk in epigram.

Despite the clearness with which most of Kipling's men stand out from the background of his stories, there are few

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authors whose characters are so difficult to analyse as individual types. None knows better than he that the age of heavy-weight novelists is past. Our literary bruisers to-day are mostly bantams and feathers; here and there a sprinkling of light and middle weights, whose mission is to entertain us with limited bouts spaced off into rounds of twenty-four hundred words or so each, and, to carry the fistic figure further, to be followed by long periods of lazy money-winning on the stage and lecture platform. The thunderous, boring methods of the days of Belcher, Cribb, and "Gentleman" Jackson are no more obsolete than the three-volume novel. Long introductory dissertations are but a degree more modern than "Poems by a Person of Quality;" and Kipling from the beginning of his career has, after a few curt descriptive strokes, swept us away with the rush and fire of the story he had to tell. This is much more the case with his men than with his women. But they were so human, so keenly alive that we accepted them at once and made place for them in the Valhalla of heroes and heroines among Gil Blas, Don Quixote, Argan, Goriot, Colonel Newcome, D'Artagnan, Tartarin, Esmond, Captain Bunsby, or whoever the reader's favourites may be. In our enthusiasm their right is never questioned, it is only on close analysis that we realise with amaze how slight is their tangible claim and how much of them is born merely of suggestion. Bronckhorst is a brute who bullies his wife outrageously; Moriarty drinks secretly; Strickland, a dark-eyed young civilian with a taste for secret investigation, Jellaludin McIntosh, a most striking character, quotes fragments of Greek, writes a strange book, and says "Good heavens, I was once an Oxford man!" In black and white this is about all. But between the lines we had read their past and present, we knew all about Bronckhorst's courtship, the number of Moriarty's relatives in England and Connaught, the intimate details of McIntosh's early misfortunes. These men told their life stories in their talk and their gestures. The complexity of Kipling has never been sufficiently urged. It is often quite impossible to detach the story and its hero or heroine from that particular portion of the world in which the scene is laid. Weakened by the cruel Indian sun Moriarty has taken to drinking secretly. A worthless woman attaches him to her train and he, believing in her implicitly, pulls himself together for her sake. It is a mere detail of life, incomplete and apparently without dramatic possibilities. By a mere touch Kipling has shown us the contrast, the man alone against the feasting, drinking, posture-making, scandal-loving world. It is in this remarkable power over mere details that Kipling's originality lies. This is equally as true of his tales of pure adventure. The motive of "Drums of the Fore and Aft" is by no means new; before "Bimi" orang-outangs have been jealous of men's wives; "The Mark of the Beast" brings no new horror into fiction; the device of "The Man Who Would be King" (an imperial tale, of his stories the most characteristic, furnishing the best key to the greatness and limitations of the man, combining as it does all the qualities of his extraordinary power and originality) is of the simplest and oldest.

There are three property air-castles over which every man of any imagination whatever, at some time in his life frivols pleasantly away many hours. From all other air-castles they must be classed apart, for in their splendid absurdity they are dependent upon no condition or environment. He who dreams by day of being a great poet, a great actor, a great painter, or a great financier, must have a bent for scribbling or daubing or spouting or money getting. Such day dreams are merely local and individual. But imagine yourself becoming suddenly the possessor of wealth, not to the mere point of vulgar luxury and affluence, but wealth illimitable; wealth that is power; that is of that intangible vastness that makes you the peer of kings. That is the first of the three great property air dreams. Vast as are the literary and dramatic possibilities of the theme, they were practically exhausted in *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

The second of these day dreams deals with the establishment of a mighty secret society, working silently and tirelessly toward certain noble ends; achieving them through sheer strength of unity. The elder Dumas ran this theme through countless volumes: George

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Sand made use of it in *Consuelo* and in *The Countess of Rudolstadt*. Balzac went farther and attempted to bring it into every-day life; actually organised such an order; believed in it with naïve ardour; and found huge delight in saluting his brother Invincibles when he met them in society, with great winks and grimaces.

The third and most magnificent day dream, being a king, may be attained in various ways. Ego, for instance, am perched upon a high revolving stool, trying vainly to balance two pages of a big leather-bound book, in a musty, dusty office somewhere on the lower end of Manhattan Island. Then, without preliminary blare of trumpets are ushered in several grave little old gentlemen in black, who inform me respectfully that Ego am the long-lost heir apparent of the throne of Illyria, and that a 22-knot armoured cruiser, flying the purple and gray Illyrian royal standard is lying at anchor off Tompkinsville waiting to bear me away to my loyal and enthusiastic people. Again, if Ego have an imagination for ways and means, Ego may find myself in some Oriental empire at a time of great political crisis, dye my face, don a pigtail, and with the connivance of an adroit and crafty prime minister, seize the throne and wisely sway the imperial sceptre. There are also many other ways. In fiction a reporter once became a king: Rudolph Rassendyl sat for a time upon the throne of Ruritania; there were two illiterate loafers who had been soldiers, engine drivers, newspaper correspondents and about everything else, who founded an empire in Afghanistan, an empire that was to furnish two hundred thousand fighting men to cut in on Russia's flank. And Carnehan was crucified, but lived and came back over the mountains, misshapen and mad, carrying in a leather bag the crowned and dried-up head of Daniel Dravot.

To those whose admiration of Rudyard Kipling's work is most sincere and heartfelt, "The Man Who Would be King" is incomparable. Interest in the tale itself is all but lost in our astonishment at the richness of the man's mind, his marvellous insight into the human heart, the fire and raciness of his style.

The Irish are the Gascons of the British Isles and occasionally we recognise a bit of D'Artagnan peering out from under Mulvaney's cap. Mr. Kipling frankly avows the inspiration, and in addition has given us a Porthos in Learoyd and a regimental Aramis in Stanley Ortheris. Mulvaney has all the dash and dexterity of D'Artagnan, and, like the musketeer of Louis XIII., he is an unmitigated blackguard. But the men of fiction are not to be measured by the mean standards of every-day life. We don't ask of them that they be good fathers and husbands, paying their debts and leading clean and wholesome lives; only that they be men, frank, jovial, and generous—with other people's money if they have none of their own. Mulvaney is a great scoundrel made amiable. It is hard to say for what we admire him. But then the most virtuous reader has a sneaking fondness for Barry Lyndon, blackleg and wife-beater, and Mulvaney is a staunch friend and worthy soldier. There it ends. He is a drunkard, a barrack-room Don Juan, and the tinge of sadness which redeems him from utter savagery is at heart mostly selfishness and vanity.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

MR. KIPLING AT THE CROSS-ROADS*

It is generally reported that this last book of Mr. Kipling's is selling more freely and more extensively than any other of his has ever sold. This fact rather confirms us in a belief which long ago crystallised in our mind that it is by a man's best work that he makes his reputation, while it is by his worst work that he makes his money. Not that this book as a whole is the worst thing that Mr. Kipling has done; and for that matter, the worst of his work is better than the best of most other men. But this much we feel bound to say, that the volume now before us contains a large pro-

*The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated. New York: The Doubleday and McClure Company.

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portion of stories which no one would care to read a second time, and which are distinctly ephemeral and unworthy to be set beside his masterpieces. To be sure, there is nothing here that so nearly verges upon the flat and fatuous as did his "Brugglesmith," which appeared several years ago, and which represents the low-water mark of his genius; but on the other hand, there is nothing that is half so good as "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," "Without Benefit of Clergy," "The Story of the Gadsbys," and a dozen others that leap at once into the mind whenever Mr. Kipling's name is mentioned. Most of the present stories appear to have been written to fill magazine orders, and many of them lack either the spontaneity and firmness of grip so characteristic of Mr. Kipling at his best, or else they deal with themes whose very nature prevents him from winning anything more permanently valuable than a *succès d'estime*. Certain of the stories, such as "The Bridge Builders," "The Tomb of his Ancestors," "William the Conqueror," and "The Maltese Cat" take us once more to India—the India which Mr. Kipling in part discovered for us and perhaps in part created for us, just as Sir Walter Scott discovered and created the romantic Highlands. These stories are all most admirable. One reads them again and again with pleasure and with a feeling that here is something which no other man than Mr. Kipling could possibly have done, a feeling that we are being taken into the very heart of things and made to have an intimate and perfect knowledge that could be given us by no one else.

On the other hand, here are some of Mr. Kipling's American stories—his horses that talk respectively in the Down East and in the Kansas dialect, his locomotive that is personified and the story of which is thoroughly inchoate and unmeaning, and also his other tale of the Anglicised American who flagged an express train in England and got into trouble with the railway company, and then got out of it again as soon as he let it be known to the company's representatives that he was an American and therefore nationally and inevitably eccentric. These stories excite in us a certain feeling of exasperation. The hero of the last is described as having become externally and minutely English, as having "schooled himself to an English walk," and acquired an English voice, and mastered the British language except that he would insist to the end upon asking for "Worcestershire sauce"; yet in the conversations which Mr. Kipling has detailed in the course of his story, this person expresses himself in what is obviously the American language; and the notion that he could have deceived any one as to his nationality is simply preposterous. Moreover, the story itself is nothing more than a bit of caricature verging upon the farcical.

No one can accuse us of entertaining any prejudice against Mr. Kipling and his work. Long before the general run of critics were willing to take him with entire seriousness, we spoke of him in these pages as the one writer of genius now living who has made permanent and priceless additions to English literature. We urged strongly his claim to succeed Lord Tennyson as Poet Laureate, on the ground that he would be more than an English laureate, and would stand forth as the laurelled singer of our whole great imperial race. Hence at the present time we feel entirely free to deplore the fact that he is squandering his gifts in turning so frequently his back upon that field in which he is supreme, in order to grind out clever nothings like some of the stories in this book, or novels like *Captains Courageous*, that are meaningless. Mr. Kipling, in fact, has reached the turn of the road. He can keep straight on if he will and remain unique—a master, a marvel, a genius—or he can go down the pleasant easy path along whose borders bank-cheques are forever bursting into bloom, and at whose end he will become a sublimated Norris or a glorified Crockett, with a plethoric balance at his banker's and a shrunken and diminished literary reputation.

His verse still stands at its highest level, as witness his recently published and most extraordinary poem, "The Truce of the Bear;" but we see very clearly in his prose something symptomatic of deterioration, something which makes it seem not impossible that he may be destined to illustrate the truth of Dr. Johnson's maxim that no man was ever written down save by himself.

H. T. P.

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EN ROUTE

A song of France in the autumn time,
  When rooks fly low, then go calling, calling
That summer's a thing of long ago,
For the golden warmth you would never know,
But the bronze-brown forests tell you so,
  And leaves are falling, falling.

The broad, bright river shines and flows
  In sweeps of blue, then goes singing, singing,
Where borders of fern in crimson line
Are aglow like flame in the late sunshine.
In little slim poplars straight and fine,
  Mistletoe's clinging, clinging.

What matter after the sun goes down,
  If chill creeps out from the forest's hollow,
Promising winter that earth affrays?
Is not the course of the year always
Toward spring and glory of golden days
  To follow, follow, follow?

The light of the late year's in my heart,
  That will not linger on death or dying.
Like leaves of the forest, sere and gone,
Are hopes of a future it once looked on;
But Life and Love to goals to be won,
  Go flying, flying, flying.

Marie L. van Vorst.

AN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST

M. J. James Tissot, the famous French artist, has undertaken and recently accomplished a remarkable piece of work in his *Life of Jesus*. It is an interpretation of the Gospels in terms of art; calling for deep study, long preparation and heroic devotion to the task during a period of ten years. It is at last completed, and the original paintings and drawings (now on exhibition in New York at the American Art Galleries) have been published in two large folio volumes, containing reproductions of the three hundred and sixty-five paintings in oil and water-colour, and one hundred and fifty pen-and-ink drawings. These sketches are not the least interesting part of this massive work, presenting with a few strokes of the pen striking bits of scenery and studies of Oriental types which lend vividness to the entire work, proving it a "study from life." The paintings deal with Jesus as he is portrayed in the Gospels, covering every incident leading up to his birth and following each step of his career to the tomb and beyond. On the right-hand side of each page the text of the Vulgate is given applicable to the pictures printed in the text or on the page opposite (when they are full-page illustrations). On the left of the page is a French translation of the section from the Gospels, in the original French edition, the same extract appearing in the English of the authorised version, in the edition printed for England and America.

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The printing in colours is probably the finest work of the kind ever done. A hundred of the most expert workmen in the shops of Lemercier, of Paris, were selected, and for four years they were engaged in printing these plates. The expense of the first edition of a thousand copies was more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The first twenty copies of that edition were sold for five thousand francs each, the later copies bringing at first fifteen hundred francs and then twenty-five hundred. The extraordinary effects produced by the use of lithography and engraving combined, are as yet unparalleled in book-making.

J. JAMES TISSOT.

But M. Tissot was not satisfied to send out into the world his pictures so beautifully reproduced, accompanied merely by the extracts from the New Testament. He found it necessary, in order to avoid being misunderstood, to write brief introductions to the various sections into which the work was divided, and to supplement the text and pictures by notes explaining the bases for many of his novel conceptions, giving his readers the benefit of his painstaking studies of Oriental life and customs and of the ruins of ancient times. His paintings have been grouped in five sections, covering "The Boyhood of Jesus" and "His Ministry" in the first volume, and "Holy Week," "The Passion," and "The Resurrection" in the second.

In the general introduction to the work M. Tissot writes: "The Christian world has had its ideas distorted by the fancy of painters. While some, like the schools of the Renaissance, have been occupied only with the *mise-en-scène*, and others, like the mystic schools, with sentiment alone, they have with one accord abandoned the ground of historical and topographical accuracy. Is it not time, in this age, for which the approximate is no longer sufficient, to restore to reality—I do not say to realism—its usurped rights?" Here he makes plain his purpose, "To make live again before the eyes of the spectator the divine personality of Jesus, in his spirit, in his deeds, in all the sublimity of his surroundings." This was no small undertaking for a man who was then fifty years of age, whose art had followed anything but sacred channels up to that time. James Tissot was a well-known figure in the art-world of London and Paris, notable for the perfection of his drawing and something of mystic power in colouring. He had painted the portraits of the beautiful women of both great capitals, and had etched many of his paintings with his own hands. His nearest approach to sacred themes was a series of four pictures dealing with a modern and decidedly English "Prodigal Son." The basis of these compositions was the Biblical parable, but they were modern, almost *fin-de-siècle* in character. How then, when the lines of his artistic life seemed definitely determined, when

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JESUS AND HIS MOTHER IN NAZARETH.

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the meridian of life was already passed, did M. Tissot conceive the idea of altering the entire course of his life, fleeing the Bohemian life of the European artist and becoming a pilgrim to the Holy Land? He himself cannot account for this sudden and complete reversal of his life-purpose. "It is a mystery," is all he can say. The outward signs of the inner change are confined to a single great painting in which Jesus, seated by the side of a despairing man and woman, offers himself to them as the only solution of the tangle of modern civilisation. This painting came to its author as a vision, driving him from the frivolous work of the past to the earnest work and solemn task to which he has devoted ten years of his life. The step from this picture of the "Ruins" to the *Life of Jesus* was a natural and easy one. When M. Tissot determined to paint a picture of Jesus as nearly true to his time and environment as was possible, he saw that a visit to Palestine would be indispensable, so he left France for a time to live in the Holy Land. He was deeply affected by the scenes through which he passed, and was confirmed day by day in his theory that even the greatest painters had failed to delineate the Jesus of history and of Palestine. He soon passed beyond his primary idea of painting a single picture of Jesus, resolving to follow every trace which tradition or Scripture furnished, and to illustrate the life of Jesus as it had never before been done. The wonderful series of paintings which created religious revivals in Europe when exhibited there and are now embodied in book-form, open with the "Vision of Zacharias," chronicled in the first chapter of St. Luke, first picturing the parents of John the Baptist drawing water from a well and then the angel delivering the revelation.

The apocryphal legend of the numerous suitors who came to court the Virgin serves as the basis of an Oriental group, rich in colour and most harmonious in its variety. The betrothal of the Virgin and St. Joseph is a bit sketched from a similar scene of the present day in that Eastern clime where customs outlast the centuries. The Annunciation, the Visitation, the Magnificat, each has its own portrayal, giving the reader what may at first seem to him to be a strange conception of the Virgin, yet it is such that upon further reflection he must accept it as true and more convincing than those heretofore seen.

No less than three pictures are devoted to Joseph in his carpenter-shop, yet each one has a purpose. M. Tissot refers to the Apocryphal Protevangelium of St. James the Less, saying: "Joseph is in his workshop, which is on the way leading to the well. It is early morning, when the women go to fetch the water needed for the day, and Joseph's tender affection for her to whom he has recently become betrothed leads him to watch for the moment when she will pass." He mistrusts her, "he can work no more; he gives himself up to painful forebodings." But in the third picture of the carpenter-shop Joseph is looking out affectionately after Jesus, while Mary is seated at his feet—and into the face of the young Jewish lad the artist has put the promise of the future martyr. Another strikingly beautiful picture in this section, "The Holy Childhood," is that of Jesus and his mother bringing home the water from the well, but the picture itself is its own best commentary.

Of the section on the "Ministry" the author writes: "From the point of view of the artist who wishes to portray Him under many different aspects, this is the richest in varied and characteristic episodes. The Baptism, the Temptation, the Calling of the Apostles, the teaching in the synagogue, the journeys to and fro, rich in miracles and sublime incidents; the actual preaching, interspersed with so many striking parables, and supplemented by the gestures and movements of the crowds to whom these parables were told, all these things combine to call up a series of vivid pictures, every page of the Gospels, even when merely read, filling the mind with emotion and enthusiasm." And then the artist gives us the majestic figure of John, that "voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'Make straight the way of the Lord.'" In the wide sweep of the hills of Jerusalem, the extended arms of John are an artistic realisation of the words of Scripture—there is inspiration in every line.

The "Baptism of Jesus," with the dove on his shoulder, John standing on a rock,

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"THE VOICE OF ONE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS, 'PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE LORD.'"
—ST. LUKE III.: 4.

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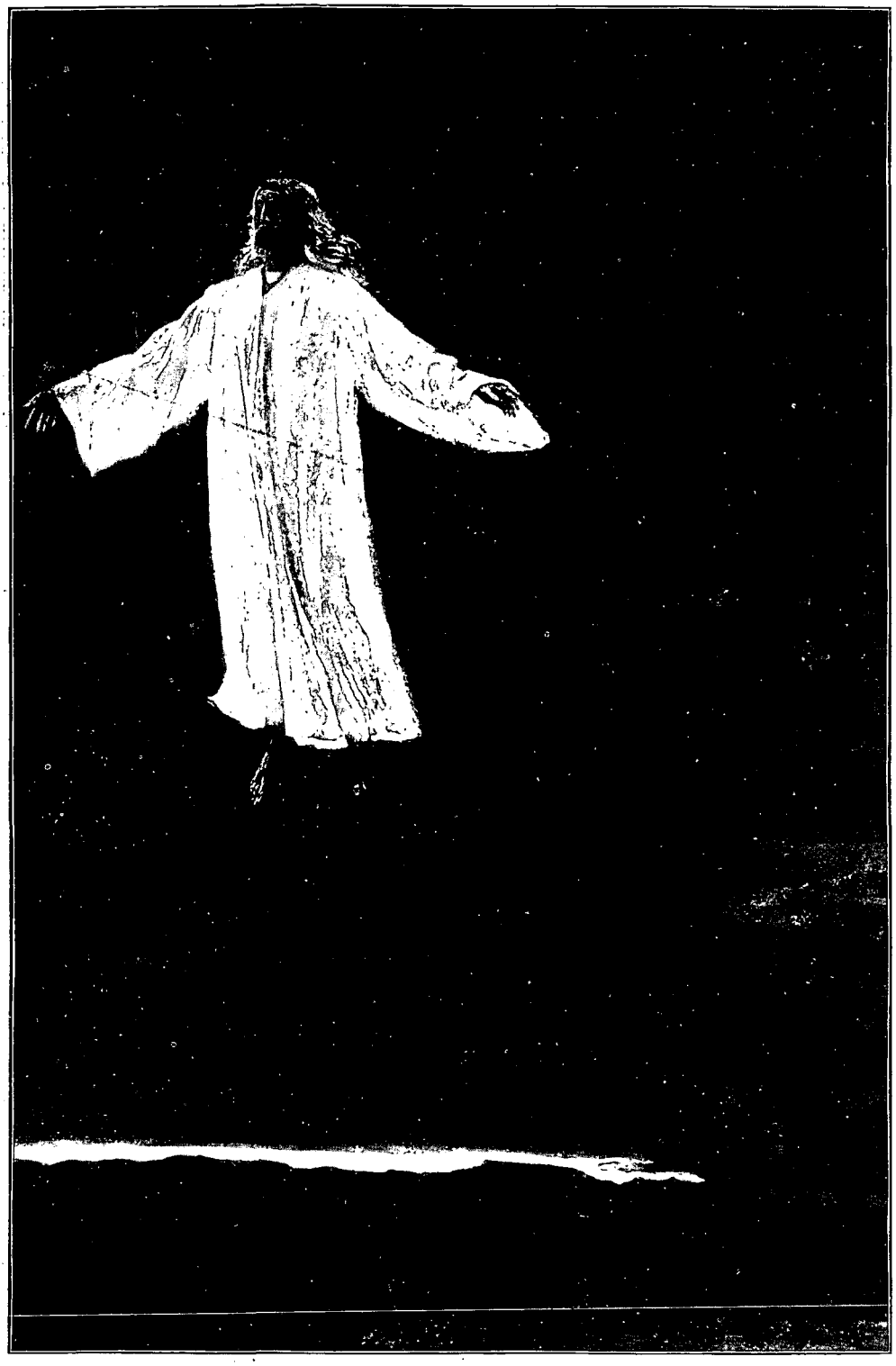

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"AND THE DEVIL, TAKING HIM UP INTO AN HIGH MOUNTAIN, SHEWED UNTO HIM ALL THE KINGDOMS OF THE WORLD IN A MOMENT OF TIME."—ST. LUKE, IV.: 5.

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"THE MAID IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH. . . . AND HE TOOK HER BY THE HAND, AND THE MAID AROSE."—ST. MATT. IX.: 24, 25.

with one hand pointing heavenward, is notable for strength and spiritual power. In that strange mystic composition of "Jesus taken up into a high mountain" (Luke iv.:5) the shadowy evil one in gigantic power seems to be bearing upward the rigid form of Jesus to that Mount Nebo pointed out by tradition as the height to which he was carried.

In the "Calling of Peter and Andrew" we have a fishing scene which the artist has seen reproduced in many of the lakes and rivers, as he travelled through the land, and in the "Calling of James and John" there is a wonderful study of the eagerness with which they left "their father Zebedee and followed the Master."

It is impossible even to mention all of the effective pictures of this section, before passing forward to the second volume and its affecting portrayal of the last scenes of the three years' tragedy, prefaced by the motto: "O all ye that pass by behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow," which is the epitome of all the succeeding pictures. The "Foal of Bethpage," the "Procession on the Mount of Olives," and through the streets of Jerusalem, the wailing over that devoted city, the trial in all its phases pass in quick review before us. The Via Dolorosa and all its horrors, the driving of the nails that pinned Him to the cross, not a single event or detail escapes the wonderful brush of the conscientious artist. It is at this point that some critics, especially those of Anglo-Saxon countries, raise some objections. To them there is too great detail, a superabundance of horrors, yet there is a life-likeness in it all which cannot but affect the spectator, almost to tears. With infinite pains the artist gives us a "restoration" of Calvary as it must have been, offering a powerful picture of the supreme cry of suffering: *Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani?* The Resurrection, too, is chronicled in several of those great ghost-like drawings peculiar to M. Tissot. It is, viewed as a whole, a great *Life of Jesus*, emanating from one who in a supreme sense combines the genius for art and for Christianity. Its value from an artistic point of view has been set high by European critics; but its chief significance is undoubtedly a religious one. Its influence for Christianity should be far-reaching and permanent.

Jean Jacques.

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"AT THE NINTH HOUR JESUS CRIED WITH A LOUD VOICE, SAYING, 'ELOI, ELOI, LAMA SABACTHANI? MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?' "—ST. MARK XV.: 34.

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From a Painting by Henry Sandham, R.C.A.

Faithfully yours
Richard Hovey.

THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF RICHARD HOVEY

I. Plays*

A new Guenevere is alive, and a new Launcelot, and a new Merlin; a new Arthur too, no longer Spenser's and Tennyson's bloodless type of perfection —a change which brings both gain and loss. The vivid interest of the story as now told makes it needless to ask just how much or little it conforms to the older versions. The human passion of the characters, alive with the life of to-day, while not untrue to that of any day; and the *actualité* of the problem which makes the conflict or dramatic *crux* of each drama and of the series of dramas, namely, the contradiction between individual and social interests; these answer the question whether it was worth while to take up again a situation and characters so often treated.

This new Guenevere is a complete and rounded character-study. In beauty she is

As if a rose grew on a lily's stem,
So blending passionate life and stately mien.

Her spirit is "imperious gentle,"

a great soul
That feels too prisoned even upon a throne,

that

feels honour keenly
And will not stoop to listen to intrigue.

She is a creature of the open air, of the hills and winds. From her girlhood, when she and Ylen were "a pair of madcap little queenlets," "untamed as young

**The Quest of Merlin*, a Masque; *The Marriage of Guenevere*, a Tragedy; *The Birth of Galahad*, a Romantic Drama, by Richard Hovey. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.*

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hawks," she had ranged the hills of Cameliard,

Wild as the sea-mew, restless of restraint.

It was there that Launcelot, wandering on his first knightly quest, had seen her,

Beyond the gulf
Standing against the sky, with garments blown,
The mistress of the winds,

and that by sending timely help, she had saved him from death, and then passed on

Alone across the summits of the hills
Like some grand free Diana of the North.

And he had loved her, and done all his deeds of prowess in the name of his unknown "Lady of the Hills."

At the beginning of the first play, while Launcelot is absent on some distant quest, Guenevere is married to Arthur; not quite against her will, for

. . . A girl's life is a cabined one,
A married woman has a wider scope,

And

To live the old life is no longer tolerable.

At court, as at home before her marriage, she hears of nothing but the valour and courtesy of Launcelot.

Then Launcelot returns, ready to serve his new queen, and finds "the Lady of the Hills." The struggle is not long:

I saw her first! . . . what right had he! . . .

says Launcelot. And Guenevere loves the fated love, simply, passionately, inevitably:

I give you all;
I am no niggard to keep something back.
But yet, I pray you, stay a little while . . .
. . . . This is my last hour
Of girlhood; and although the wider days
Bring greater guerdons and more large delights,
Yet this one thing they shall not bring again.
Love, yet a little while.
LAUNCELOT. Your girlhood, say you?
GUENEVERE. I know not how to tell you—
The morn that followed on my wedding night,
War called the King to Cornwall, since which hour
I have not seen him. That one night, indeed,
We lay down side by side; but, seeing I shrank
And shook as one that fears she knows not what,
The King unsheathed his sword Excalibur
And placed it for a sign between us twain
—And all night long the sword divided us.
LAUNCELOT. Mine, mine, all mine!
GUENEVERE. All thine, my Launcelot,
Body and soul! My husband!
LAUNCELOT. Aye, dear wife,
Although the cowled monastic trees have been
The only priests of our great bridal.
GUENEVERE. Husband!
I laugh into your hair with the mere joy
Of saying it over so . . . .

So Guenevere is proud of her love—too proud for planned concealment. Her imperious spirit keeps all gentleness, and "would love the woman's way; for it is great to be a man, but it is delicious to be a woman"; yet "would shrink from nothing," and begs Launcelot,

Prithee, love,
Henceforward let us meet without these shifts.

Their love is discovered. In the intrigues that result, Peredure, the favourite brother of Guenevere, is killed, and Launcelot and Guenevere are publicly denounced to Arthur, on his return to Cornwall, by the traitress Morgause. Arthur simply brushes the charges aside, banishes Morgause, and calls Launcelot to be closer to his throne.

This is the ending of the *Marriage of Guenevere;* but it can hardly be called a *dénouement.* The real tragedy of it—the unrepenting remorse of Launcelot, the torture of Guenevere's proud soul condemned to deceit—are a purely psychological tragedy, and therefore, from the dramatic point of view, of no effect. This absence of any effective *dénouement* is the worst fault of the play as a drama. As poetry, it is immature and crude in places (notably the rôle of Galahault), but is remarkable as being practically a first production, and contains many beautiful passages, full of life and joy and passion.

The *Birth of Galahad* no longer shows any of these faults, and is a real drama. The title, while indicating well enough its position in the series, does not seem very appropriate to the play in itself. For this is Launcelot's play, as the preceding one was Guenevere's. The subject of the play is Launcelot's partial atonement to Arthur, by leading his armies victorious to Rome and setting the Cæsar's crown upon his head—as is told at length in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur.* He will not be untrue to Guenevere, for theirs is a true marriage; she "gave him naught

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that ever was another's." But in all else he will be true to Arthur, whatever the temptation.

At least I'll serve him in his dream of empire,
There lies his heart. I have fought in this campaign
Triple myself. There is no peace for me
But to achieve impossibilities.
Then, all's too little . . . . . .

Yet Guenevere's character is no less important here than in her own play; and Guenevere the woman is here created anew as Guenevere the girl had been in the other. When she is brought to Rome a disgraced captive, her mere entrance suffices to turn all eyes from the beautiful woman who, with the aid of dramatic setting, poetry, and imaginative illusion, is acting before the Emperor the rôle of Helen the world-beauty—and fix them on herself, till after a pause the Emperor exclaims, "There Helen stands." She throws off the low love of the Emperor with a spirit that compels him, half in epicurean appreciation of his own defeat, to say:

Madame, you are superb!

Yet she is still womanly gentle as well as queenly imperious. At the beginning of the play she is just to become the mother of Launcelot's child, Galahad, who must pass for Ylen's and not hers.

YLEN. I never had a child,
And I begin to long for yours as if
I were indeed its mother.
GUENEVERE. Ah, but . . . .
You do not know the mystery of it all;
A life within your life—a part of you,
And yet not you—a soul—think, Ylen, think—
A soul, a spark struck from divinity . . . .
Shut, as the Host is in the tabernacle,
Within you—Oh, it makes a sanctuary
Of every inch of you, a temple where
The soul is priest and may not leave the altar
One instant! The whole earth is hushed and chancelled.

At the birth of Galahad Merlin predicts that this is he who shall achieve the Graal. And Guenevere realises her bitterest atonement:

Strange and holy
I know he is . . . . .
. . . . God, is it no sacrifice
I lay upon thy dark and shadowy altar?
Never to call him son . . . .

Guenevere, after the birth of Galahad, starts out to join the armies, and is captured by the Romans, who have already learned her secret from a letter. She is used as a bait to win Launcelot over to the Roman cause. If he refuses, Guenevere will be given up to the love of the Roman Emperor, or the Romans will deliver her to Arthur with the proofs of her infidelity, for the punishment by fire that awaits adulterous queens of Britain; or she must suffer first one and then the other of these fates. If he accepts, he will be followed implicitly by the better half of Arthur's army, and the Romans will make him King of Britain with Guenevere for his Queen. They bring Guenevere, and leave him alone with her.

Then not a word is said of the question before them. There is not a breath of allusion to it on the part of either. The temptation is too far beneath them. And we have only—one of the most beautiful and wonderful love scenes in all literature.

It is interrupted by the Romans' entering to demand:

Well, are you friends with Cæsar?
LAUNCELOT. No.

This ends the fourth act. It is near morning.

At dawn the assault is given. Launcelot carries everything before him, reaches alone and exhausted the apartments of Guenevere, is captured and bound by the Roman guards. The Emperor, at bay in his palace, is about to take the bitterest vengeance, when Launcelot bursts free, rescues Guenevere, crushes the Emperor, directs Arthur's men fighting in the court below, turns to Guenevere exultant, and triumphs in the new and fairer marriage of their loves. Arthur enters, and scenes of triumph sweep across the stage, till he is crowned by the Pope with Cæsar's iron crown. Letters arrive from Britain, bringing news of Galahad, and the last word is Guenevere's to Launcelot: "All's well with him."

It is to be hoped that some manager, not blinded to the fact that this play is drama by the other too evident fact that it is literature also, may have the courage to give it a trial on the stage. The second and fifth acts are crowded with dramatic action. In the fourth the dramatic conflict is ever present, first in the fine climax of Launcelot's successive

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temptations, and then, even more intensely by the very fact of its being ignored, in the love scene that follows. The greatest, if not the only disadvantage of the play consists in its being one of a series of plays. Yet it has a distinct beginning and ending of its own, and can well stand by itself.

The real *dénouement*, to be sure, is still, as in the *Marriage of Guenevere*, a psychological one. Mr. Hovey seems strongly possessed of the idea, false we think from the point of view of practical drama, that the soul-development of each character is the important matter and the one which should finally concentrate attention. In this play, however, he has found a method that can make the "soul-drama" which was Browning's ideal and which, in a quite different and more Shakespearean form, is Mr. Hovey's also, possible on the stage; for here the psychological action and the psychological *dénouement* are carried by a strong material action and *dénouement*, which express the psychological in terms of physical fact. So that even if the soul-drama passes unperceived by most of the audience, as it is likely to do in an Anglo-Saxon theatre—perhaps today even in a French theatre—yet the play can still stand on its feet as a dramatic spectacle.

When a new poet touches the Launcelot and Guenevere story, some comparison with Tennyson inevitably imposes itself. Yet in this case hardly any ground for such a comparison exists. Tennyson attempted nothing more than a series of beautiful but fragmentary and unconnected narratives. Mr. Hovey is attempting a single poem, embracing the whole story of the Round Table, with unity of plot and problem, and divided into parts each of which, whether drama or masque, stands in close and necessary relation to the others. This implies a poetic power in the constructive management of large and complicated wholes, such as Tennyson made no pretence to. Moreover, Mr. Hovey's work is in the drama, in which it is admitted that Tennyson failed, so that comparison on this ground could hardly be fair to Tennyson, even if it were possible. The dramatic sense of character, of which Tennyson had but little, and which he could do without, is the one indispensable element for Mr. Hovey, and is always present in his work. Launcelot, for instance, is in Mr. Hovey's work at every moment a *character;* while in Tennyson's, with the very prominent exception of *Elaine*, he is little more than a piece of the narrative-machinery.

Mr. Hovey's drama, then, has no relation to Tennyson. It may perhaps be called, for the sake of summary, an attempt to reconcile the dramatic methods of Browning and Shakespeare.

Mr. Hovey's endowments as a poet are of the highest. He has a breadth of command in technique unapproached by any among our hordes of good versifiers, and unlike most of them he uses this technique not for its own sake, but always for expressional purposes. He has the true poetic imagination, giving the power of expression through imagery, which is the very body of poetry, its form and colour. And he has the dramatic sense, which is the very soul of poetic creation. Finally, he seems to be the one among younger American poets who with most constancy of purpose and earnestness of endeavour is devoting his life to poetic production. This is perhaps the highest that can be said of any. It is only by such devotion to the ideal on the part of many that the one true poet can be produced. It is only when all who have a spark of the true fire shall thus devote themselves, that we can be sure the one highest genius will not be wasted.

Curtis Hidden Page.

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A CHRISTMAS SILHOUETTE

The Texas sun, as he approached his setting, shoved his red unshaven face through the curtain of grey cloud which he had kept closely drawn all day, to see how the earth had managed without his countenance. Perhaps it gratified him to note how the wide, ghastly prairie lay hard-frozen under the light snow, from which one smile of his would have freed her. Here and there, clumps of cactus or Spanish dagger stood green but forbidding; the dry branches of the leafless mesquites showed odd round waxen masses, like huge bird's nests, except for their colour, which seemed by contrast as green as an emerald.

A well-defined road ran under the snow, straight toward the sunset; against which, as the sky lightened, there grew visible the outline of scattered houses. Near the road, a prairie dog, tinted to match his own burrow, sat on the summit of a newly completed cone-shaped residence and watched with his quick bright eyes the black figure of the Journalist, at first a moving speck along the white road; but growing, as it drew near, longer, darker, and sadder. The prairie dog sat motionless in the focus on the eight-rayed star formed around his burrow by the earth he had thrown out from within; he was new to the world and especially to housekeeping, but his instinct informed him that there was no gun in the hand of the wanderer. Even when the new-comer was almost upon him, he merely gave a twitch of his tail, and a little, short, shrill bark, both of which seemed to be produced by the same machinery, and disappeared like a brown flash, with the pointed exception of a nose and two eyes as sharp as needles.

The Journalist was as new to Texas as the prairie dog; this was evident from his going out for a four-mile tramp in snow weather, or in fact, weather of any sort. But he was writing the Great American Novel; and it was an object to assimilate the local colour of the prairie under skies of all degrees of benignity, certainly, therefore, a snow storm was too rare to lose. Besides, he had no horse, and his finances—for it was not Richard Harding Davis—were too low to permit him to hire one.

He stood still for a moment, with his hands in his pockets, absorbed in the effort to stare the prairie dog out of countenance; at the first motion to draw out one of them, the little animal was gone, though the hand when it appeared held only a pocket-handkerchief.

The Journalist was perched, looking very much out of proportion, in a mesquite tree, struggling to detach one of the curious, deep-green, sphere-like masses to which we have alluded, when the Cowboy rode up and asked whether he liked mistletoe. He was a civilised and generally ameliorated cowboy, who only swore, as a rule, when he was excited, and had not shot a man, or even shot at him, for more than a year.

"I just like such mistletoe as this," said the Journalist, as he sprang to earth. And indeed the berries were as large as New England currants, and were threaded together on tall stems, like quadrupled rows of pearls.

"They kiss under it, in the north, don't they?" asked the Cowboy, with a grin.

"In the north," said the Journalist, as he brushed from his coat a few long, narrow, yellow leaves, "they kiss, as is also the case in the east, west and south, wherever and whenever they can."

"Well, I guess that's about the size of Texas, if it is an empire," said the Cowboy. Wherewith he rode on smiling.

The swift twilight had vanished as he reached the outskirts of the little town; indeed, he had lost at least three minutes, quick as were all his motions, in rifling of its load of mistletoe another mesquite.

"She's from the north," said the Cowboy; "I guess she'll know what it's for; if she don't——" he smiled, "maybe I can teach her."

There was a long row of adobe burrows, politely called houses, on the edge of the town; these were inhabited by Mexicans; before each of them the final taper of the Mexican children's novena had just been lit, for this was Christmas eve. Similar lights twinkled here and

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there for some quarter of a mile over the prairie; assuredly the angels, when they should, at midnight, bring again the little Jesus to earth, would understand where to lay him. And to-morrow night there would be fireworks in his honour, but the Cowboy cared for none of these things. The strange waxen texture, the grey-green hue of the burden in his arms, the mystical whiteness of its berries, awoke associations in his mind; but they were not Druidical.

He drew rein, still smiling, before a frame house of some pretension to conventionality, and gave a loud hallo. When a dark-haired girl had peeped from behind a blind at him, she ran out to the gate, with a scarlet shawl thrown over her head. There was a lamp-shade of the same colour over the kerosene lamp in the hall.

"Why papa, back already?—Oh! it's you!" she said.

"If your father," said the Cowboy, smiling always, "is afraid to 'light until he hails the ranch, you must be in the habit of shooting him at sight."

"No," said the dark-haired girl; "he'll be fifty his next birthday. I can aim better than you think."

"I suppose you know what this is," said the Cowboy, who had by this time alighted.

"Artificial mistletoe," said the dark-haired girl, innocently; "real berries never grow so large."

"Not where you was raised," said the Cowboy, for indeed the girl was far from tall. "This is Texas. Do you want it?" and he held the bunch towards her. It was, in diameter, he noticed, just the width of her shoulders.

"Not all of it, it's an empire," said the dark-haired girl.

But she took the mistletoe, and laid it at her feet, on the floor of the gallery that ran along the front of the house.

"I didn't propose to give you all of it," said the Cowboy; "only my share of a ranch out Knickerbocker way—and this!"

Wherewith he laid a spray which he had artfully retained, against the silky darkness of her hair. And then for a moment he perforce ceased smiling; though in his heart reigned peace on earth, as in hers good will to men.

But the Journalist missed this bit of local colour; for he was still half a mile from town, silhouetted blackly against the white prairie.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE HAND*

The fact that Mr. Heron-Allen's larger work on Cheiromancy has reached its eighth edition, and that "Cheiro's" less formidable volume has made a similar record is of sufficient importance at least to revive or encourage an interest in this class of literature which takes upon itself such an oracular responsibility.

Glancing superficially at the two volumes, one would readily concede that of "Cheiro" to be the more awe-inspiring of the two. Its fantastic black and white cover with the Oriental insignia of star and crescent, has a gruesome skull-and-crossbones effect, suggesting all that is eerie and weird in magic; at once so entrancing to the superstitious, and so hateful to the sceptic. On the other hand, Mr. Heron-Allen's *Manual* is a staid and sober-looking book, bespeaking no frivolity and hinting at contents both serious and exhaustive. Pursuing the investigation, a sincerity of purpose is evident in both volumes; but to Mr. Heron-Allen's must be awarded the right to be considered as a piece of literature aside from its claim as a contribution to science; a claim which the author argues very thoroughly in an elaborate introduction based upon the preface of Adrien Desbarrolles's *Les*

*A Manual of Cheirosophy, Cheirognomy and Cheiromancy. By Edward Heron-Allen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Cheiro's Language of the Hand. By Cheiro (Comte de Hamong). New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

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Mystères de la Main, perhaps the most authentic work of this century on cheiromancy. In this preface M. Desbarrolles said:

> If the study of phrenology, of chierosophy and of the sciences which have for their aims the discovery of the true characters and instincts of men by the developments and appearances of their bodies, is merely a frivolous amusement; if such a study ceases for a moment to be a serious one, or if it is merely a distraction for enthusiasts, for people whose love of the marvellous becomes an insatiable greed, it is in every way damnable and to be discouraged, because it results infallibly in superstition and error. But if it is based upon truth, men cannot give themselves up to the study with too much energy, not only on account of the material advantages to be derived therefrom, but because it is an important factor in the considerations which lead to the education of our children, who alone represent the progress of the future.

Considering Mr. Heron-Allen's Introductory Argument as seriously as he has intended it, one must admire and respect its fairness and clearness, its research, its carefully annotated quotations and their proportionate and deductive value, as also his physiological explanations of what to the uninitiated must seem a species of strange phenomenon, and appearing as such, immediately regulates cheiromancy and its attendant accoutrements to the realm of mystery.

It is just this latter circumstance which, as M. Desbarrolles remarked, renders cheiromancy a dangerous pastime or pursuit. Certainly at its present stage of progression or recognition, it is in the main the trade of the less scrupulous, or to seem more courteous, the inexact. Amateurs, principally women, add a smattering of its rudiments to their list of accomplishments, and then hazard how many times, or whether, a girl will marry, and whether a man will be financially successful or not.

When a lack of knowledge regarding the exact meaning of the lines in the hand causes the would-be palmist to come to a halt in her prognosis, there is generally a temptation to embroider a little romance for the sake of appearing interesting; and if by chance during the course of her story she arrives at the semblance of a truth, there is immediately a responsive credulity in her listener, and there are awakened at once, that latent superstition and love of the marvellous which are the remote heritage of every human being possessed of an imagination. If, however, the little fabrication has not been cautiously delivered, and nothing has been said with a leaning toward fact; the subject departs imbued with an aggressive cynicism, and palmistry is once more consigned to the vulgarity of fortune telling, where, treated in this really dishonest fashion, it belongs.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the many nefarious impostures practised by the fake professionals who trade on the ignorant and weakly superstitious. Sufficient to say that they exist, have existed from time immemorial, and that their prophetic chicaneries have disgusted everybody of intelligence with anything concerning mysticism.

Mr. Heron-Allen and "Cheiro" are the more recent of the serious students of what they are pleased to term the science of cheiromancy; but their predecessors in this century include such men as Balzac, Napoleon, Dumas *fils*, Bulwer Lytton, Desbarrolles, and others; all of whom have made careful investigation into the extremely disconnected records of the art.

The division of the hand into the distinctive mounts and lines which are accepted among the occults as exact premises to build upon, is said to have originated in the second century through Artemidor of Daldis in Lydia, though Aristotle, several hundred years earlier, discoursed extensively on cheiromancy, and correcting Anaxagoras, who had remarked that because man had hands he was the wisest of all animals, said, that it is because man is the wisest of all animals that he has had hands given him. Mr. Heron-Allen notes this point in his introduction, and cites Aristotle's philosophy regarding the hand at various times as he proceeds with his argument.

The most sceptical among us have to admit to at least a remarkable chain of coincidences in the experience of the best known palmists. Not only in many cases has the character of the individual been read most accurately; but past episodes in the life have been told and future events predicted with uncanny exactness. It is over these prophecies that the wisest make a wry face and look dubious.

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Mr. Heron-Allen discusses this point as follows:

The whole question of prediction turns, as will be seen, on this question of the doctrine which lays down the proposition that the *future* is the result of the *present*, and that the result of present circumstances (*i. e.*, the future) may be foreseen by minds specially trained to the minute analysis that this requires. It turns also to the question whether the future *exists* or not, that is to say, does "the middle of next week" exist *at this moment*, or does it only come into actual existence as the time comes around; if it does *not* exist (*i. e.*, if we could be suddenly projected into the middle of next week and were to find chaos, nothing, if such a state is remotely conceivable), then it is simply manufactured by present events, and is at the present moment in the process of manufacture, and the task of the seer is greatly simplified, for he can so direct present circumstances as to evolve a certain future; but if, as is more likely the case, the future is pre-existent as the flight of swallows, the variations of the barometer, and the premonitory symptoms of disease would indicate, the task of the cheirosophist becomes more complicated, for whatever shall be, *now is*; and it is his apparently marvellous task to raise a powerful presumption of its exact nature. . . . It is in dealing with future events and their traditional signs that the chierosophist finds the greatest difficulty and room for the greatest doubt. Thus, in the case of sudden deaths and unforeseen calamities, we cannot satisfactorily account for the signs which predict them; but it is a fact that certain traditional signs are accepted by the schools of cheirosophy to indicate certain unforeseen occurrences, and until they shall fail to predict correctly, we must accept them and retain them, but use them and cite them warily and discretly.

M. Desbarrolles on this same question says:

I warn the reader that of the ancient cheiromancy, and particularly of the prophetic nonsense of the sixteenth century, I have only retained certain signs which, repeated by all authorities, deserved some consideration; I have found them to be correct, and I have adopted them; but I must add that since the first edition of my book (now some ten years since) I have not found, in the innumerable applications I have made of them, a single instance in which I could recognise their exactness.

In commending Mr. Heron-Allen's thoughtful résume of his subject, it is not the intention of the reviewer to slight the claims of "Cheiro" as being the author of an equally serious though less elaborate work. While Mr. Heron-Allen's citations from the numerous authorities on cheiromancy make his volume, as has been already said, of individual literary worth, "Cheiro's" method of exploiting his art appears simpler and easier for the student to grasp, and his illustrations, consisting chiefly of reproductions of the hands of distinguished personages, give it an interest peculiarly its own.

A life-size fac-simile of the late Mr. Gladstone's right hand occupies the position of frontispiece, and in the intricate network of lines that are revealed, there are many corroborative illustrations of the traditions of palmistry.

There is the double life line, said to demonstrate unusual vigour and length of life—a head line equal in its proportions to excellent mental ability, and other lines denoting the variety and prominence that marked the dead statesman's career. On finding Mr. Gladstone's hand among the representative types, one instinctively has a desire to look for Bismarck's, to compare the two; but there was just that difference between both great men, a difference that might have been disclosed in the class of hand, which finds Bismarck's absent, and his patronage, if sought, withheld.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt's hand is a very nearly perfect illustration of the conic or artistic type; and again there can be found the signs that point to the extraordinary success and remarkable talent which have so distinguished her.

For the gruesome side of life, "Cheiro" supplies the hand of a murderer, and also one of a suicide, misshapen and suggestive enough to warrant their reputation.

As all of the persons who have permitted the reproduction of their hands to furnish illustrations for "Cheiro's" book, postdate the infancy of palmistry, the instances where the lines coincide with the theories advanced, serve to furnish infinite food for speculation, and to pique curiosity to investigate the study further. Taking both writers seriously, as they have requested that their readers should do, and granting a substratum of truth to be underlying their analysis of the lines in the hand, the question of the absolute benefit to be derived from a confidence in their art resolves itself into the relative merits of "forewarned is forearmed" to "where ignorance is bliss." Much can be said in praise of both methods of getting a living out of the world; but a fair argument would open

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the question of absolute fatalism and also suggest that any consistency of opinion could be interfered with by the "cup and ball" position we are apt to hold toward one another according to prevailing circumstances. When one wishes to shirk the responsibility of deciding or predicting the outcome of a social problem, there is always the comfortable adage of "Time will tell;" and while the numerous editions of both works announce a growing cult of readers, neither of them as yet is in danger of being admitted into the sacred precincts of the orthodox text-books, and cheiromancy has a long road ahead of it before it can be, if ever, enlisted among recognised sciences.

As a contemplative and speculative study, its fascination cannot be denied. Regarding the many uses of the hand, Mr. Heron-Allen recalls a passage from Montaigne's *Apologie de Raimond*, where he says, "What about hands? We request, promise, call, dismiss, threaten, entreat, supplicate, deny, refuse, interrogate, admire, numerate, confess, repent, fear and what not. We find a variety and multiplication which might well be the envy of the tongue!"

An expert cheirosophist may know his neighbour by his thumb, and judge of his stability or trustworthiness by a hand clasp. This latter test has been instinctively accepted pretty generally. The least intuitive among us are apt to have decided theories on the custom of hand-shaking, and will quickly receive an impression of confidence or otherwise, by the way in which the extended hand is grasped.

Balzac has said that "the hand is the whole of the human action and man's sole means of manifesting himself." Acknowledging this, and realising its significance, one might do worse than consider seriously all, at least, that Mr. Heron-Allen and "Cheiro" have to say about cheirognomy or what may be demonstrated by the shape, colour, and consistency of the hand.

Colin Barclay Matheson.

JUST FOR TO-DAY

Down where the ripened grain waits for the reaping,
  And the slanting gold sunbeams in tracery shine,
Through the aisles where the wheat-shaded poppies are sleeping,
  Lead me once more with my hand close in thine.
Let us forget we have walked in the shadow,
  Say the dear words on the goldenrod way,
Fare we together afar through the meadow—
  Lean on my heart again, just for to-day!

Down where the harvest fields, shorn of their treasure,
  Wear a new grace in the afternoon sun,
And wine-cups, purpling, in generous measure,
  Shine with the lace tiny weavers have spun,
Lead me, enchanted, my wounded heart singing,
  Back through October to love-laden May,
When, passionate, tender, thy dear arms were clinging—
  Ah! let me dream again, just for to-day!

Down where the fallow field, garnered, forsaken,
  Grieves for its harvest-child, dying apart,
Let the old faith, unfaltering, awaken
  Just for a moment, deep in my heart;
The wasted years crush out the dark wine of sorrow,
  Afar in the brambles my weary feet stray;
Dear God! I shall journey with new strength to-morrow—
  Let me believe again, just for to-day!

Myrtle Reed.

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MR. NEIL MUNRO'S "JOHN SPLENDID" *

I.

To a crawling Saxon interested in things Celtic, Mr. Munro's *Lost Pibroch* seemed a delightful and valuable work, full of the poetry of "nature-folk." *The Lost Pibroch*, however, was esoteric, and appealed to the few. In *John Splendid* Mr. Munro addresses the many, I trust, with the success which he deserves. His plan is ambitious. Who can handle Montrose's wars, and Gillesbeg Gruamach, after the creator of Dugald Dalgetty? Mr. Munro may reply that he sees the affair as a Celt of the Campbell faction; our beloved Rittmeister looked with the eyes of a Lowlander. The answer is valid, we now behold these old frays and forays from both sides. Mr. Munro is a Celt, following two Border Scots into the hills. His theme is Sir Walter's, his manner is Stevenson's. These wanderings in the heather inevitably recall the pilgrimages of David Balfour. The style too, is (I think) reminiscent of Stevenson's, though in no servile fashion. It is an excellent style, though, of course, Elrigmore could never have written it. This reflective, elaborate, copiously descriptive, deftly psychological manner is as modern as the telephone. That is of no importance; there is but one *Esmond*, and even *Esmond* is modern.

As to the story, Mr. Munro rightly says, "it is a picture of times and manners," a charming picture of these, as of landscape. I cannot say that the story as a story, the plot, as a plot, the love affair, as a love affair, very much absorb me. The heroine is a heroine *de convenance*, not a Catriona, still less a Barbara Grant. Of the plot, there is hardly enough to keep the matter alive. There are *longueurs*, and I do hold that the psychology of the timid Marquis is overdone. Conceive Argyle saying to two soldiers of fortune, "dubiety plays on me like a flute!" Argyle had not read Stevenson. But these things are not essential, though of these things there is too much. Essential is Mr. Munro's reading of Celtic character, "the soft tongue and the dour heart; the good man at most things but your word." Far be it from me, thinking of Lochiel, Keppoch, Glenaladale, and Young Clanranald, to say that this *mot* of all Argyle applies to all Highlanders. But it does apply to Mr. Munro's brave, gay, kind, vain, superstitious hero, John Splendid, an excellent creation. In brief, Mr. Munro makes the past live, with its men of the past, its clan hatreds (the Macdonalds and Stewarts must raise up their own advocate in fiction), its beliefs, freits, poetry, and intense love of the most delightful country in the world. Dame Dubh and the widow of Glencoe are worthy of the best artists in fiction, and the atmosphere of hill and salt loch, the scent of gale and heather, are what you may breathe. I am anxious to make a raid on the historical part of the narrative, but a novelist may have it as he will, and give to a Macdonald the credit due to a Graham: the military credit. But I refrain, merely thanking Mr. Munro for so many hours of enjoyment, so many pictures of such various men and scenes, and, especially, for the song of "The Sergeant of Pikes."

Andrew Lang.

II.

Mr. Munro, and not Mr. Crockett, is the Elisha on whom the mantle of Elijah Stevenson has fallen. In saying so I mean no disrespect whatever to Mr. Crockett, and not too extravagant respect for Stevenson. Not being an ultra-Stevensonian, and holding that a frayed sleeve belonging to the busy and slovenly man of affairs who wrote *The Antiquary* is worth the whole velvet coat of the invalid-student that wrote *Kidnapped* for boys, who knew buccaneers but was ignorant of men, who did not know women at all, and who, according to Mr. Charles Whibley, "wrote English as a foreign tongue which he had acquired after painful effort," I am glad to see that Mr. Crockett is emancipating himself from the fetters of hero-worship, and in his latest work, which seems his ripest, is simply himself. The author of *Cleg Kelly* is more of a novelist than of a

*John Splendid. By Neil Munro. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

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romancist, and if he were to get rid of certain exuberances of style, and to linger a little less than he is in the habit of doing in the "hinterlands" of vernacular conversation, he would make a vigorous yet admirable realist. Even in romance his mission is that not of a second-rate Stevenson, but of a superior —a very superior—James Grant.

Mr. Munro, on the other hand, is the heir of Stevenson, and in point of blood, not to speak of breeding, has a better claim to the heritage of Highland romance. Stevenson's love of nature, of open-air life, of the purple heather and bleak rocks of Highland scenery, tragedy, and brigandage, is genuine, and as intense as it is genuine. But at the best Stevenson is a Sassenach—for the Edinburgh middle-class man is the most unmitigated Sassenach in the United Kingdom—and his Highlands are the Highlands of a very accomplished and enthusiastic student of history. One is told on all hands that Alan Breck Stuart is the best Celt that was ever created. Possibly so; but would he be as popular as he is but for "tarry pirate" element in him which is not Highland at all, but pure Stevenson? Mr. Munro, on the contrary, is born to the manner—and still more to the manor—of the West Highlands. In *John Splendid* he walks the streets of Inveraray as if he were his own Elrigmore, and when Montrose has raided it, jogs on surefootedly over moor and through heather listening to the "Gude Gospel" sermons of Gordon and the sagacious braggadocio of McIver. In no romance that was ever written before is there so much of the colour and the air of the Highlands, and still more of the water, as there is in *John Splendid;* indeed, there is such an amount of a certain "smirr of rain" in the book, that the best method of enjoying it is to put on a waterproof and read it during a heat wave in an umbrella tent. As a story, indeed, *John Splendid* is exasperatingly lacking in "go"; every tenth page you wish for a Napoleon or a Kitchener to put a little energy into the marching and the counter-marching. The love "business" is not strong. It is not easy to get enamoured of the Provost of Inveraray's daughter. She is born to haunt not the heather, but the saloon of the *Columba;* the "randiest" of Mr. Crockett's byre-lasses is more attractive. Mr. Munro is a careful and not too pretentious stylist. Although some of his purple patches savour too much of loose-jointed special correspondence, and although he sometimes dallies on the moor in the spirit not of the romancist, but of the lyrist, the writing in *John Splendid* is a great advance upon that of *The Lost Pibroch* in point at once of grip and of ease. Some of the by-play, such as that in which Montrose's kindliness saves his life, is exquisite. Then the leading characters in the book—happily there are not too many of them—are one and all admirably drawn. Young Elrigmore, in spite of his smattering of what Mr. Munro too persistently calls "the humanities," is a good specimen not of the walking gentleman—except when he is engaged in limp love-making—but of the stalking clansman. The Argyll of Mr. Munro is not the Argyll of history —not, at least, the Argyll who held out in Inveraray Castle against Cromwell after Worcester. But as Gillesbeg Gruamach, as the Highland feudal superior in closest touch with clansmen, servants, and Inveraray citizens, he is a unique and perfect study. Finally, although John Splendid, the soldier of fortune and of Argyll, a compound of Dugald Dalgetty and Alan Breck, is disappointing as a man; although one cannot help wish he had taken a page out of Dalgetty's book, and when he had a chance, shaken the bookworm cowardice out of his master, he is a genuine Campbell. I am too much of a Lowlander to guess whether or not *John Splendid* will have a great vogue, and it is too soon to make any confident prediction as to the future of its author. Yet there is no doubt whatever that he has the making of a great literary artist, and that he has already created genuine and genuinely romantic figures that have no superiors in fiction.

William Wallace.

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THE LOST SHELLEY*

It is surprising what a number of works by comparatively modern writers, known to have been issued from the press, are—or have been until quite recent dates—no longer forthcoming, the existence of no single copy of any one of them being recorded.

For many years the two volumes of juvenile verse by Charles and Mary Lamb, entitled *Poetry for Children*, were known only by name. After disappearing for sixty-nine years a copy was unearthed at the Antipodes. Until less than a decade ago no less than five separate publications—books and pamphlets—by Walter Savage Landor ranked with *Poetry for Children* in the list of the unknown. Four of these have since been recovered—two of them (found, together with a bundle of their author's letters, in an old writing desk) as recently as the present year. The fifth still awaits discovery. Until five years ago two of the most interesting of the Tennyson "trial-books," *Morte D'Arthur; Dora; and other Idyls*, 1842, and *The True and the False, four Idyls of the King*, 1859, were unknown to collector or bibliographer, though copies of both were lying in a readily accessible public library, only waiting to reward the search of the first diligent investigator who cared to sort over the mass of more or less uncatalogued literature in the midst of which they were hidden. Two others also, of the late Laureate's productions—*The Sailor Boy*, printed by Miss Emily Faithful, in 1861; and the *Ode for the Opening of the International Exhibition*, printed by Edward Moxon in 1862, and sold to the number of one thousand copies on the opening day of the Great Exhibition—have practically disappeared from view, and, though well enough known to a few keen collectors, have until the present year failed to be included in any Tennyson bibliography. Mrs. Browning's first volume, *The Battle of Marathon*, of which an edition was privately printed in London in 1820, at her father's cost, was a lost book until a decade or so since, when a copy figured in the catalogue of a country bookseller in 1864, the price demanded for it being one shilling. It was promptly purchased by Mr. Wilson, a bookseller of King William Street, Charing Cross, for a guinea, and was immediately resold by him to the late Mr. Locker Lampson for *ten* guineas. The last copy to come to light realised close upon a hundred pounds. It will not be forgotten, also, that five years ago (February, 1893) Mr. Ruskin's *Queen's Gardens*, printed in Manchester in 1864, was recovered. It sold to no inconsiderable extent, the proceeds from its sale being devoted to the fund of the St. Andrew's Schools, Ancoats. So long looked for in vain, it cropped up at length in a London auction room.

But in the list of lost books none are productive of so much inquisitive interest, none have been hunted for so persistently or so keenly, as those which figure under the name of Percy Bysshe Shelley. These number five at the least, and probably are more numerous still.

Orginal Poetry by Victor and Cazire, a substantial volume, was printed in 1810.

An Essay on Love, a little Poem, was printed not later than the early weeks of 1812, as a copy was then sent by Shelley to William Godwin, and advised in a letter addressed by the poet to the philosopher, and dated from Keswick on January 16th of that year.

Leonara, a novel, said to have been written in conjunction with Thomas Jefferson Hogg, was printed at Abingdon in or about 1811. The publication was, however, quickly abandoned; probably the least regretable result of the young author's expulsion from Oxford University.

A Poetical Essay on the Existing State of Things was printed in London in 1811, and was "sold by B. Crosby and Co., and all other Booksellers," at the price of two shillings. From an editorial statement in the Dublin *Weekly Messenger* for March, 1812, we learn that the profits arising from the sale of the *Poetical Essay* amounted to "nearly an hundred pounds," and that this sum was subscribed by Shelley as his contribution to

*Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire. Edited by Richard Garnett, C. B. New York: John Lane.

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the fund then being raised for the support of Mr. Peter Finnarty. For the profits derived from a two-shilling pamphlet to amount to "nearly an hundred pounds" a very considerable number of copies must have been disposed of, and yet no living eye has ever been gratified with the sight of *one!*

The fifth "missing Shelley" is the *Lines on a Fête at Carlton House.* This was also printed in 1811, and Shelley is said to have "amused himself by throwing copies of the poem into the carriages of persons going to Carlton House after the fête."

In addition to the above five more or less substantial publications a whole series of privately-printed *juvenilia* still awaits discovery. Upon the authority of the author of "A Newspaper Editor's Reminiscences,"* which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for June, 1841, we have it that "It was his [Sir Bysshe Shelley, the poet's grandfather] purse which supplied young Bysshe with the means for printing many of his fugitive pieces. These issued from the press of a printer at Horsham, and although they were not got up in good style, the expense was much greater than Shelley could have afforded if he had not received the assistance of his grandfather."

Of all the above, by far the most fascinating is the one first cited. *Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire* is no mere pamphlet, but a volume of decent proportions. Advertisements of it appeared in many newspapers. More than one contemporary reviewer handled it, and extracts from its pages were included in such critiques. The very cause which compelled the authors to press the book into Stockdale's charge—impecuniosity, the chronic condition of the youthful Shelley—his inability to meet his printer's bill ("Phillips' debt" will no longer be to the editor of Shelley's Letters a mysterious phrase, impossible of explanation,—Phillips of Worthing, from whose press was struck *The Necessity of Atheism,* was also the printer of this Lost Shelley)—contributes to render *Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire* more attractive and enticing to the imagination than any of its still-missing fellows.

The fact that such a volume as *Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire* must be added to the already lengthy list of Shelley *desiderata* was first made public in 1860. In the summer of 1859 a copy of *Stockdale's Budget* (printed in 1826-27) was purchased for the trustees of the British Museum. The *Budget* (a crude mixture of rubbish and scandal) is itself a rarity, and until 1859 had never been connected in any way with the bibliography of Shelley. But, upon looking over the pages of the nation's new acquisition, Dr. Garnett ascertained that in the midst of this hash of libel and lampoon, Stockdale had introduced a number of letters addressed to himself in 1810 by the future author of *Adonais,* and had given details—sadly inaccurate as the event has proved—of a volume of poetry by Shelley until then utterly unknown to the poet's biographers. An account of this interesting discovery Dr. Garnett gave to the literary world in an article entitled "Shelley in Pall Mall," contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine* for June, 1860. At last a copy of the book itself has been brought to the surface, and an account of its chance preservation during eighty-eight years, and its ultimate recovery now, has been given at length by Dr. Garnett—rightly chosen to fulfill the needful editorial duties—in the preface which he has contributed to the precise reprint now issued from the Bodley Head.

Into the contents of the book itself it were wise not to pry. As might well have been anticipated, the poems (!) are of the poorest possible quality—poor even for the Shelley of 1810-11; and it has been rightly asserted that no poet who attained to ultimate perfection ever commenced his career by producing such verbal abortions as he who in 1810 shrieked "Ghasta, or the Avenging Demon," and in the days of his maturity

*The personality of this "Newspaper Editor" has been for many years a subject for enquiry and conjecture. That his name was "Merle" was fairly evident from the contents of a letter addressed by Shelley to Edward Graham, dated "Eton Coll., May 29 (1818)." Professor Dowden very plausibly suggests (*Life of Shelley,* 1886, vol. 1, pp. 124-25) that this "Merle" may have been William Henry Merle, an assistant in Ackerman's in the Strand, and the author of *Costanca, a Poem,* and *Odds and Ends of Verse.* As a matter of fact the "Newspaper Editor" of Shelley biography was Gibbons Merle, who owned and published a short-lived paper boasting the title of *The White Dwarf.*

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sang "The Ode to the West Wind," "Epipsychidion," and "The Skylark."

Dr. Garnett has made the most of his material. He has told the history of the initial production and ultimate recovery of the *Original Poetry* in such a manner as to make the story interesting even to those to whom Shelley is but little, and bibliography is naught. It forms a goodly addition to the as yet unwritten "Romance of Bibliography," and will appeal strongly to the general bibliographer, even as it will arouse the enthusiasm of the confessed Shelleyite.

With the assignment made by Dr. Garnett of each separate poem to its individual author it is difficult to interfere; in every instance the decision arrived at must meet with approval. But this assignment may be carried further, if not completed.

Is it allowable to cast at Shelley's latest editor one reproachful glance? On page xxvi. of his preface Dr. Garnett writes: "Fervently as we hoped that a copy [of *Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire*] might one day be found, we must now hope with equal fervour that no one may ever find another." Dr. Garnett, ardent and faithful booklover though he be, is no collector, and fails—once he has become acquainted with its contents—to covet a copy of this book. But there are some whom Dr. Garnett is pleased to number among his friends to whom a copy of the *Original Poetry* would be a delight indeed. Why, then, should Dr. Garnett "fervently hope" that such a delight should never be theirs? If he felt it to be so detrimental to Shelley's fame that more than a single copy of these early verses should be extant that he would fain limit the number to one solitary example, even at the cost of withholding pleasure from his friends, why did he consent to their multiplication in fac-simile? and why did he introduce a whole edition of reprints to the world? Surely the Doctor is sadly inconsistent!

Thomas J. Wise.

THE CONQUERORS

THE BLACK TROOPS IN CUBA.

Round the wide earth from the red field your valour has won,
Blown with the breath of the far-speaking gun,
Goes the word.
Bravely you spoke through the battle cloud heavy and dun—
Tossed, though the speech toward the mist-hidden sun,
The world heard.

Hell would have shrunk from you seeking it fresh from the fray,
Grim with the dust of the battle, and grey
From the fight.
Heaven would have crowned you with crowns not of gold but of bay
Owning you fit for the glory and peace of her day,
Men of night.

Far through the cycle of years and of lives that shall come,
There shall speak voices long muffled and dumb
Out of fear.
And through the noises of trade and the turbulent hum,
Truth shall rise over the militant drum
Loud and clear.

Then on the cheek of the honester nation that grows,
All for their love of you, not for your woes,
There shall lie
Tears that shall be to your souls as the dew to the rose:
Afterward, thanks that the present yet knows
Not to ply!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

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"WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER"*

Something of the naïveté of a new note sounds through this book, and something of its roughness. Fine phrasing is not frequent; literary finish is lacking, and for the first fifty pages there is a suggestion of effort like the first outpouring of a full bottle—it flows freely later. The music and colour of the stately phrase "When Knighthood was in Flower" are little reflected in the work. The author has not tried to follow Scott in his pictures of jousts or other pageantry of knighthood; nor has he studied in the school of Stanley Weyman or Anthony Hope for robust descriptions of brawls or duels. He has not made a book half hidden with historic details nor weighted with description of scenes and systems that surely were out of place in the transcription of a memoir as this work purports to be. The heroine is not like the "Lady of Quality," whose extreme if not eccentric phases make depiction easy. But the reason is soon taken prisoner, and all attempt at critical diagnosis forgotten, by the outpouring of "unpremeditated art" in the story. The writing is a labour not only of love, but for love. It is a downright love story.

When the writer, picturing a forest scene, says the leaves of the trees rustled when Mary laughed, he is himself his heroine's deep, devoted lover. But by the same token his descriptions are not convincing. He has the common human inability to picture a loved object by words. And so neither heroine nor hero stands forth clearly in the first fifty pages. It is not until his characters speak for themselves that they begin to glow with life and throb with the feelings of men and women who had their being in a time, the time of Henry and Elizabeth of England, when men and women seemed elemental, made in the proportions of Michael Angelo's figures. The title-page concisely states that this is "the love story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, the King's sister, and happening in the reign of his august Majesty King Henry VIII., rewritten and rendered into modern English from Sir Edwin Caskoden's memoir by Edwin Caskoden." The story marches with this definition. If it lack the music and colour of its happily chosen title it is impregnated with its atmosphere. In one view this lack is high art. That which to us is picturesque was to the contemporary commonplace or natural, and so it should appear in a transcript of the memoir. So equally should such transcript be steeped in the atmosphere and feeling of the time as this is. The book is Mary Tudor, and she is the book. And what she is does not appear until the last page, for, rare among writers, all the phases of the character are given. The book is not set to the note of one element of the character's strength, missing the fullest art as well as the highest lesson, but to all phases, the mean as well as the mighty; they appear as the pages turn, each flashing some new light. Thackeray said that since Fielding wrote *Tom Jones* no one had dared to draw a man. It might be said that rarely has any modern writer dared to draw a woman as this writer has drawn Mary Tudor. The environment is a great help, of course. He dares to draw things here that in a modern book would not be wholesome. And so this natural woman realising physical beauty in perfection; pouring out the fructifying power of a deep emotion and the nurturing warmth of a pure soul, or the withering blast of Tudor anger; breaking down in tears in one situation; in another telling Wolsey to tell the King that she will see him and his whole kingdom sunk in hell before she will marry Louis of France; a woman, a princess, a girl withal; a capricious tyrant with a heart untouched; girlhood changed to womanhood by the power of love and pictured in a confession of love by the woman to the man, as it must be with a princess—at every turn there is a development of this character, inevitable always, bewildering sometimes, but never fantastic, until one comes with the great climax of the story in its last three pages, as on the crest of the great ninth wave.

*When Knighthood was in Flower. By Edwin Caskoden. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

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Mary Tudor is a creation. She stands out of these glowing pages like Cromwell with his moles and scars, or Juliet from the unconscious smiles of girlhood to the heart-wringing note of the dying woman. There is roughness and carelessness in the writing, but this is little to the point. There is an anachronism in Mary's learning to dance the waltz, which was not introduced until after Henry's reign, and in learning to play "honour and ruff," which also came later. The King says, "Caskoden, you are a perfect fiste at my heels." Is "fiste" old English? But these things are as Shakespeare's anachronisms. The philosophy of the work is not deep, but at times it is quaint and at times strong. Rarely out of drawing, it fits the mouth that utters it. Sir Edwin, early moralising on threatened complications, says: "A woman, God bless her, if she really loves a man has no thought of any other; one at a time is all-sufficient. But a man may love one woman with the warmth of a simoon and at the same time feel like a good healthy south wind toward a dozen others. That is the difference between a man and a woman." The humour of the book is quaint and quiet. It comes in lambent flashes like heat lightning. In a scene with Buckingham, who is attended by his lawyer-knight, Johnson, Mary cries out: "My Lord Buckingham, this shall cost you your head," and tells him to go or she will have Master Brandon spit him on his sword, although the odds be two to one. Whereon Sir Edwin: "It hurt me that Mary should speak of the odds being two to one against Brandon when I was at hand. It is true I was [am] not very large, but I could have taken care of a lawyer." In the climax of the story there is as high comedy and delicious humour as on any page of Sheridan. Few things have been better done than Mary's telling King Henry how she was married to Brandon.

"God's death!" bellowed bluff Hal; "if I had one other sister like you, I swear before heaven I'd have myself hanged. Married to Brandon? Fool! Idiot! what do you mean? Married to Brandon! Jesu! You'll drive me mad! Just one other like you in England, and the whole damned kingdom might sink; I'd have none of it. Married to Brandon without my consent!"

"No! No! brother," answered Mary softly, leaning affectionately against his bulky form; "do you suppose I would do that? Now don't be unkind to me when I have been away from you so long. You gave your consent four months ago. Do you not remember? . . . . ."

To get the fine flavour of this scene it is necessary to read it in its entirety. It involves a rare climax, the kind that comes with perfect art. Earlier in the story we learn that "On the 13th of August, 1514, Mary Tudor, with her golden hair flowing from her shoulders, was married at Greenwich to Louis de Valois acting as his French Majesty's proxy"—to which a note is added by the editor: "Maidens only were married with their hair down. It was 'the sacred token of maidenhood.'" Mary in the *dénouement* of the tale, wheedling her king brother into assent to her marriage with Brandon, goes on with her recital:

"Of course you knew after what I had said whom I should choose, so I went to the little church in company with Queen Claude and took my hair down and married him. . ."

Henry looked at her in surprise and then burst out laughing. "Married to Brandon with your hair down?" and he roared again, holding his sides. "Well, you do beat the devil; there is no denying that. Poor old Louis!"

And so on. This is great art.

The quality of the book is dramatic. The characters draw themselves, as they do in a well-written play. And there are many dramatic scenes indeed, although the simplicity of the story leaves much to be added for other than reading purposes. But the situations and the contrast of character, which is the life of high comedy, are there. Sir Edwin is a fine foil for Brandon, Jane Bolingbroke, with her grey eyes and dove-like gentleness, is just the contrast to throw into more glowing light the brilliant, flashing and ever-changing character of Mary. In a few touches Cardinal Wolsey with his oily tongue and unctuous manner is made a living being, while King Henry, etched in at a few points rather than drawn, is made a full portrait. It is singular how little these two characters appear in the book, and yet how large they loom in our imagination. The book is fairly well printed, but it is atrociously illustrated. It would be much better with no pictures, even good ones. There is a picture in the text more satisfying.

Morris Ross.

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LITERARY LONDON

We have been greatly shocked by the sudden death of Mr. Harold Frederic. I have no intention of saying anything about the painful circumstances that attended it. Mr. Frederic's faults were upon the surface. A saying about him by one of his intimates, "He is just a baby pretending to be a bully," is very near the mark. No one could see much of Frederic without finding in him much to admire, something simple, childlike, and tender, joined to the possession of very great gifts and indomitable courage and resolution. His life had been a hard one, but he was never disposed to complain of it. He was not like Dickens who resented fiercely the hard schooling that proved in the end the very best training for his genius. Harold Frederic made it his business to learn from circumstances, and at a comparatively early age he had risen to a commanding place. His early novels, published by the Messrs. Scribner in their magazine, were of great merit, and were much admired by such competent judges as Mr. Barrie, but they never seemed to attract great attention. *Illumination*, as *The Damnation of Theron Ware* was called in this country, changed all that. The genuine force with which it was charged impressed men of very different schools, and Frederic valued not only its wide popularity, but the cordial recognition that he received from men who held a different standpoint from his own. He was greatly encouraged by this triumph, and yet during the last year it has seemed to me that the burden of life was becoming too much for him. He had the appearance of great strength, and could talk for hours at a stretch as very few men could talk with humour, with vivacity, with geniality, and above all with a flood of stories and reminiscences not only interesting in themselves, but remarkably brilliant in their unstudied expression. If you had him alone for an evening, you could not but form even a higher opinion of his powers than his books gave to every intelligent reader. As a journalist he took a high place. Some of his best work was done for the *Saturday Review*, under the editorship of Mr. Frank Harris. To the English *Bookman* he contributed some time ago two or three striking papers on the Historical Novel, in which his own theories of fiction are explained more clearly than elsewhere. But what endeared Harold Frederic to many people was his genuine and cordial friendship. He never neglected any request made to him, and if he could comply with it he did. I may be permitted to mention that before I started for America two years ago I received from Harold Frederic a large envelope. On opening it I found many letters of introduction to eminent persons in the States, each carefully adapted for its purpose. They must have cost him hours to write, and I never asked for them. His life, however, was full of such things, and to-day as the men who knew him meet, every one has his own story to contribute to the common stock. He had very strong opinions and he could on occasion express them fiercely, and yet he was always open to light. In the fight for Home Rule he took a great part on the Irish side, but if I am not much mistaken he cooled upon this subject, and came to doubt whether the solution of the problem could be found in Mr. Gladstone's proposals.

Speaking of Mr. Gladstone, the announcement is made to-day that after long hesitation Mr. John Morley has definitely agreed to write the biography of his great friend. The news excites very mixed feelings. On the one hand, there can be no doubt that Mr. Morley is very much superior in literary skill and power to any of the other gentlemen who have been named in connection with the work. He was also Mr. Gladstone's right-hand man in the attempt to win Home Rule for Ireland. On the other hand, there are serious drawbacks. The chief is undoubtedly that Mr. Morley has no sort of sympathy with the religious views which dominated Mr. Gladstone from first to last. The immense expression of affection and veneration which was given at his death did not come mainly from people who sympathised with his political projects. In fact, many of the most warm-hearted of his pane-

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gyrists believed him to be no statesman at all. The recognition was the recognition which Great Britain never fails to pay to a noble Christian. That Mr. Gladstone was a great Christian everyone instinctively felt. They knew that his life and thought moved on higher levels than those of the crowd, and they knew too well that he had practically no successor. With all this side of his nature Mr. Morley is completely out of sympathy, though few can see more clearly the magnificence of his character. Again Mr. Morley was associated with Mr. Gladstone during no more than the last twelve years of his life. In the opinion of many these years were one long mistake. Mr. Morley's object will naturally be to show that this was not so. In that case, however, I venture to think that the original plan would have been the better. It is two years now since Mr. Morley at Mr. Gladstone's request began to prepare the history of the Home Rule movement. This was perfectly legitimate, and the book would have been a very valuable contribution to political history. Probably, however, in the judgment of posterity Mr. Gladstone before Home Rule did his work, and largely undid it in the closing period of his life. That so strong a partisan as Mr. Morley should have been chosen shows the Gladstone family are most of all intent on vindicating their father's unsuccessful Irish measures. This is natural, but it may not be wise. The announcement has a special significance. The work is so enormous that Mr. Morley will in all probability have to retire from politics. He has practically retired during the last few months. It is no secret that he is not in sympathy with the general drift of opinion in England, alike among Liberals and Conservatives. He political career judged from the ordinary standpoint has been a disastrous failure, and it is the universal wish even of his own friends that he should return to letters. No doubt the biography prepared by him will have interest and importance of the first order, and yet it will not be the ideal biography. It may be safely predicted, however, that it will far surpass Mr. Morley's *Life of Cobden*, a production completely without vitality, and showing almost no traces of its author's undoubted literary force.

Readers in America ought to know that Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has made immense headway among us of late. In fact she is generally spoken of now as the first of our women novelists. The late Harold Frederic was one of her warmest admirers, and took the friendliest interest in her work. When I first met Mrs. Atherton about seven years ago she was writing obscurely in *Vanity Fair*. My friend Mr. Max Pemberton spoke of her power in the strongest terms, and predicted great things. It is only now, however, that she has come to her own, and has won recognition and popularity. If Mrs. Atherton is true to herself, she can no doubt go much further. She intends to visit Washington shortly, and proposes, I understand, to write a story of American politics.

The quarrel about the threepenny magazines is less heard of now, but has by no means passed over. The Messrs. Pearson have published a threepenny periodical called *The Royal Magazine*, and the sale of the first number has been unprecedented. As I write it seems likely enough that it may reach the unprecedented number of one and a half millions. *The Royal Magazine* is by no means so well got up as the *Harmsworth Magazine*, but it is a wonderful threepennyworth. The hostility between Messrs. Harmsworth and the news agents continues, but I hope it will by and by be abated. The real problem about the threepenny magazines is not whether it is possible to sell them. If I were to offer a sovereign to every person who brought me nineteen shillings and elevenpence, I should have plenty of applications. In other words, the problem is whether they can be made to pay. It is possible, no doubt, if the advertisements can be raised to £5,000 a month, and time will show whether or not this result can be achieved. In the meantime, the journalistic world is in a very unsettled state, and the wildest rumours are current. There may be perhaps a return to the normal state of things, but meanwhile many publications will have to fight hard for their lives.

The publishing season has commenced auspiciously enough. I was told by two of our leading firms of bookbinders that they never bound so many books in the same period as they have done this year.

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Perhaps the greatest success so far is that of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's *Aylwin*, which I had the honour of reviewing in the *Daily Chronicle*. Mr. Watts-Dunton belongs to the *Athenæum* staff, and the *Athenæum* is not a genial journal, although Mr. Watts-Dunton's contributions may be called eminently genial. Many critics made no secret of their intention to speak frankly about the book, but so far the verdict of the most hostile has been one of almost unmixed praise. The book has run almost at once into the third edition, and there is every sign that it will long maintain its popularity. I hope Mr. Watts-Dunton will be induced by the success of *Aylwin* to give to the public in due time the other novels he has written. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's book of stories, *The Day's Work*, has been severely criticised, but the public who have come to know Mr. Kipling, and who were especially pleased with his "Recessional," a genuinely British utterance, have come to the rescue, and bought the book more rapidly than has been the case with any of his previous works. The critics complain, and I think reasonably, of the great technicality and difficulty of the tales. Nevertheless the public relish for Mr. Kipling is shown by the fact that an unprecedented price has been paid for the serial rights of his next six stories, which are to appear in the *Windsor Magazine* on this side. It is natural that critics should become a little impatient of the annual volume of short stories, and that they should ask Mr. Kipling when he is to give us a really great work. About Mr. Crockett's new book, *The Red Axe*, opinions are divided, but some of the severest critics say it is the best thing he has done. Ian Maclaren's book of stories, *Afterwards*, is not out while I write. There are signs that the biography of Professor Henry Drummond, by George Adam Smith, will have a very large circulation. The Bismarck book has sold well, but not wildly.

The *Academy* has come out with a cover, and is a wonderful threepennyworth, printed on glazed paper and with illustrations. It is extremely readable, in fact I think that its chief danger is that it is too readable. The editor is too much afraid of really solid and instructive matter. I doubt whether the people who read *Tit-Bits* will be made to read a literary paper, however much it is popularised, and the people who do not read *Tit-Bits* have still a little nerve and vigour left. Our literary journalism in London was never better than it is now.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LITERARY PARIS

Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi! such used to be the court cry announcing, immediately after the death of a King of France, the accession of his successor. The French poets may now shout: *Le Prince est mort, vive le Prince!* A successor has been elected to Stéphane Mallarmé in the person of Léon Dierx. The matter was taken in hand by the great newspaper, *Le Temps*, which discovered no less than sixty poets entitled to cast a vote in the election. I did not know that France had so many living poets. Anyhow, fifteen of these voted for Léon Dierx, and this makes him prince, as his next competitor, J. M. de Hérédia, received only seven votes, one more than Henri de Régnier. Nineteen poets would not vote at all, thinking that the title ought to have died with the last incumbent. It does seem odd, when we think of it, that there should be a Prince of poets now, when France is a republic; when France was a monarchy every writer wished to be a citizen of the *République des Lettres!*

Let the republicans find some consolation in the fact that the princely dignity is elective and not hereditary, though held for life, being similar in this respect to the Papal dignity. Theirs, whether kingdom or republic, remains fortunately a rather hospitable dominion. It is not tainted by the narrow dislike of foreigners which crops up here and there nowadays, when and where most unexpected. A Paris publisher, Fischbacher, has just begun issuing a collection de-

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voted to the French poets of foreign lands, *Les Poètes Français de l'Etranger*. The editor of the series is Mr. Georges Barral. His first volume, it must be said, does not give the reader what he would expect. It will be interesting to see how well poets who did not have French for their native language have mastered the difficulties of French poetry. We know that Frederick the Great conquered them as well as he conquered the armies that opposed him. I have read some French verses of Longfellow, and must say that, in my opinion at least, the Prussian king did better than the American poet. But Mr. Barral's volume this time gives us only verses of Belgian poets, that is, of men who, while born and living outside of the frontiers of political France, speak the same language as the French. The collection is, however, not devoid of interest, and many a lover of poetry will be glad to acquaint himself with the utterances of Iwan Gilkin, Valère Gille, and Albert Giraud.

The poetry of France, moreover, will not fail to receive due attention during the coming months. The interesting *séances* organised a year ago by Catulle Mendès and Gustave Kahn will have a new series this year, in Antoine's Theatre. They will be given as formerly, on Saturdays, and as formerly these *Samedis populaires de poésie ancienne et moderne* will consist of poems recited by the best actors and elocutionists of France. The object of this institution is purely educational, it does not appeal to the world of fashion, and thus far has kept well within the lines marked by its promoters. I understand that the first *Samedi* was devoted this year to the dead prince and his successor, the poems recited being all taken from the works of Stéphane Mallarmé and Léon Dierx. They included *Le Soir d'Octobre*, which is considered Dierx's masterpiece. The new prince was honored in a more substantial manner, too. Thirty poets, who had been joined by a number of journalists and public men offered him a friendly breakfast in a fashionable Paris restaurant, and he had to hear himself eulogised in verse and in prose. The most successful speech was delivered by Léon Bourgeois, who had just vacated the Ministry of Public Instruction, where he has been succeeded by a poet, Georges Leygues.

A French monthly poetical record is almost sure to contain at least one event of theatrical importance. This month the verse play is a tragedy, and it comes from the pen of Catulle Mendès. The subject, *Médée*, is one which has often appealed to French dramatists, the last time to Ernest Legouvé, who wrote in 1855 a *Médée* which Rachel refused to play, and which had its first performance in an Italian translation, with Ristori in the title part. Catulle Mendès had Sarah Bernhardt for his *Médée*, so his play had not to be translated. It is likely to cross the ocean some day or other.

Another play of literary value was *Judith Renaudin*, of Pierre Loti, which was acted with success at Antoine's Theatre. And now it is said that the names of Sarah and Loti are to be united, and that the former is to take a trip to India on a yacht of which the latter is to be captain.

I must not turn away from the stage without mentioning the very interesting visit to Paris of the great Spanish actress, Maria Guerrero, with the company of the Teatro Español, of Madrid. Her success with the world of letters was certainly no smaller than Eleanora Duse's, but her visit was of a very different nature, and of greater literary interest. The *répertoire* of the Italian actress consisted almost entirely of French plays. As far as I can remember she presented only two short Italian plays, *La Locandiera*, of Goldoni, and *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Señora Guerrero presented only plays of her own country, *La Nina Boba*, of Lope de Vega, *Los Dos Habladores* of Cervantes, *El Desdén con el Desdén* of Moreto, and a good many other Spanish masterpieces, concluding with Zorilla's great play, *Don Juan Tenorio*. Both Maria Guerrero and her husband, Fernando Diaz de Mendoza, were warmly applauded by the Parisian public, and it is to be hoped that at no distant day a sufficiently good understanding may be re-established between Spain and this country to allow them to visit the United States.

The month has brought us a large number of interesting books of all kinds. Certainly the most attractive is the series of letters addressed to George Sand by Armand Barbès, the great republican

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conspirator of the reign of Louis Philippe. It is in order to save Barbès, who had just been sentenced to death by the House of Peers, that Victor Hugo wrote his famous lines,

Par votre ange envolée ainsi qu'une colombe,
Par ce timide enfant, tendre et frèle roseau,
Grâce au nom de la tombe,
Grâce au nom du berceau!

George Sand was intimate with Barbès certainly no less than Hugo was; she was attracted by his heroic character no less than by his republicanism, and their correspondence is a beautiful record of the political idealism which was so prevalent in France half a century ago.

Another great writer claims our attention this month. It is Châteaubriand, whose *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe* are now coming out in a new edition, with admirable notes of Edmond Biré, who also publishes his correspondence in the Catholic fortnightly, *Le Correspondant*.

In the same line I must mention the second and concluding volume of a very interesting publication, *Les Orateurs Politiques de la France*. The editor of this second volume, which gives us sketches and speeches of Guizot, Thiers, Ledru-Rollin, Montalembert, Jules Favre, Gambetta, etc., is Maurice Pellisson. The first volume, which had conducted the history of French political oratory down to 1830, appeared some time ago, under the editorship of Mr. Chabrier.

We have at least four important books of history. One of them is only a new edition of a work already several years old, but in an entirely new form. It is the *Marie Antoinette, Reine de France* of Pierre de Nolhac. Unless I am greatly mistaken, Pierre de Nolhac's two volumes, *Marie Antoinette, Dauphine*, and the volume just mentioned will be considered the most authoritative and trustworthy history of the guilty and ill-fated Queen.

To a professor of history, Mr. Edouard Driault, we are indebted for a very clear presentation of a series of very intricate facts, *La Question d'Orient depuis ses Origines jusqu'à nos jours*. Both of these works I commend to those who are ambitious of dressing good French books in an English garb.

Edgar Zévort gives us the third volume of his very fair *Histoire de la Troisième Republique*. It deals entirely with Jules Grévy's presidency and ends with the election of President Carnot, whose wife has just died, by the way.

Contemporary history is also presented to us, in a rather monarchical spirit, but not without talent, by Mr. Samuel Denis, who publishes two volumes of his not yet concluded *Histoire Contemporaine*.

Literary history and literary criticism have been hardly less prolific than political history. Jusserand gives us the first volume of a brilliant and accurate work on Shakespeare in France. It deals with the pre-revolutionary period; the chief studies relate to Voltaire, Letourneur and Ducis, the famous Ducis, who managed to turn Hamlet into a five-act classical French tragedy!

Parigot publishes *Le Drame d'Alexandre Dumas*, a work, a foretaste of which he gave us in two of his former productions, *Le Théâtre d'hier* and *Génie et Métier*. No one who is interested in the French stage can afford to pass by what Parigot has to say.

From the pen of Professor Lenient we receive a more ambitious work in two volumes, *La Comédie en France au XIXe Siécle*. It is a sequel to his work on French comedy in the eighteenth century, and is sure to lead to a great deal of discussion.

A new writer, Charles Recolin, brings up the rear with a curious volume, *L'Anarchie Littéraire*, in which he studies Brunetière, Jules Lemaître, Zola, Renan, etc., and a few foreigners, Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Fogazzaro, etc.

Creative literature did not sit idle while criticism was so hard at work. At the two opposite poles we have one novel by Gyp, *Lune de Miel*, as *fin de siècle* as it is possible to be, and a good, moral family novel by Henry Gréville, *Vie d'Hôtel*. They do not appeal to the same public, though both were written by women.

The author of *Amitié Amoureuse*, very likely also a woman, publishes *L'Amour est mon Péché*, which is neither *fin de siècle* nor exactly moral. It is a record of passion, a sincere and eloquent book.

And? . . . and Zola is at work on a new novel! *Fécondité*, such is to be the title. I think it closes well this month's literary record.

Adolphe Cohn.

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JOHN SPLENDID

*The Tale of a Poor Gentleman, and the Little Wars of Lorn.**

By Neil Munro,

The Author of "The Lost Pibroch."

CHAPTER XXXII.

For some days I kept to Glen Shira as the tod keeps to the cairn when heather burns, afraid almost to let even my thoughts wander there lest they should fly back distressed, to say the hope I cherished was in vain. I worked in the wood among the pines that now make rooftrees for my home, and at nights I went on *ceilidh* among some of the poorer houses of the Glen, and found a drug for a mind uneasy in the tales our peasants told around the fire. A drug, and yet a drug sometimes with the very disease in itself I sought for it to kill. For the love of a man for a maid is the one story of all lands, of all ages, trick it as we may, and my good people, telling their old ancient histories round the fire, found, although they never knew it, a young man's quivering heart a score of times a night.

Still at times, by day and night—ay! in the very midmost watches of the stars—I walked, in my musing, as I thought, upon the causeyed street, where perhaps I had been sooner if the actual fact of M'Iver's departure had not been delayed. He was swaggering, they told me, about the town in his old regimentals, every pomp of the foreign soldier assumed again as if they had never been relaxed in all those five or six years of peace and commerce. He drank stoutly in the taverns, and 'twas constantly, "Landlady, I'm the lawing," for the fishermen, that they might love him. A tale went round, too, that one morning he went to a burial in Kilmalieu, and Argile was there seeing the last of an old retainer to his long home, and old Macnachtan came riding down past corpse and mourner with his only reverence a finger to his cap. "Come down off your horse when Death or Argile goes by," cried M'Iver, hauling the laird off his saddle. But between Argile and him were no transactions; the pride of both would not allow it, though it was well known that their affections were stronger than ever they had been before, and that Gordon made more than one attempt at a plan to bring them together.

It is likely, too, I had been down—leaving M'Iver out of consideration altogether—had there not been the tales about MacLachlan, tales that came to my ears in the most miraculous way, with no ill intention on the part of the gossips—about his constant haunting of Inneraora and the company of his cousin. He had been seen there with her on the road to Carlunan. That venue of all others! God! did the river sing to him too among its reeds and shallows; did the sun tip Dunchuach like a thimble and the wild beasts dally on the way? That was the greatest blow of all! It left plain (I thought in my foolishness) the lady's coolness when last I met her; for me henceforth (so said bitterness) the serious affairs of life, that in her notion set me more than courtship. I grew solemn, so gloomy in spirit that even my father observed the ceasing of my whistle and song, and the less readiness of my smile. And he, poor man, thought it the melancholy of Inverlochy and the influence of this ruined countryside.

When I went down to the town again the very house-fronts seemed inhospitable, so that I must pass the time upon the quay.

I was standing in the midst of the throng of the quay-head, with my troubled mind finding ease in the industry and interests of those people without loves or jealousies, and only their poor merchandise to exercise them, when I started at the sound of a foot coming up the stone slip from the water-edge. I turned, and who was there but MacLachlan? He was all alone but for a haunch-man, a gillie-wetfoot, as we call him, and he had been set on the slip by a wherry that had approached from Cowal side unnoticed by me as I stood in meditation. As he came up the sloping way, picking his footsteps upon the slimy stones, he gave no heed to the identity of the person before him, and with my mood in no way favourable to polite discourse with the fellow, I gave a pace or two round the elbow of the quay, letting him pass on his way up among the clanking rings and chains of the moored gaberts, the bales of the luggers, and the brawny and crying mariners. He was not a favourite among the quay-folk, this pompous little gentleman, with his nose in the air and his clothing so very gaudy. The Lowlands men might salute his gentility if they cared; no residenters of the place did so, but turned their shoulders on him and were very busy with their affairs as he passed. He went bye with a waff of wind in his plaiding, and his haunch-man as he passed at a discreet distance got the double share of jibe and glunch from the mariners.

At first I thought of going home; a dread came on me that if I waited longer in the town I might come upon this intruder and his cousin, when it would sore discomfort me to do so. Thus I went slowly up the quay, and what I heard in the bye-going put a new thought in my head.

Two or three seamen were talking together as I passed, with nudges and winks and sly

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laughs, not natives of the place but from further up the loch, yet old frequenters with every chance to know the full ins and outs of what they discoursed upon. I heard but three sentences as I passed; they revealed that MacLachlan at Kilmichael market had once bragged of an amour in Inneraora. That was all! But it was enough to set every drop of blood in my body boiling. I had given the dog credit for a decent affection, and here he was narrating a filthy and impossible story. Liar! liar! liar! At first the word rose to my mouth, and I had to choke it at my teeth for fear it should reveal my passion to the people as I passed through among them with a face inflamed; then doubt arose, a contention of recollections, numb fears—but the girl's eyes triumphed: I swore to myself she at least should never know the villainy of this vulgar and lying rumour set about the country by a rogue.

Now all fear of facing the street deserted me. I felt a man upright, imbued with a strong sense of justice; I felt I must seek out John Splendid and get his mind, of all others, upon a villainy he could teach me to avenge. I found him at Askaig's corner, a flushed man with perhaps (as I thought at first) too much spirits in him to be the most sensible of advisers in a matter of such delicacy.

"Elrigmore," he cried; "sir, I give you welcome to Inneraora! You will not know the place, it has grown so much since you last visited its humble street."

"I'm glad to see you now, John," I said hurriedly. "I would sooner see you than any other living person here."

He held up a finger and eyed me pawkily. "Come, man, come!" he said, laughing. "On your oath, now, is there not a lady? And that minds me; you have no more knowledge of the creatures, no more pluck in their presence, than a child. Heavens, what a soldier of fortune this is! Seven years among the army, town to town, camp to camp, here to-day and away to-morrow, with a soldier's pass to love upon your back and haunch, and yet you have not learned to lift the sneck of a door, but must be tap-tapping with your finger-nails."

"I do not know what you mean," said I.

"Lord! Lord!" he cried, pretending amazement, "and here's schooling! Just think it over for yourself. You are not an ill-looking fellow (though I think I swing a kilt better myself), you are the proper age (though it's wonderful what a youngish-looking man of not much over forty may do), you have a name for sobriety, and Elrigmore carries a good many head of cattle and commands a hundred swords—would a girl with any wisdom and no other sweetheart in her mind turn her back on such a list of virtues and graces? If I had your reputation and your estate, I could have the pick of the finest women in Argile—ay, and far beyond it."

"Never mind about that just now," I demanded, gripping my preacher by the hand and forcing him with me out of the way of the passers-by, whose glance upon us would have seemed an indelicacy when we were discussing so precious a thing as my lady's honour.

"But I shall mind it," insisted M'Iver, pursing his lips as much to check a hiccough as to express his determination. "It seems I am the only man dare take the liberty. Fie on ye! man fie! you have not once gone to see the Provost or his daughter since I saw you last. I dare not go myself for the sake of a very stupid blunder; but I met the old man coming up the way an hour ago, and he was asking what ailed you at them. Will I tell you something, Colin? The Provost's a gleg man, but he's not so gleg as his wife. The dame for me! say I, in every household, for it's her daughter's love-affairs she's to keep an eye on."

"You know so much of the lady and her people," said I, almost losing patience, "that it's a wonder you never sought her for yourself."

He laughed. "Do you think so?" he said. "I have no doubt of the result; at least I would have had no doubt of it a week or two ago, if I had taken advantage of my chances." Then he laughed anew. "I said Mrs. Brown was gleg; I'm just as gleg myself."

This tipsy nonsense began to annoy me; but it was useless to try to check it, for every sentence uttered seemed a spark to his vanity.

"It's about Betty I want to speak," I said.

"And it's very likely, too; I would not need to be very gleg to see that. She does not want to speak to me, however, or of me, as you'll find out when once you see her. I am in her black books sure enough, for I saw her turn on the street not an hour ago to avoid me."

"She'll not do that to MacLachlan," I put in, glad of the opening, "unless she hears—and God forbid it—that the scamp lightlies her name at common fairs."

M'Iver drew himself up, stopped, and seemed to sober.

"What's this you're telling me?" he asked, and I went over the incident on the quay. It was enough. It left him as hot as myself. He fingered at his coat buttons and his cuffs, fastening and unfastening them; he played nervously with the hilt of his dirk; up would go his brows and down again like a bird upon his prey; his lips would tighten on his teeth, and all the time he was muttering in his pick of languages sentiments natural to the occasion. Gaelic is the poorest of tongues to swear in: it has only a hash of borrowed terms from Lowlands Scots; but my cavalier was well able to make up the deficiency.

"Quite so; very true and very comforting," I said at last; "but what's to be done?"

"What's to be done?" said he with a start. "Surely to God there's no doubt about that!"

"No, sir; I hope you know me better. But how's it to be done? I thought of going up in front of the whole quay and making him chew his lie at the point of my dagger. Then I thought more formality was needed—a friend or two, a select venue, a careful leisure time for so important a meeting."

"But what's the issue upon which the rencontre shall take place?" asked M'Iver, it seemed to me, with ridiculous scrupulosity.

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"Why need you ask?' said I. "You do not expect me to invite him to repeat the insult or exaggerate the same."

M'Iver turned on me almost roughly and shook me by the shoulder. "Man!" said he, "wake up and do not let your wits hide in the heels of your boots. Are you clown enough to think of sending a lady's name around the country tacked on to a sculduddry tale like this? You must make the issue somewhat more politic than that."

"I agree with you," I confessed; "it was stupid of me not to think of it, but what can I do? I have no other quarrel with the man."

"Make one then," said M'Iver. "I cannot comprehend where you learned your trade as cavalier, or what sort of company you kept in Mackay's, if you did not pick up and practice the art of forcing a quarel with a man on any issue you cared to choose. In ten minutes I could make this young fellow put down his gage in a dispute about the lacing of boots."

"But in that way at least I'm the poorest of soldiers; I never picked a quarrel, and yet here's one that sets my gorge to my palate, yet cannot be fought upon."

"Tuts, tuts! man," he cried, "it seems that, after all, you must leave the opening of this little play to John M'Iver. Come with me a bit yont the Cross here and take a lesson."

He led me up the wide pend close and round the back of old Stonefield's dwelling, and into a corner of a lane that gave upon the fields, yet at the same time kept a plain view of the door of Askaig's house, where we guessed MacLachlan was now on his visit to the Provost's family.

"Let us stand here," said he, "and I'll swear I'm not very well acquainted with our friend's habits if he's not passing this way to Carlunan sometime in the next ten minutes, for I saw Mistress Betty going up there, as I said, not so very long ago."

This hint at MacLachlan's persistencey exasperated me the more. I felt that to have him by the throat would be a joy second only to one other in the world.

M'Iver saw my passion—it was ill to miss seeing it—and seemed struck for the first time by the import of what we were engaged upon.

"We were not given to consider the end of a duello from the opening when abroad," he said; "but that was because we were abroad, and had no remonstrance and reminder in the face of familiar fields and houses and trees, and the passing footsteps of our own people. Here,, however, the end's to be considered from the beginning—have you weighed the risks in your mind?"

"I've weighed nothing," said I shortly, "except that I feel in me here that I shall have his blood before nightfall."

"He's a fairly good hand with his weapon, they tell me."

"If he was a wizard, with the sword of Great Donald, I would touch him to the vitals. Have I not learned a little, if you'll give me the credit, from Para Mor?"

"I forgot that," said M'Iver; "you'll come through it all right. And here's our man coming up the lane. No anger now; nothing to be said on your side till I give you a sign, and then I can leave the rest to your wisdom."

MacLachlan came staving up the cobbles in a great hurry, flailing the air as he went with a short rattan, for he affected some of the foppish customs the old officers brought back from the Continent. He was for passing with no more than a jerk of his head, but M'Iver and I between us took up the mouth of the lane, and as John seemed to smile on him like one with gossip to exchange, he was bound to stop.

"Always on the going foot, MacLachlan;" said John, airily. "I never see a young gentleman of your age and mettle but I wish he could see the wisdom of putting both to the best purpose on the field."

"With your cursed foreigners, I suppose you mean," said the young fellow. "I could scarcely go as a private pikeman like yourself."

"I daresay not, I daresay not," answered M'Iver, pricked at his heart (I could tell by his eye) by this reflection upon his humble office, but keeping a marvellously cool front to his cockerel. "And now when I think of it I am afraid you have neither the height nor width for even so ornamental a post as an ensign's."

MacLachlan restrained himself too, unwilling, no doubt, as I thought, to postpone his chase of the lady by so much time as a wrangle with John M'Iver would take up. He affected a laugh at Splendid's rejoinder, turned the conversation upon the disjacket condition of the town, and edged round to get as polite a passage as possible between us., without betraying any haste to sever himself from our company. But both John Splendid and I had our knees pretty close together, and the very topic he started seemed to be the short cut to the quarrel we sought.

"A poor town indeed," admitted M'Iver, readily, "but it might be worse. It can be built anew. There's nothing in nature, from a pigsty to a name for valour and honour, that a wise man may not patch up somehow."

MacLachlan's retort to this opening was on the tip of his tongue; but his haste made him surrender a taunt as likely to cause trouble. "You're very much in the proverb way today," was all he said. "I'm sure I wish I saw Inneraora as hale and complete as ever it was; it never had a more honest friend than myself."

"That one has missed," thought I, standing by in a silent part of this three-cornered convention. M'Iver smiled mildly, half, I should think, at the manner in which his thrust had been foiled, half to keep MacLachlan still with us. His next attack was more adroit though roundabout, and it effected its purpose.

"I see you are on your way up to the camp," said he, with an appearance of indifference. "We were just thinking of a daunder there ourselves."

"No," said MacLachlan, shortly, "I'm for farther up the Glen."

"Then at least we'll have your company part of the way," said John, and the three of us walked slowly off, the young gentleman

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with no great warmth at the idea, which was likely to spoil his excursion to some degree. M'Iver took the place between us, and in the rear, twenty paces, came the *gille-cas-fleuch.*

"I have been bargaining for a horse up here," said John in a while, "and I'm anxious that Elrigmore should see it. You'll have heard I'm off again on the old road."

"There's a rumour of it," said MacLachlan, cogitating on his own affairs, or perhaps wondering what our new interest in his company was due to.

"Ah! it's in my blood," said John, "in my blood and bones! Argile was a fairly good master—so to call him—but—well, you understand yourself; a man of my kind at a time like this feels more comfortable anywhere else than in the neighborhood of his chief."

"I daresay," replied MacLachlan, refusing the hook, and yet with a sneer in his accent.

"Have you heard that his lordship and I are at variance since our return from the North?"

"Oh! there's plenty of gossip in the town," said MacLachlan. "It's common talk that you threw your dagger in his face. My father, who's a small chief enough so far as wealth of men and acres goes, would have used the weapon to let out the hot blood of his insulter there and then."

"I daresay," said M'Iver. "You're a hot-headed clan. And MacCalein has his own ways."

"He's welcome to keep them too," answered the young fellow, his sneer in no ways abated. I became afraid his carefully curbed tongue would not give us our opening before we parted, and was inclined to force his hand; but M'Iver came in quickly and more astutely.

"How?" said he; "what's your meaning? Are you in the notions that he has anything to learn of courtesy and gallantry on the other side of the loch at Strathlachlan?"

MacLachlan's eyes faltered a little under his pent brows. Perhaps he had a suspicion of the slightest that he was being goaded on for some purpose, but if he had, his temper was too raw to let him qualify his retort with calmness.

"Do you know, Barbeck," said he, "I would not care to say much about what your noblemen have to learn or unlearn? As for the gallantry—good Lord, now!—did you ever hear of one of my house leaving his men to shift for themselves when blows were going?"

M'Iver, with an utterance the least thought choked by an anger due to the insult he had wrought for, shrugged his shoulders, and at the same time gave me his elbow in the side for his sign.

"I'm sorry to hear you say that about Gillesbeg Gruamach," said he. "Some days ago, half as much from you would have called for my correction; but I'm out of his lordship's service, as the rumour rightly goes, and seeing the manner of my leaving it was as it was, I have no right to be his advocate now."

"But I have!" said I hotly, stopping and facing MacLachlan, with my excuse for the quarrel now ready. "Do you dare come here and call down the credit of MacCalein Mor?" I demanded in the English, with an idea of putting him at once in a fury at having to reply in a language he spoke but indifferently.

His face blanched; he knew I was doubling my insult for him. The skin of his jaw twitched and his nostrils expanded; a hand went to his dirk-hilt on the moment.

"And is it that you are the advocate?" he cried to me in a laughable kind of Scots. I was bitter enough to mock his words and accent with the airs of one who has travelled far and knows other languages than his own.

"Keep to your Gaelic," he cried in that language; " the other may be good enough to be insolent in; let us have our own for courtesies."

"Any language," said I, " is good enough to throw the lie in your face when you call MacCalein a coward."

"Grace of God!" said he; "I called him nothing of the kind; but it's what he is all the same."

Up came his valet and stood at his arm, blade out, and his whole body ready to spring at a signal from his master.

I kept my anger out of my head, and sunk to the pit of my stomach, while I spoke to him. "You have said too much about Archibald, Marquis of Argile," I said. "A week or two ago, the quarrel was more properly M'Iver's; now that he's severed by his own act from the clan, I'm ready to take his place and chastise you for your insolence. Are you willing, John?" I asked, turning to my friend.

"If I cannot draw a sword for my cousin I can at least second his defender," he answered quickly.

MacLachlan's colour came back; he looked from one to the other of us, and made an effort to laugh with cunning.

"There's more here than I can fathom, gentlemen," said he. "I'll swear this is a forced quarrel; but in any case I fear none of you. Alasdair," he said, turning to his man, who it seemed was his *dalta* or foster-brother, "we'll accommodate those two friends of ours when and where they like."

"Master," cried the gillie, "I would like well to have this on my own hands," and he looked at me with great venom as he spoke.

MacLachlan laughed. "They may do their dangerous work by proxy in this part of the shire," said he; "but I think our own Cowal ways are better; every man his own quarrel."

"And now is the time to settle it," said I; "the very place for our purpose is less than a twenty minutes' walk off."

Not a word more was said; the four of us stepped out again.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

We went along the road two and two, M'Iver keeping company behind with the valet, who would have stabbed me in the back in all likelihood ere we had made half our journey, had there been no such caution. We walked at a good pace, and fast as we walked it was not fast enough for my eagerness, so that my long steps set the shorter ones of

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MacLachlan pattering beside me in a most humorous way that annoyed him much, to judge from the efforts he made to keep time and preserve his dignity. Not a word, good or bad, was exchanged between us; he left the guidance to me, and followed without a pause when, over the tip of the brae at Tarra Dubh, I turned sharply to the left and plunged into the wood.

We stepped in upon the bare *larach* with the very breath checked upon our lips. The trees stood round it and back, knowing it sanctuary; tall trees red, and rough at the hide, cracked and splintered in roaring storms; savage trees, coarse and vehement, but respecting that patch of blessed memory vacant quite but of ourselves and a little bird who turned his crimson breast upon us for a moment then vanished with a thrill of song. Crimson sky, crimson-vested bird, the colour of that essence I must be releasing, with the push of a weapon at that youth beside me!

John Splendid was the first to break upon the silence.

"I was never so much struck with the Sunday feeling of a place," he said; "I daresay we could find a less melancholy spot for our meeting if we searched for it, but the day goes, and I must not be putting off an interesting event both of you, I'm sure, are eager to begin."

"Indeed we might have got a more suitable place in many ways," I confessed, my hands behind me with every scrap of passion gone from my heart.

MacLachlan showed no such dubiety. "What ails you at the place?" he asked, throwing his plaid to his servant, and running his jacket off its wooden buttons at one tug. "It seems to me a most particularly fine place for our business. But of course," he added with a sneer, "I have not the experience of two soldiers by trade, who are so keen to force the combat."

He threw off his belt, released the sword from its scabbard—a clumsy weapon of its kind, abrupt, heavy, and ill-balanced, I could tell by its slow response to his wrist as he made a pass or two in the air to get the feel of it. He was in a cold bravado, the lad, with his spirit up, and utterly reckless of aught that might happen him, now saying a jocular word to his man, and now gartering his hose more tightly.

I let myself be made ready by John Splendid without so much as putting a hand to buckle, for I was sick sorry that we had set out upon this adventure. Shall any one say fear? It was as far from fear as it was from merriment. I have known fear in my time—the fear of the night, of tumultuous sea, of shot-ploughed space to be traversed inactively and slowly, so my assurance is no braggadocio, but the simple truth. The very sword itself, when I had it in my hand, felt like something alive and vengeful.

Quick as we were in preparing, the sun was quicker in descending, and as we faced each other, without any of the parades of foreign fence, the sky hung like a bloody curtain between the trees behind MacLachlan.

M'Iver and the servant now stood aside and the play began. MacLachlan engaged with the left foot forward, the trick of a man who is used to the targaid, and I saw my poor fool's doom in the antiquity of his first guard. In two minutes I had his whole budget of the art laid bare to me; he had but four parries—quarte and tierce for the high lines, with septime and second for the low ones—and had never seen a counter-parry or lunge in the whole course of his misspent life.

"Little hero!" thought I, "thou art a spitted cockerel already, and yet hope, the blind, the ignorant, has no suspicion of it!"

A faint chill breeze rose and sighed among the wood, breathed from the west that faced me, a breeze bearing the odour of the tree more strong than before, and of corrupt leafage in the heughs. Our weapons tinkled and rasped, the truepoints hissed and the pommels rang, and into the midst of this song of murderous game there trespassed the innocent lovelilt of a bird. I risked him the flash of an eye as he stood, a becking black body on a bough, his yellow beak shaking out a flutey note of passionate serenade. Thus the irony of nature; no heed for us, the head and crown of things created: the bird would build its home and hatch its young upon the sapling whose roots were soaked by young MacLachlan's blood.

His blood! That was now the last thing I desired. He fought with suppleness and strength, if not with art; he fought, too, with venom in his strokes, his hair tossed high upon his temples, his eyes the whitest of his person, as he stood, to his own advantage, that I never grudged him, with his back against the sunset. I contented with defence till he cursed with a baffled accent. His man called piteously and eagerly; but M'Iver checked him, and the fight went on. Not the lunge, at least, I determined, though the punishment of a trivial wound was scarce commensurate with his sin. So I let him slash and sweat till I wearied of the game, caught his weapon in the curved guard of my hilt, and broke it in two.

He dropped the fragment in his hand with a cry of mingled anger and despair, snatched a knife from his stocking, and rushed on me to stab. Even then I had him at my mercy. As he inclosed, I made a complete volte with the left foot, passed back my right in rear of his, changed by sword into my left hand, holding it by the middle of the blade and presenting the point at his throat, while my right hand, across his body, seized his wrist.

For a moment I felt the anger at his thought himself gone. He let his head fall helplessly on my breast, and stood still as one waiting the stroke, with his eyes, as M'Iver told me again, closed and his mouth parted. But a spasm of disgust at the uncleanness of the task to be done made me retch and pause.

"Home, dog!" I gasped, and I threw him from me sprawling on the sod. He fell, in his weariness, in an awkward and helpless mass; the knife, still in his hand, pierced him on the shoulder, and thus the injury I could not give him by my will was given him by Providence. Over on his back he turned with a plash of blood oozing at his shirt, and he

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grasped with clawing fingers to staunch it, yet never relinquishing his look of bitter anger at me. With cries, with tears, with names of affection, the gillie ran to his master, whom I saw was not very seriously injured.

M'Iver helped me on with my coat.

"You're far too soft, man!" he said. "You would have let him go scathless, and even now he has less than his deserts. You have a pretty style of fence, do you know, and I should like to see it paraded against a man more your equal."

"You'll never see it paraded by me," I answered, sorrowfully. "Here's my last duello, if I live a thousand years." And I went up and looked at my fallen adversary. He was shivering with cold, though the sweat hung upon the young down of his white cheeks, for the night air was more bitter every passing moment. The sun was all down behind the hills, the valley was going to rest, the wood was already in obscurity. If our butcher-work had seemed horrible in that sanctuary in the open light of day, now in the eve it seemed more than before a crime against Heaven. The lad weltering, with no word or moan from his lips; the servant staunching his wound, shaken the while by brotherly tears; M'Iver, the old man-at-arms indifferent, practised to such sights, and with the heart no longer moved by man-inflicted injury; and over all a brooding silence; over all that place, consecrated once to God and prayer by men of peace, but now degraded to a den of beasts—over it shone of a sudden the new wan crescent moon! I turned me round, I turned and fell to weeping in my hands!

This abject surrender of mine patently more astounded the company than had the accident to MacLachlan. M'Iver stood dumb-foundered, to behold a cavalier of fortune's tears, and MacLachlan's face, for all its pain, gave up its hate and anger for surprise as he looked at me over the shoulder of his kneeling clansman plying rude leech-craft on his wound.

"Are you vexed?" said he, with short breaths.

"And that bitterly!" I answered.

"Oh, there is nothing to grieve on," said he, mistaking me most lamentably. "I'll give you your chance again. I owe you no less; but my knife, if you'll believe me, sprang out of itself, and I struck at you in a ruddy mist of the senses."

"I seek no other chance," I said; "our feuds are over; you were egged on by a subterfuge, deceit has met deceit, and the balance is equal."

His mood softened, and we helped him to his feet, M'Iver a silent man because he failed to comprehend this turn of affairs. We took him to a cothouse down at the foot of the wood, where he lay while a boy was sent for a skilly woman.

In life, as often as in the stories of man's invention, it is the one wanted who comes when the occasion needs, for God so arranges, and if it may seem odd that the skilly woman the messenger brought back with him for the dressing of MacLachlan's wound was no other than our Dark Dame of Lorn, the dubiety must be at the Almighty's capacity, and not at my chronicle of the circumstance. As it happened, she had come back from Dalness some days later than ourselves, none the worse for her experience among the folks of that unchristian neighbourhood, who had failed to comprehend that the crazy tumult of her mind might, like th sea, have calm in its depths, and that she was more than by accident the one who had alarmed us of their approach. She had come back with her frenzy reduced, and was now with a sister at Bal-an-tyre the Lower, whose fields slope on Aora's finest bend.

While M'Iver and I and the gillie waited the woman's coming, MacLachlan tossed in a fever, his mind absent and his tongue running on without stoppage, upon affairs of a hundred different hues, but all leading sooner or later to some babble about a child. It was ever "the dear child," the "*m'eudail gheal*," "the white treasure," "the orphan"; it was always an accent of the most fond and lingering character. I paid no great heed to this constant wail; but M'Iver pondered and studied, repeating at last the words to himself as MacLachlan uttered them.

"If that's not the young one in Carlunan he harps on," he concluded at last, "I'm mistaken. He seems even more wrapt in the child than does the one we know who mothers it now, and you'll notice, by the way, he has nothing to say of her."

"Neither he has," I confessed, well enough pleased with the fact he had no need to call my attention to.

"Do you know, I'm on the verge of a most particular, deep secret?" said John, leaving me to guess what he was at, but I paid no close heed to him.

The skilly dame came in with her clouts and washes. She dressed the lad's wound and drugged him to a more cooling slumber, and he was to be left in bed till the next day.

"What's all this cry about the child?" asked M'Iver indifferently, as we stood at the door before leaving. "Is it only a fancy on his brain, or do you know the one he speaks of?"

She put on a little air of vanity, the vanity of a woman who knows a secret the rest of the world, and man particularly, is itching to hear. "Oh, I daresay he has some one in his mind," she admitted, "and I daresay I know who it might be too., for I was the first to sweel the baby and the last to dress its mother—blessing with her!"

M'Iver turned round and looked her, with cunning humour, in the face. "I might well guess that," he said; "you have the best name in the countryside for these offices, that many a fumbling dame botches. I suppose," he added, when a pleasure in her face showed his words had found her vanity—"I suppose you mean the bairn up in Carlunan?"

"That's the very one," she said with a start; "but who told you?"

"Tuts!" said he slyly, "the thing's well enough known about the Castle, and MacLachlan himself never denied he was the father. Do you think a secret like that could be kept in a clattering parish like Inneraora?"

"You're the first I ever heard get to the

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marrow of it," confessed the Dame Dubh. "MacLachlan himself never thought I was in the woman's confidence, and I've seen him in Carlunan there since I came home, pretending more than a cousin's regard for the Provost's daughter so that he might share in the bairn's fondling. He did it so well, too, that the lady herself would talk of its fatherless state with tears in her eyes."

I stood by, stunned at the revelation that brought joy from the very last quarter where I would have sought it. But I must not let my rapture at the idea of MacLachlan's being no suitor of the girl go too far till I confirmed this new intelligence.

"Perhaps," I said in a little to the woman, "the two of them fondling the bairn were chief enough, though they did not share the secret of its fatherhood."

"Chief!" she cried; "the girl has no more notion of MacLachlan than I have, if an old woman's eyes that once were clear enough for such things still show me anything. I would have been the first to tell her how things stood if I had seen it otherwise. No, no; Mistress Brown has an eye in other quarters. What do you say to that, Barbeck?" she added, laughing slyly to by friend.

A great ease came upon my mind; it was lightened by a load that had lain on it since ever my Tynree spae-wife found, or pretended to find, in my silvered loof such an unhappy portent of my future. And then this rapture was followed by a gladness no less profound that MacLachlan, bad as he had been, was not the villain quite I had fancied; if he had bragged of conquests, it had been with truth though not with decency.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Young Lachie did not bide long on our side of the water; a day or two and he was away back to his people, but not before he and I, in a way, patched up once more a friendship that had never been otherwise than distant, and was destined so to remain till the end, when he married my aunt Nannie Ruadh of the Boshang Gate, whose money we had been led to look for as a help to our fallen fortunes. She might, for age, have been his mother, and she was more than a mother to the child he brought to her from Carlunan without so much as by your leave, the day after they took up house together. "That's my son," said he, "young Lachie." She looked at the sturdy little fellow beating with a knife upon the bark of an ashen sapling he was fashioning into a whistle, and there was no denying the resemblance. The accident was common enough in those days. "Who is the mother?" was all she said, with her plump hand on the little fellow's head. "She was So-and-so," answered her husband, looking into the fire; "we were very young, and I've paid the penalty by my rueing it ever since."

Nannie Ruadh took the child to her heart that never knew the glamour of her own, and he grew up, as I could tell in a more interesting tale than this, to be a great and good soldier, who won battles for his counttry. So it will be seen that the Dame Dubh's story to us in the cot by Aora had not travelled very far when it had not in six years reached the good woman of Boshang Gate, who knew everybody's affairs between the two stones of the parish. M'Iver and I shared the secret with MacLachlan and the nurse of his dead love; it went no farther, and it was all the more wonderful that John should have to keep his thumb on it, considering its relevancy to a blunder that made him seem a scoundrel in the eyes of Mistress Betty. Once I proposed to him that through her father she might have the true state of affairs revealed to her.

"Let her be," he answered, "let her be. She'll learn the truth some day, no doubt." And then, as by a second thought, "The farther off the better, perhaps," a saying full of mystery.

The Dark Dame, as I say, gave me the cure for a sore heart. Her news, so cunningly squeezed from her by John Splendid, relieved me at once of the dread that MacLachlan, by his opportunities of wooing, had made himself secure in her affections, and that those rambles by the river to Carlunan had been by the tryst of lovers. A wholesome new confidence came to my aid when the Provost, aging and declining day by day to the last stroke that came so soon after, hinted once that he knew no one he would sooner leave the fortunes of his daughter with than with myself. I mooted the subject to his wife too, in one wild valour of a sudden meeting, and even she, once so shy of the topic, seemed to look upon my suit with favour.

"I could not have a goodson more worthy than yourself," she was kind enough to say. "Once I thought Betty's favour was elsewhere, in an air that scarcely pleased me, and——"

"But that's all over," I said, warmly, sure she thought of McLachlan.

"I hope it is; I think it is," she said. "Once I had sharp eyes on my daughter, and her heart's inmost throb was plain to me, for you see, Colin, I have been young myself, long since, and I remember. A brave heart will win the bravest girl, and you have every wish of mine for your good fortune."

Then I played every art of the lover, emboldened the more since I knew she had no tie of engagement. Remembering her father's words in the harvest-field of Elrigmore, I wooed her, not in humility, but in the confidence that, in other quarters, ere she ever came on the scene, had given me liberty on the lips of any girl I met in a lane without more than a laughing protest. Love, as I learned now, was not an outcome of the reason but will's mastership. Day by day I contrived to see my lady. I was cautious to be neither too hot nor too cold, and never but at my best in appearance and in conversation. All my shyness I thrust under my feet; there is one way to a woman's affections, and that is frankness to the uttermost. I thought no longer, ere I spoke, if this sentiment should make me ridiculous, or that sen-

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timent too readily display my fondness, but spoke out as one in a mere gallantry.

At first she was half alarmed at the new mood I was in, shrinking from this, my open revelation, and yet, I could see, not unpleased altogether that she should be the cause of a change so much to my advantage. I began to find a welcome in her smile and voice when I called on the household of an afternoon or evening, on one pretext or another, myself ashamed sometimes at the very flimsiness of them. She would be knitting by the fire, perhaps, and it pleased me greatly by some design of my conversation to make her turn at once her face from the flames whose rosiness concealed her flushing, and reveal her confusion to the yellow candlelight. Oh! happy days. O! times so gracious, the spirit and the joy they held are sometimes with me still. We revived, I think, the glow of that meeting on the stair when I came home from Germanie, and the hours passed in swallow flights as we talked of summer days gone bye.

To-day, in my eld, it amuses me still that for long I never kissed her. I had been too slow of making a trial, to venture it now without some effort of spirit; and time after time I had started on our stately round of the hunting-road with a resolution wrought up all the way from my looking-glass at Elrigmore, that this should be the night, if any, when I should take the liberty that surely our rambles, though actual word of love had not been spoken, gave me a title to. A title! I had kissed many a bigger girl before in a caprice at a hedge-gate. But this little one, so demurely walking by my side, with never so much as an arm on mine, her pale face like marble in the moonlight, her eyes, when turned on mine, like dancing points of fire. Oh! the task defied me! The task I say—it was a duty, I'll swear now, in the experience of later years.

I kissed her first on the night before McIver set out on his travels anew, no more in the camp of Argile his severed chief, but as a Cavalier of the purchased sword.

It was a night of exceeding calm, with the moon, that I had seen as a cork-hook over my warfare with MacLachlan in Tara-Dubh, swollen to the full and gleaming upon the country till it shone as in the dawn of day. We walked back and forth on the hunting-road for long, in a silence broken by few words. My mind was in a storm. I felt that I was losing my friend, and that by itself was trouble; but I felt, likewise, a shame that the passion of love at my bosom robbed the deprivation of much of its sorrow.

"I shall kiss her to-night if she spurns me for ever," I said to myself over and over again, and anon I would marvel at my own daring; but the act was still to do. It was more than to do—it was to be led up to, and yet my lady kept every entrance to the project barred, with a cunning that yet astounds me.

We had talked of many things in our evening rambles in that wood,, but never of M'Iver, whose name the girl shunned mention of for a cause I knew but could never set her right on. This night, his last in our midst, I ventured on his name. She said nothing for a little, and for a moment I thought, "Here's a dour, little unforgiving heart!" Then, softly, said she, "I wish him well and a safe return from his traveling. I wish him better than his deserts. That he goes at all surprises me. I thought it but John Splendid's promise—to be acted on or not as the mood happened."

"Yes," I said; "he goes without a doubt. I saw him to-day kiss his farewell with half-a-dozen girls on the road between the Maltland and the town."

"I daresay," she answered; "he never lacked boldness."

My chance had come.

"No, indeed, he did not," said I; "and I wish I had some of it myself."

"What! for so common a display of it?" she asked rallying, yet with some sobriety in her tone.

"Not a bit," I answered; "that—that—that I might act the part of a lover with some credit to myself, and kiss the one girl I know in that capacity."

"Would she let you?" she asked, removing herself by a finger-length from my side, yet not apparently enough to show she thought herself the one in question.

"That, madame, is what troubles me," I confessed in anguish, for her words had burst the bubble of my courage.

"Of course you cannot tell till you try," she said demurely, looking straight before her, no smile on the corners of her lips, that somehow maddened by their look of pliancy.

"You know whom I mean," I said, pursuing my plea, whose rustic simplicity let no man mock at, remembering the gawky errors of his own experience.

"There's Bell, the minister's niece, and theer's Kilblaan's daughter, and——"

"Oh, my dear! my dear!" I cried, stopping and putting my hand daringly on her shoulder. "You know it's not any of these; you must know I mean yourself. Here am I, a man travelled, no longer a youth, though still with the flush of it, no longer with a humility to let me doubt myself worthy of your best thoughts; I have let slip a score of chances on this same path, and even now I cannot muster up the spirit to brave your possible anger."

She laughed a very pleasant soothing laugh and released her shoulder. "At least you give me plenty of warning," she said.

"I am going to kiss you now," I said, with great firmness.

She walked a little faster, panting as I could hear, and I blamed myself that I had alarmed her.

"At least," I added, "I'll do it when we get to Bealloch-an-uarain well."

She hummed a snatch of Gaelic song we have upon that notable well, a song that is all an invitation to drink the waters while you are young and drink you may, and I suddenly ventured to embrace her with an arm. She drew up with stern lips and back from my embrace, and Elrigmore was again in torment.

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"You are to blame yourself," I said huskily; "you let me think I might. And now I see you are angry."

"Am I?" she said, smiling again. "I think you said the well, did you not?"

"And may I?" eagerly I asked, devouring her with my eyes.

"You may—at the well," she answered, and then she laughed softly.

Again my spirits bounded.

"But I was not thinking of going there tonight," she added, and the howlet in the bush beside me hooted at my ignominy.

I walked in a perspiration of vexation and alarm. It was plain that here was no desire for my caress, that the girl was but probing the depth of my presumption, and I gave up all thought of pushing my intention to performance. Our conversation turned to more common channels, and I had hoped my companion had lost the crude impression of my wooing as we passed the path that led from the hunting-road to the Bealloch-an-uarain.

"Oh!" she cried here, "I wished for some ivy; I thought to pluck it farther back, and your nonsense made me quite forget."

"Cannot we return for it?" I said, well enough pleased at the chance of prolonging our walk.

"No; it is too late," she answered abruptly. "Is there nowhere else here where we can get it?"

"I do not think so," I said stupidly. Then I remembered that it grew in the richest profusion on the face of the grotto we call Baelloch-an-uarain. "Except at the well," I added.

"Of course it is so; now I remember," said she; "there is plenty of it there. Let us haste and get it." And she led the way up the path, I following with a heart that surged and beat.

When our countryside is changed, when the forest of Creag Dubh, where roam the deer, is levelled with the turf, and the foot of the passenger wears round the castle of Argile, I hope, I pray, that grotto on the brae will still lift up its face among the fern and ivy. Nowadays when the mood comes on me, and I must be the old man chafing against the decay of youth's spirit, and the recollection overpowers of other times and other faces than those so kent and tolerant about me, I put my plaid on my shoulders and walk to Bealloch-an-uarain well. My children's children must be with me elsewhere on my saunters; here I must walk alone. I am young again when looking on that magic fountain, still the same as when its murmur sounded in my lover's ears. Here are yet the stalwart trees, the tall companions, that nodded on our shy confessions; the ivy hangs in sheeny spray upon the wall. Time, that ranges, has here no freedom, but stands, shackled by links of love and memory to the rocks we sat on. I sit now there and muse, and beside me is a shadow that never ages, with a pale face averted, looking through leafless boughs at the glimpse of star and moon. I see the bosom heave; I see the eyes flash full, then soften half-shut on some inward vision. For I am never there at Bealloch-an-uarain, summer or spring, but the season, in my thought, is that of my wife's first kiss, and it is always a pleasant evening and the birds are calling in the dusk.

I plucked my lady's ivy with a cruel wrench, as one would pluck a sweet delusion from his heart, and her fingers were so warm and soft as I gave her the leaves! Then I turned to go.

"It is time we were home," I said, anxious now to be alone with my vexation.

"In a moment," she said, plucking more ivy for herself; and then she said, "Let us sit a little; I am wearied."

My courage came anew. "Fool!" I called myself. "You may never have the chance again." I sat down by her side, and talked no love but told a story.

It was a story we have in the sheilings among the hills, the tale of "The Sea Fairy of French Foreland;" but I changed it as I went on and made the lover a soldier. I made him wander, and wandering think of home and a girl beside the sea. I made him confront wild enemies and battle with storms, I set him tossing upon oceans and standing in the streets of leaguered towns, or at grey heartless mornings upon lonely plains with solitude around, and yet, in all, his heart was with the girl beside the sea.

She listened and flushed. My hero's dangers lit her eyes like lanthorns, my passions seemed to find an echo in her sighs.

Then I pitied my hero, the wandering soldier, so much alone, so eager, and unforgetting, till I felt the tears in my eyes as I imagined his hopless longing.

She checked her sighs, she said my name in the softest whisper, laid her head upon my shoulder and wept. And then at last I met her quivering lips.

CHAPTER XXXV.

On the morrow, John Splendid came riding up the street on his way to the foreign wars. He had attired himself most sprucely; he rode a good horse, and he gave it every chance to show its quality. Old women cried to him from their windows and close-mouths. "Oh, *loachain*," they said, "yours be the luck of the seventh son!" He answered gaily, with the harmless flatteries that came so readily to his lips always, they seemed the very bosom's revelation. "Oh! women!" said he, "I'll be thinking of your handsome sons, and the happy days we spent together, and wishing myself soberly home with them when I am far away."

But not the old women alone waited on his going; shy girls courtesied or applauded at the corners. For them his horse caracoled on Stonefield's causeway, his shoulders straightened, and his bonnet rose. "There you are!" said he, "still the temptation and the despair of a decent bachelor's life. I'll marry every one of you that have not a man when I come home."

"And what may that be?" cried a little, bold fair one, with a laughing look at him from under the blowing locks that escaped the snood on her hair.

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"When may it be?" he repeated. "Say, 'Come home, Barbeck,' in every one of your evening prayers, and heaven, for the sake of so sweet a face, may send me home the sooner with my fortune."

Master Gordon, passing, heard the speech. "Do your own praying, Barbeck——"

"John," said the hero. "John, this time to you."

"John be it," said the cleric, smiling warmly. "I like you truly, and I wish you well."

M'Iver stooped and took the proffered hand. "Master Gordon," he said, "I would sooner be liked and loved than only admired; that's, perhaps, the secret of my life."

I went up and said farewell. I but shook his hand, and my words were few and simple. That took him, for he was always quick to sound the depth of silent feeling.

"*Mo thruadh! mo thruadh!* Colin," said he. "My grief! my grief! here are two brothers closer than by kin, and they have reached a gusset of life, and there must be separation. I have had many a jolt from my fairy relatives, but they have never been more wicked than now. I wish you were with me, and yet, ah! yet. Would her ladyship, think ye, forget for a minute, and shake an old friend's hand, and say good-bye?"

I turned to Betty, who stood a little back with her father, and conveyed his wish. She came forward, dyed crimson to the neck, and stood by his horse's side. He slid off the saddle and shook her hand.

"It is very good of you," said he. "You have my heart's good wishes to the innermost chamber."

Then he turned to me, and while the fishermen stood back, he said, "I envied you twice, Colin, once when you had the foresight of your fortune on the side of Loch Lhinne, and now that it seems begun."

He took the saddle, waved his bonnet in farewell to all the company, then rode quickly up the street and round the castle walls. He dared not look once round, and his closest friends dare not follow him, as he rode alone the old road so many of our people have gone to their country's wars or to sporran battles.

A silence fell upon the community, and in upon it broke from the river-side the wail of a bag-pipe played by the piper of Argile. It played a tune familiar to those parts upon occasions of parting and encouragement, a tune they call "Come back to the Glen."

Come back to the glen, to the glen, to the glen,
And there shall the welcome be waiting for you.
The deer and the heath-cock, and curd from the pen,
The blaeberry fresh from the dew!

We saw the piper strut upon the gravelled walk beside the bridge-gate, we saw Argile himself come out to meet the traveller.

"MacCailein! MacCailein! Ah the dear heart!" cried all our people, touched by this rare and genteel courtesy.

The Marquis and his clansman touched hands, lingered together a little, and the rider passed on his way with the piper's invitation the last sounds in his ears. He rode past Kilmalieu of the tombs, with his bonnet off for all the dead that were so numerous there, so patient, waiting for the final trump. He rode past Boshang Gate, portal to my native glen of chanting birds and melodious waters and merry people. He rode past Gearron hamlet, where the folk waved farewells; the over the river before him was the bend that is ever the beginning of homesickness for all that go abroad for fortune.

I turned to the girl beside me, and "Sweetheart," said I softly, "there's an elder brother lost. It is man's greed, I know; but rich though I am in this new heart of yours, I must be grudging the comrade gone."

"Gone!" said she, with scarcely a glance after the departing figure. "Better gone than here a perpetual sinner, deaf to the cry of justice and of nature."

"Good God!" I cried, "are you still in that delusion?" and I hinted at the truth.

She saw the story at a flash; she paled to the very lips, and turned and strained her vision after that figure slowly passing round the woody point; she relinquished no moment of her gaze till the path bent and hid John Splendid from her eager view.

(*The end.*)

SOME HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company, with their customary enterprise, were earliest in the field this year with a large number of holiday publications. Most notable among these are the volumes in the Luxembourg Edition which consist of the following classics: Washington Irving's *Sketch Book, The Alhambra; The Cloister and the Hearth*, by Charles Reade; *Jane Eyre*, by Charlotte Brontë; *The Scottish Chiefs*, by Jane Porter; *Corinne, or Italy*, by Madame de Staël; Scott's *Ivanhoe*, and Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. These volumes are handsomely and substantially made in octavo size, with gilt top. They are fully illustrated by capable artists, and are beautifully printed from new plates. (Price $1.50). The same firm has issued half-a-dozen new volumes in their dainty Faïence Library Series, namely, Poe's *Poetical Works*, Walton's *Compleat Angler*, Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, Shakespeare's *Songs and Sonnets*, *The House of the Seven Gables* by Hawthorne, and *Colette* by Jeanne Schultz. The authors have in each case been carefully edited, and in some cases biographical introductions are given. Each volume is embellished with an attractive title-page, a photogravure frontispiece and other illustrations, and is richly bound, sixteenmo in size, price $1.00.

Readers have not forgotten the thrill and charm which Mr. Lew Wallace's earliest work had for them. *The Fair God* is, to our think-

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ing, the best of all his books and deserves the uninterrupted popularity which it has enjoyed since its publication. Mr. Wallace's tale of the conquest of Mexico has been issued in two volumes by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, in an attractive and artistic manner which will no doubt win for it a leading place among our illustrated books. Mr. Eric Pape spent some time in Mexico among the scenes of the story, and he has reproduced these for us with an intelligence and power rarely devoted to work of this kind. There are forty full-page photogravures, numerous head-piece and tail-piece embellishments, and rubricated initials. The price of the two volumes, crown octavo is $7.00; and there is a large-paper edition, bound in embossed calf and gold at $20.00 net. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company also publish an attractive Holiday Edition of Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*, with twenty full-page photogravures by Maude A. Cowles and Genevieve Cowles. The edition is in two volumes, crown octavo, price $5.00; and there is also a large-paper edition at $10.00 net. The same house brings out a new illustrated edition of *A Child's History of England* by Charles Dickens. A chronological table of the history is included, and the illustrations, which are numerous, have been reproduced from photographs taken in England by Mr. Clifton Johnson, whose artistic efforts in photographic illustration have established him in this pictorial field. Another illustrated work of exceeding interest at this season, published by the same firm is *The Life of Our Lord in Art* by Estelle M. Hurll, who is known as the editor of Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art*. The book is intended to be a brief descriptive history of the art, illustrating the incidents in the historic life of Christ. The masterpieces of many generations contribute to the pages which picture forth the various scenes and incidents in the life of Christ. The book is beautifully bound and printed, and deserves to be a popular one. (Price $3.00.)

The Macmillan Company have imported the revised second edition of the handsome work, published a year ago by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, on *William Morris: His Art, His Writings, and His Public Life*. This careful record of the poet's life and public career by Aymer Vallance, is one that will be welcomed and secured by all lovers of Morris, and the Kelmscott Press. It contains as a frontispiece a fine photogravure of William Morris, and is profusely illustrated with full-page plates and cuts in the text. (Price $10.00). A new edition of Jane Austen's works in ten volumes is also imported by the Macmillan Company, from the press of J. M. Dent and Company. There was never before so dainty and attractive an edition as this one, with its exquisite binding and printing, its decorative title-pages and its coloured frontispieces, by C. E. and H. M. Brock. The edition is edited by Mr. Richard Brimley Johnson, and the whole production does credit to all who have contributed to this masterpiece of bookmaking. (Price $10.00.)

Coloured illustrations also figure to a large extent in a new edition of *The Ingoldsby Legends*, from the Messrs. Dent, also bearing the Macmillan imprint. The illustrations have been especially drawn for this edition by Arthur Rackham; twelve of them in colour, and over one hundred in black and white scattered lavishly over the pages. (Price $2.25).

Evidently Tennyson has not yet been exhausted for holiday uses, the proof of which is seen in a handsome volume which has just been published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The work is on *Tennyson: His Homes, His Friends, and His Work* by Elisabeth L. Cary. It has been the author's purpose "to give a fair view of the life and work of the Laureate, a view possibly somewhat more detached and varied than that which may be gained from the official *Life*, or from books written during the poet's lifetime." The illustrations, of which there are twenty-two, are for the most part full-page photogravures of Tennyson and his friends, and have been very carefully executed. The book is printed in clear, bold type, and the binding is dignified and substantial. (Price $3.75). Through the same house, Marion Harland publishes an illustrated work, in which she has traced in picture and story the haunts of familiar characters in history and in literature, and to which she has given the haunting title, *Where Ghosts Walk*. Some of these sketches were previously printed in the columns of *Harper's Bazar*, and were widely appreciated at the time of their appearance.

In *Wild Animals I Have Known*, with its two hundred excellent drawings by Ernest Seton Thompson, readers both old and young who are fond of natural history, will find delight and instruction. The Messrs. Scribner who publish the book have made a very attractive volume of it, and it ought surely to find favour in the eyes of many of our young people. (Price $2.00). Henry van Dyke's Christmas book this year is entitled *The Lost Word*, and is a Christmas legend of long ago. The illustrations and decorative borders are by Corwin Knapp Linson. (Price $1.25). Other illustrated books published by the Messrs. Scribner are *Fishin' Jimmy* by Annie Trumbull Slosson, with many illustrations in photogravure. (price $3.00), *The Bashful Earthquake* by Oliver Herford, illustrated by the author, (price $1.25), and *The Billy-Goat and Other Comicalities* by E. W. Kemble, containing over one hundred humorous drawings (price $1.00.)

The author of *Spain in the Nineteenth Century*, and other popular works of historical interest, has compiled a great deal of interesting material bearing on the French Revolution, which she has put together under the title *My Scrap-Book of the French Revolution*. The publishers, Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company, have enhanced Mrs. Latimer's work with a gallery of portraits of the men and women who figured prominently during that fateful period. (Price $2.50). From Messrs. Harper and Brothers we have received two very attractive illustrated volumes, one of them being *Crooked Trails*, written and illustrated by Frederic Remington (price $2.00), and the other, *Fables for the Frivolous*

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by Guy Wetmore Carryl (price $1.50). Mr. Remington's work in pen and pencil, especially when he is sketching his experiences among the Indians and cowboys, or anywhere on mountain or plain, is always sure of a warm welcome, and in his new volume his work retains all of its vigour and power to please. Mr Carryl's *Fables* is a rendering into nonsense verse of the old fables with which La Fontaine has made us familiar, but the intention is frankly a frivolous one, and the fables have been written merely for amusement.

Two books of literary significance as well as of artistic interest that are likely to take a foremost place among the holiday books of the season are published by the Macmillan Company. One of these is Mr. Marion Crawford's most important studies from the chronicles of Rome, entitled *Ave Roma Immortalis*. Mr. Crawford has not only contributed an informing work of great value to the literature of the subject, but his style is most fascinating, and the many full-page photogravure illustrations which are interspersed among the pages of the two volumes are a work of art. The price is $6.00 net, and there is also a limited edition of one hundred and fifty copies to be sold at $12.50 net. The second book is the beautifully illustrated edition of *The Choir Invisible* by James Lane Allen. The full-page photogravures and the numerous pen-and-ink drawings in the text by Orson Lowell, are exquisitely rendered, and they show the love which the artist has had for the work, so sympathetic are they in atmosphere and character. The cover design by Mr. Lowell is especially striking and attractive. The book as a whole is a most tempting one, and is likely to enjoy a large sale in spite of the phenomenal circulation already attained by the ordinary edition. (Price $5.00).

There are several books on Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company's list which are especially suitable for the holidays. The first place among these must be given to Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie's *In the Forest of Arden*, which has been beautifully illustrated and embellished with decorative borders by Will H. Low. Those who have read Mr. Mabie's *Under the Trees and Elsewhere*, will remember that this delightful idyll forms the concluding part of that book, and will agree that it lends itself most readily to the artistic treatment which Mr. Low has so charmingly given it. The book is one which it seems to us should be very popular as a gift book during the holidays, and yet it has a perennial interest which will win for it a permanent place in the library. (Price $2.00). *American Bookmen* by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, is composed of the series of articles which appeared in the THE BOOKMAN during 1897-98. They have been expanded and carefully revised by the author, and Mr. Howe's volume with its numerous portraits, fac-similes and autographs forms not only a very valuable chronicle of American men of letters, but it present a most attractive appearance, and takes an important literary position among the books of the year. (Price $2.50). Another book of holiday interest is the rather unique compilation in text and picture by Esther Singleton of the great masterpieces of architecture, described by the great masters of literature, entitled *Turrets, Towers and Temples*. It is handsomely bound and printed, and has the novelty of being the realisation of a new idea. (Price $2.00).

The J. B. Lippincott Company have published a new volume by Dr. Theodore F. Wolfe entitled *Literary Haunts and Homes*, which is applied especially to the literary landmarks of old New York, of Poe, of Cooper, Irving, Kipling, and other authors in the neighbourhood. The chapters on the "Literary Haunts of Manhattan," occupy half of the book; there is a "Long Island Ramble" and a "Connecticut River Pilgrimage," and altogether, Dr. Wolfe's new volume sustains, if it does not exceed, the interest and excellence of his previous volumes, *A Literary Pilgrimage* and *Literary Shrines*, which are now in their eleventh edition. The price of each volume is $1.25, and the three volumes may be had, bound in crushed buckram, with gilt top, in a box, for $3.75. Another edition of D. G. Rossetti's poem *The Blessed Damozel* is published in dainty form, with an introduction by W. M. Rossetti, a frontispiece of the Blessed Damozel after Rossetti's crayon study, and page decorations by W. B. Macdougall. The publishers are Messrs. L. C. Page and Company of Boston. The Fleming H. Revell Company have published an attractive looking book, with decorative borders, entitled *Friendship* by Hugh Black, the associate pastor of Free St. George's Church, Edinburgh. We trust this little book will gain a hearing in this country for Mr. Black, who is well worthy of it. The work is of such a nature as to make it a very appropriate Christmas gift book. (Price $1.25). The Bowen-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, have issued a most delightful book of child life, which will be read eagerly by old and young. The career of a little western boy—and we may take him as a type—is followed in its pages with sympathy and humour, and the treatment of the subject is so fine and so charged with life as to give *Johnnie* an honourable place among those studies of boyhood in fiction which are all too rare. We believe that Mr. Barrie is charmed with this book, and has written of it in terms of high praise. *Johnnie* is the work of a new author, E. O. Laughlin, and the "Johnnie" to whom it is dedicated ought to feel proud of it. It is illustrated in exquisite taste from photographs taken from life.

A year ago we had occasion to commend Mr. Lincoln Adams's book for photographers, amateur and professional, called *Sunlight and Shadow*, published by the Baker and Taylor Company. We have noticed with pleasure that the book has been very successful, and we welcome a new volume containing more chapters on pictorial photography by the same author, entitled *In Nature's Image*. The subjects have been chosen almost entirely from out-of-doors, and the numerous half-tone plates made from photographs have been carefully executed in the process of production. (Price $2.50).

The Doubleday and McClure Company have been so successful with *Bird Neighbours* by

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Neltje Blanchan, that they have published, in a volume uniform with *Bird Neighbours*, a new work by the same author, entitled *Birds that Hunt and are Hunted*. It contains the life histories of one hundred and seventy birds of prey, game birds and water-fowls, and forty-eight full-page coloured plates. (Price $2.00).

Mr. Thomas Whittaker publishes two handsome volumes, forming an illustrated edition of *The Cathedrals of England*, by Dean Farrar and others. In these pages "the story of several of our English minsters has been told briefly and simply, yet in such a manner as to include at least an outline of these three salient characteristics—the history, religion and architecture of our ancestors." (Price $5.00).

Mr. R. H. Russell's publications have a distinctive mark which claims for them a place of mention by themselves. There is of course the inevitable new book by Gibson, *Sketches and Cartoons*, in the series of which *Drawings by C. D. Gibson* was the first, and *Pictures of People* the second. Mr. Gibson still enjoys the popularity of a wide audience to which his new work will appeal with fresh interest. The price is $5.00 with an *édition-de-luxe*, consisting of two hundred and fifty first impressions, each copy numbered and signed by Mr. Gibson, together with artist's proof. (Price $10.00.) Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, has been illustrated with sixty-four fine pen-and-ink drawings, with head-bands, borders, decorations, initials, and illuminations in red and black, done in Celtic style by "The Brothers Rhead." The size is 10x12½ inches, and it is bound in an illuminated cover on heavy buckram. The work of the artists has been highly praised and its unusual artistic merit puts a stamp of distinction on the production which works of this class do not always achieve. (Price, $3.75; *édition-de-luxe* $10.00). The *New Mother Goose Pictures* drawn by Chester Loomis, recalls at first glance the work of Mr. Maxfield Parrish in *Mother Goose in Prose*, published a year ago, but Mr. Loomis's pictures have an individuality of their own, and illustrate the familiar nursery rhymes with vivacity, humour and delicate fancy. (Price $1.50). *The Arkansaw Bear* is a tale of fanciful adventure told in song and story by Albert Bigelow Paine, and the pictures which accompany the text, drawn by Frank Ver Beck, are capital in their delineation and characterisation of all the bear's movements. (Price $1.00). *The Hollow Tree* is also Mr. Paine's book, and is illustrated by Mr. J. M. Condé. It is made up of stories about the Hollow Tree People, Mr. Rabbit's Big Dinner, the Crow's Company, Moon Stories and Pig Stories, and will no doubt afford great delight to the young people who never tire of wonder tales about the Coon, the Possum, and the Crow. Mr. E. W. Kemble's contribution to Mr. Russell's list this year is in the form of *A Coon Alphabet*, consisting of fifty-four comical coon caricatures. (Price $1.00). When one turns from Mr. Kemble's *Coon Alphabet* to *An Awful Alphabet* by Oliver P. Tunk, the contrast is so great that one's mental perceptiveness suffers dislocation, and has to be readjusted before one can appreciate this new animal alphabet, which opens with this whimsical manifesto:

> Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
> Let bears and lions growl and fight;
> Within this book you will not find
> One beast that is not good and kind.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company have done well in collecting Mr. Charles Nelan's clever cartoons of the war, which appeared from day to day last summer, in the pages of the *New York Herald*. They offer in picture language a brief panorama of the war's progress from start to finish, which is far more impressive and eloquent than many of the verbose and spun-yarn accounts of recent manufacture. Mr. Nelan's *Cartoons of Our War with Spain* will, we believe, be a favourite with book buyers, as Christmas approaches. The Stokes Company also publish "for all whom it may concern," a *Baby's Record*, with twelve illustrations in colour, and thirty in black and white. Here you may record the Baby's birth, Baby's first tooth, Baby's first laugh, and so forth—every possible development is provided for, except "Baby's first book." (Price $2.50.) *Ships and Sailors* by Rufus F. Zogbaum and James S. Barnes is issued by the same firm. There are twelve superb fac-similes of water-colours, and nearly thirty black and white drawings by Mr. Zogbaum. Old and new sea songs and patriotic songs have been set to music by Robert Coverley; and Mr. Barnes has been responsible for the editing. (Size 11½ x 14½ inches; price $5.00.)

Remington's Frontier Sketches is a collection of fifteen spirited drawings by Frederic Remington, published by the Werner Company.

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of *St. Nicholas*, has had published through the William L. Allison Company of New York, a revised and enlarged edition of her *Irvington Stories*, with the original illustrations by Darley. Messrs. D. Appleton and Company are again represented in juvenile fiction by two favourite authors who stand well the test of years. *The Pilot of the Mayflower*, by Hezekiah Butterworth, is a tale of the children of the Pilgrim Republic, and is the eighth volume of the Creators of Liberty Series. This series has been very successful in finding a large audience of young readers, and the present volume is an exceptionally interesting one; for the story of the children of the *Mayflower* is a haunting theme, and Mr. Butterworth's interpretation of the life of the young pilgrims is not only interesting historically, but it is an intensely human story. The other

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favourite boys' author on the Appletons' list is Mr. W. O. Stoddard, who has two new books published by this firm, entitled *With the Black Prince*, an historical tale of adventure in the early days of England, and *Success Against Odds*, or How a Boy Made His Way. Both books are beautifully illustrated.

The Century Company as usual comes to the front with a number of excellent books for young people. The first of these deserving honourable mention, *The Book of the Ocean* by Ernest Ingersoll, is a particularly timely book, now that American sailors and American battleships are so much in evidence. Mr. Ingersoll writes at length about naval battles and warships, but he goes farther to sea than this, and tells in simple but eloquent language, the story of the ocean and its origin, the phenomena of waves, tides and currents, and all the paraphernalia of the sea. The book is embellished with several hundred fine illustrations and is square octavo in shape. *The Story of Marco Polo*, by Noah Brooks, is a connected account of the travels of Marco Polo and his companions, which is highly entertaining and instructive, and not by any means confined to young readers. The story of Marco Polo is really one of the most romantic and interesting of mediæval times. It is illustrated by Will H. Drake. In *Through the Earth*, by Clement Fezandié, the young people are offered another of those fairy tales of science of the Jules Verne kind. A noted scientist succeeds in boring a hole through the earth from New York to Australia, with the idea of establishing rapid transit to the Antipodes, and various complications that arise provide variety and excitement to the tale which is founded upon the latest scientific researches. The illustrations help the imagination to conceive the striking and unusual features of the story. Mr. Rupert Hughes has written a book called *The Lakerim Athletic Club*, which shows that he understands boy-nature and knows how to hold his interest. The book is full of outdoor life, covering a wide range of sports, and is sure to appeal to a wide audience of boys. The illustrations by C. M. Relyea are capital. Mr. Hughes's dedication ought to win for him an immediate hearing; it reads thus: "To my bonny mother, whose devotion has saved my life many's the time; whose comradery made my boyhood one golden memory." *Two Biddicut Boys*, by J. T. Trowbridge, and *Denise and Ned Toodles*, by Mrs. Gabrielle E. Jackson, are respectively written for boys and girls, and both are excellently written and illustrated.

Messrs. Henry T. Coates and Company of Philadelphia, publish *Cowmen and Rustlers*, by Edward S. Ellis, a story of the Wyoming cattle ranges in 1892, and *The Young Bank Messenger*, by Horatio Alger, Jr., both books fairly well illustrated. Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company are also prominent in the field of juvenile literature with a goodly array of books, most of which have been contributed by well-known writers. *Off to Klondike*, by Gordon Stables, M.D., is a story of a cowboy's rush to the famous goldfields. *In the Navy; or Father Against Son*, by Warren E. Goss, is a stirring story of naval adventures in the Civil War. *The Secret of Achievement*, by O. S. Marden, is a book intended to teach youth how to meet life, and to show that the secret of every great success has been indomitable resolution and earnest application. *Chilhowee Boys in Harness*, by Sarah E. Morrison, is the last volume in the Chilhowee Series which has been very successful in picturing to young people the life of American pioneers; *The Story of the Big Front Door*, by Mary S. Leonard, is a simple and refined home story; *Joel Harford*, by James Otis, is the narrative of a country boy who comes to New York determined to win his way unaided, and is told in a lively and interesting manner. Then we have half-a-dozen small octavo volumes in the Sunshine Library, intended for younger people the titles of which are, *Little Peter*, by Lucas Malet, *The Blind Brother*, by Homer Greene, *Master Sunshine*, by Mrs. C. S. Fraser, *Dear Little Marchioness*, with an introduction by Bishop Gailor, *Dick in the Desert*, by James Otis, and *The Musical Journey of Dorothy and Julia*, by Bradley Gilman. All these books are profusely illustrated and attractively bound.

The Doubleday and McClure Company also publish a Klondike book which has the distinction of being illustrated from twenty-four drawings by Orson Lowell. The book is entitled *Klondike Nuggets*, by E. S. Ellis, and the story tells how two boys went after these nuggets and secured them. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has written an interesting yarn for boys called *The Valiant Runaways*, which is published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. Several illustrations have been drawn for this book by Mr. Walter C. Greenough. The same firm publish two books this year by Martha Finley, who with age seems to grow more prolific; *Elsie on the Hudson and Elsewhere* takes rank of course with the Elsie books; *Twiddledetwit* is a fairy tale; "my first fairy tale," says the author in her dedication, "to the lovers of Elsie Dinsmore older and younger." The little book is beautifully illustrated and very prettily bound and printed, and will no doubt be largely read by the lovers of Elsie Dinsmore.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers have not at the time of writing issued any new juveniles, but they send us a copy of a new list of *Books for the Young*, furnishing a selection of about three hundred volumes from their general catalogue. The list is classified and is modelled on library standards; descriptive notes showing the character and telling something of the contents of the books presented are given, and it is thought that these comments will assist parents and teachers in making their selections. The many illustrations reproduced in this catalogue make it very attractive.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company publish *The Boys of Old Monmouth*, by Everett T. Tomlinson. As the title suggests, it is a story of Washington's campaign in New Jersey in 1778, and the fierce struggle of those days, the story of the sufferings and heroism of the men and women of the famous old county of New Jersey has been recounted by Mr. Tomlinson, that the lads and lasses of

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America to-day may learn to value more highly those forefathers of ours whose lives are not the smallest portion of our heritage. *The Charming Sally*, by James Otis, is a tale of the privateer schooner of New York of that name which figured in the history of the year 1765. The same firm publishes a daintily bound and printed little volume containing *The Story of Little Jane and Me*, by M. E. It is a quiet, beautiful tale of the New York of half a century ago. The cover with its coloured picture is especially attractive.

Messrs. Laird and Lee send us a boys' story called *Rex Weyland's Fortune*, or The Secret of the Thunderbird, by H. A. Stanley. There are many illustrations, none of them, however, so rich in the old-time imaginative appeal to exciting fancy as the frontispiece, "The Discovery of the Treasure." From Messrs. Lee and Shepard, we have received several volumes, chief among which is Mr. Tomlinson's concluding volume in the War of 1812 Series. It is entitled *The Boys with Old Hickory*, and covers the closing period of the struggle in 1812. The other volumes are, *Under Dewey at Manila*, by Edward Stratemeyer, in the Old Glory Series; *Stories of the American Revolution*, Part II., also by Mr. Tomlinson; *Six Young Hunters*, by W. Gordon Parker; a story for little girls called *Pauline Wyman*, by Sophie May, illustrated by V. A. Searles.

The J. B. Lippincott Company have added two volumes of *Historical Tales* to this series, the countries covered being Japan, China and Russia; also a new story by Captain Charles King entitled *From School to Battle-field*, with half-a-dozen illustrations, and a story for girls, also illustrated, entitled *An Independent Daughter*, by Amy E. Blanchard. From Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, we have several juveniles, well written and beautifully illustrated, namely, *Hester Stanley's Friends*, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, illustrated by Frank T. Merrill; *'Twixt You and Me*, by Grace Le Baron, with illustrations by Ellen B. Thompson, and decorations by Katherine Pyle; *Among the Lindens*, by Evelyn Raymond; *Teddy, Her Book*, a story of Sweet Sixteen, by Anna Chapin Ray, and *The Young Puritans in King Philip's War*, by Mary P. Wells Smith, in the Young Puritan Series. A handsome Christmas volume for young people is that issued by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company, called *Yule Logs*, containing a number of exciting stories by capable writers, beautifully illustrated, and edited by Mr. G. A. Henty. The volume is very attractively bound in red and gold.

The Lothrop Publishing Company usually occupy an important place with their books for boys and girls at this season of the year. A few of their publications have reached us, and others will be published by the time this is in the hands of the reader, among them being a new story by that veteran writer for boys, Mr. W. O. Stoddard. The books which we have received are *Marjory and Her Neighbours*, a story of three girls and a boy, and the good times they had, by Louise D. Catlin, illustrated by Etheldred B. Barry: *A Little Maid of Concord Town*, a romance of the American Revolution, by Margaret Sidney, with several illustrations by Frank T. Merrill; and *Buz-Buz, His Twelve Adventures*, by Charles Stuart Pratt, with fifty illustrations by L. J. Bridgman. Mr. Herbert E. Hamblen, the author of *On Many Seas* has contributed two books to juvenile literature, one of which entitled *Tom Benton's Luck*, a story of the sea, is published by the Macmillan Company, and the other entitled *The Story of a Yankee Boy*, recounting his adventures ashore and afloat, is issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Other books for boys and girls published by the Macmillan Company are *The Ranche on the Oxhide*, a story of boys' and girls' life on the frontier, by Henry Inman, with six very characteristic illustrations, and a new book by Mabel Osgood Wright, entitled *Four-Footed Americans and Their Kin*. This book has been edited by Frank M. Chapman, and fully illustrated by Ernest Seton Thompson. Mrs. Molesworth's new book for children, published by the same firm, is entitled *The Magic Nuts*, and has a number of dainty drawings by Rosie M. M. Pitman. The Messrs. Putnam publish in their Tales of the Heroic Ages Series, *Siegfried and Beowulf*, by Zenadie A. Ragozin, with illustrations by George T. Tobin. Mr. A. J. Rowland of Philadelphia, puts his imprint on a story of Mr. Everett T. Tomlinson's, entitled *Ward Hill, the Senior*, from the press of the American Baptist Publication Society. It contains several illustrations. The Fleming H. Revell Company send us two books for young people, attractively bound and illustrated, entitled *A Puzzling Pair*, by Amy La Feuvre, and *Christie, the King's Servant*, by Mrs. O. F. Walton.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons publish three new tales by the prolific Mr. Henty. *Under Wellington's Command*, is a tale of the Peninsula War; *Both Sides of the Border*, is a tale of Hotspur and Glendower, and *At Aboukir and Acre*, is a story of Napoleon's invasion of Egypt. All three books are fully illustrated by capable artists. Mr. Kirk Munroe has also published through the Messrs. Scribner's Sons, a tale of the American Navy, called *In Pirate Waters*, with illustrations. The Frederick A. Stokes Company publish *A Yankee Boy's Success*, by Harry Steele Morrison, who is introduced to the juvenile world by no less a personage than Chauncey M. Depew; a story of a beautiful princess and pirate, called *Grace O'Malley*, told by "Ruari Macdonald, Redshank and Rebel," the same set forth in the tongue of the English by Robert Machray; and a book on the recent war, by Clinton Ross, which is entitled *Heroes of Our War with Spain*.

Messrs. Frederick Warne and Company, of London and New York, have brought out a new *Nursery Rhyme Book*, which is edited by Andrew Lang, and very beautifully illustrated from drawings by Leslie Brooke; *A Little Colonial Dame*, in which Agnes R. Sage has told another story of old Manhattan Island for the young folks, and which Mabel Humphrey has embellished with a number of dainty illustrations; and a book of fairy stories called *The Owl King* by H. Escott-Inman, with numerous illustrations by E. A. Mason.

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THE BOOK MART

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER

NEW YORK, November 1, 1898.

The month's publications are by far the most interesting feature of recent book business. In addition to being extremely numerous, they are noticeable for the number of well-known authors whose books are included, particularly in fiction. *The Day's Work*, by Rudyard Kipling, was received early in the month, and at once became popular; advance orders were heavy, and sales have continued until it is now the leader in point of sales. *The Adventures of François*, by S. Weir Mitchell; *Roden's Corner*, by H. S. Merriman, and *The Castle Inn*, by Stanley J. Weyman, were among the most popular of the month's output, while others of note were *The Red Axe*, by S. R. Crockett; *Red Rock*, by Thomas Nelson Page; *A Golden Sorrow*, by Maria L. Pool, and *The Phantom Army*, by Max Pemberton.

New illustrated books for the holidays were numerous. Considerable comment was caused in the trade by the publishing of F. Marion Crawford's *Ave Roma Immortalis* as a net book, and the result of the innovation will be awaited with interest. A profusely illustrated edition of *The Fair God* is among the new books, and *Child Rhymes*, by James Whitcomb Riley, is most attractive in appearance. A very interesting book on the subject of photography, containing most perfect specimens of the art, is *In Nature's Image*, by W. I. Lincoln Adams.

Miscellaneous books were not less numerous than fiction, and covered all subjects from *The Gentle Art of Pleasing*, by Elizabeth Glover, to *Wild Animals I Have Known*, by E. S. Thompson. In fact, there is a great variety of subjects to choose from, including biography, travel, theology, poetry, etc., and this only emphasizes the difficulty that every bookseller is experiencing of keeping track of, and finding space for, the ever-increasing publications. *The Workers—The West*, by W. A. Wyckoff; *My Scrap-Book of the French Revolution*, by Elizabeth W. Latimer, and *Home Economics*, by Maria Parloa, are likely to reach a good sale. *The Philippine Islands and Their People*, by D. C. Worcester; *The Real Bismarck*, by Jules Hoche, and *Heroes of Our War with Spain*, are timely works.

The numerous presentations of the play *Cyrano de Bergerac* has caused a remarkable demand for the book, so that several publishers have ventured on editions running from a ten-cent paper bound edition to a prettily illustrated book. There is also a considerable call for the work in the original, which at present has exhausted the supply. The same result is noticeable in the case of *The Christian*, the regular edition selling readily, and there is announced an early publication of a one hundred thousand edition in paper at fifty cents.

Trade generally has continued good through the month in all departments of literature. Many out-of-town buyers have made their autumn purchases, and others will arrive after election day, at which time many are in the habit of buying, for the holidays especially. The prospect as a whole seems to be good for a busy season, and this is confirmed by the sales.

The best selling books of the month are still found among the titles of fiction, and are listed below in the order of their popularity:

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

Adventures of François. By S. Weir Mitchell. $1.50.

Cyrano de Bergerac. By Edmund Rostand. 50 cents and $1.00.

Roden's Corner. By H. S. Merriman. $1.75.

The Red Axe. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.

Parker. $1.50.

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Wild Eelin. By W. Black. $1.75.

Red Rock. By T. Nelson Page. $1.50.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.

The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.50.

The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER

CHICAGO, November 1, 1898.

The satisfactory state of business, noted in this column last month, continues. The future too has lost none of its promising aspect, and everyone is looking forward to the holidays with confidence. A good feature of to-day is that no one is expecting anything in the shape of a boom, the experience of the last few years having taught the trade that a normal condition of business is preferable to a period of inflation, which, as experience has shown, is followed by a corresponding depression.

The fact that new conditions prevail in the trade nowadays, is patent to any observer, and many, some almost unknowingly, are adapting themselves to the change. Profits are smaller, on account of keen competition, and greater technical knowledge of the business is necessary, as knowledge of books on the part of the customer increases. It is easy

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to foresee that twentieth century bookselling will be no easy matter.

Cyrano de Bergerac is the latest sensation. and the English translations of this now famous play, are meeting with a call that is simply enormous.

Zangwill's visit to Chicago produced a lively demand for his books, and the financial results of his visit should be considerably augmented by the increased sales of his works.

M. Imlay Taylor's new book *A Yankee Volunteer*, is being exceedingly well received. It is a noticeable fact that a really meritorious work on revolutionary times always meets with popularity.

The October output of new books was astonishingly large, and many of them are among the best selling books of the month. *The Day's Work* by Kipling, was first in regard to the number sold, but *The Adventures of François* by Weir Mitchell; *The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* by Jerome K. Jerome; *The Battle of the Strong* by Gilbert Parker; *Roden's Corner* by H. S. Merriman; *My Scrap-Book of the French Revolution* by Mrs. E. W. Latimer, and *The Red Axe* by S. R. Crockett met with large sales, and nearly all of these exhausted, before publication, their first editions.

The success of such works as *Baby's Biography, Baby's Journal, Baby's Record*, etc., has led this year to the placing of quite a number of "Baby" books upon the market. Whether the new ones will find new fields, or encroach upon some of the ground formerly covered by the older works, time will show—so far all of them are selling well.

The following list of the best selling books of the month, excludes, from lack of space, many that are justly entitled to mention. Every title quoted met with not only a large sale, but a remarkable one.

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

The Adventures of François. By S. Weir Mitchell. $1.50.

My Scrap-Book of the French Revolution. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer. $2.50.

Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. 75 cents.

Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.

A Yankee Volunteer. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.

The Gadfly. By E. Voynich. $1.25.

The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. $1.25.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.25.

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

The Hon. Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.

Caleb West. By F. H. Smith. $1.50.

Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. H. Ward. $2.00.

Hugh Wynne. S. Weir Mitchell. $2.00.

Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome K. Jerome. $1.25.

Roden's Corner. By H. S. Merriman. $1.75.

ENGLISH LETTER

LONDON, Sept. 10th to Oct. 22d, 1898.

The demand for school books, which abates somewhat as September advances, has given way to a steady enquiry for the new season's production. Trade generally has been satisfactory, and is not much behind that of previous years. The tendency to issue a class of low-priced books increases the item of labour considerably without any augmented return. This, unfortunately, seems to be a factor in many trades other than bookselling. The export trade is fairly brisk, orders for the advance issues of Christmas annuals keeping this department fully employed.

A very noticeable feature in the present demand is the interest shown in all publications dealing with the Soudan particularly and Eastern affairs generally.

The output of six shilling novels is still very great, and what is much more to the point, the sales are as brisk as ever. *Roden's Corner* and *Rupert of Hentzau* seem to be the most popular, and many novels that have been published for some time (reckoned by the average life of a book of this class) will still be found in the list appended. The novel with a purpose has given way to the purely imaginative work, the more impossible the better.

Among the books for boys and girls the "ugly beast" book has again appeared, but does not attract much notice. Blackie's juvenile books at 3s. 6d. and 6s. are as usual well in the front, the favourite authors being Henty, Fenn and Hutcheson. Fairy tales are, if possible, more popular than ever.

Among magazines the *Royal* is not going off as well as was anticipated. The sale of the *Wide World Magazine*, since the appearance of the De Rougemont adventures, has risen to an enormous figure. The trade is somewhat curious as to the reception which the next number will receive.

The annual volumes of magazines still form an important item. The sales of *Chatterbox, Sunday, Children's Friend*, and similar periodicals in this form are very gratifying.

The subjoined list is taken from a reliable source of information, and may be considered to be a fair index to the public taste:

The Day's Work. By R. Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Rupert of Hentzau. By A. Hope. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)

Roden's Corner. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The Red Axe. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)

Aylwin. By T. W. Dunton. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Changeling. By W. Besant. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

The Californians. By G. Atherton. 6s. (Methuen.)

The Town Traveller. By G. Gissing. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. H. Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

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With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

New books in order of demand, as sold between October 1, 1898, and November 1, 1898.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century.)
3. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
4. Red and Black. By Stendhal. $1.25. (Brentano's.)
5. Romance of a Midshipman. By Clark Russell. $1.50. (Fenno & Co.)
6. Tekla. By Barr. $1.25. (Stokes.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
3. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. The Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton,, Mifflin & Co.)
6. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt & Co.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday, McClure & Co.)
2. Second Thoughts. By Jerome. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century.)
4. Red Axe. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper Bros.)
5. Her Memory. By Maartens. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. Evelyn Innes. By Moore. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
6. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
5. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. A Great Love. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Gallops. By Gray. $1.25. (Century.)
4. The Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Bismarck. By Busch. $10.00. (Macmillan.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. My Scrap-Book of the French Revolution. By Latimer. $2.50. (McClurg & Co.)
3. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
4. The Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
5. The Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. A Yankee Volunteer. By Taylor. $1.25. (McClurg & Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (The Century Co.)
2. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
3. The Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Cyrano de Bergerac. By Rostand. 50 cts. (Doubleday & McClure.)
5. The House of Hidden Treasure. By Gray. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. The Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. Life is Life. By Zack. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Worldly Ways and By-Ways. By Gregory. $1.50. (Scribner.)

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5. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. When Knighthood Was in Flower. By Caskoden. $1.50. (Bowen-Merrill.)
2. The Loves of the Lady Arabella. By Seawell. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
4. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. The Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. An Enemy of the King. By Stevens. $1.25. (Page.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. A Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. House of Hidden Treasure. By Gray. $1.50. (Appleton & Co.)
3. Hope the Hermit. By Edna Lyall. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
4. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. A Great Love. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. In King's Houses. By Dorr. $1.50. (Page & Co.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. American Wives and English Husbands. By Atherton. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead.)
3. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.50. (Holt.)
4. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
5. Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century.)
4. Scribes and Pharisees. By Le Queux. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. Hope the Hermit. By Edna Lyall. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

MONTREAL, CAN.

1. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.25. (Copp-Clark.)
2. Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)
3. Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Morang.)
4. The Red Axe. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper Bros.)
5 Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome. $1.25. (Copp-Clark.)
6. Battle of the Strong. By Crockett. $1.25. (Copp-Clark.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. Cyrano de Bergerac. 50 cts. (Doubleday & McClure.)
3. The Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
6. Maude Adams Souvenir. Illustrations by C. Allen Gilbert. 25 cts. (Russell & Co.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
4. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Century Co.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The House of Hidden Treasure. By Gray. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Her Ladyship's Elephant. By Wells. $1.25. (Holt.)
3. Hope the Hermit. By Lyall. $1.50. (Longmans.)
4. The Loves of the Lady Arabella. By Seawell. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Bismarck. By Busch. $10.00. (Macmillan.)
6. The Terror. By Gràs. $1.50. (Appleton.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. A Great Love. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. When Knighthood Was in Flower. By Caskoden. $1.50. (Bowen-Merrill.)
3 The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.25. (Doubleday & McClure.)
4. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Yesterdays in the Philippines. By Stevens. $1.50. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)
6. Prisoners of Hope. By Johnston. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. At Sea and In Port. By Fletcher. $1.00. (The J. K. Gill Co.)
2. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
3. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
4. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
5. Ghosts I Have Met. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper Bros.)
6. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Hope the Hermit. By Lyall. $1.50. (Longmans.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
2. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century.)
4. House of Hidden Treasure. By Gray. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Cyrano de Bergerac. By Rostand. 50 cts. (Doubleday & McClure.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Red Axe. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)
2. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
3. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
4. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, ,Mifflin & Co.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
2. Cyrano de Bergerac. By Rostand. 50 cents. (Doubleday & McClure.)
3. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
5. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. A Creel of Irish Stories. By Barlow. $1.25. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century.)
3. Barrack Room Ballads. By Kipling. Cloth, 50 cts.; leather, 75 cts. (Doxey.)
4. Departmental Ditties. By Kipling. Cloth, 50 cts.; leather, 75 cts. (Doxey.)
5. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
2. Great Love. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. House of Hidden Treasure. By Gray. $1.50. (Appleton & Co.)
4. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
5. Good Americans. By Harrison. $1.25. (Century Co.)
6. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

WACO, TEX.

1. Afterwards. By Ian Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. The Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. The Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
5. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. The Red Axe. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. A Great Love. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. The Puritans. By Bates. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Collections and Recollections. $2.50. (Harper.)
5. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are—

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling.
2. Adventures of François. By Mitchell.
3. Roden's Corner. By Merriman.
4. The Gadfly. By Voynich.
5. The Battle of the Strong. By Parker.
6. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome.

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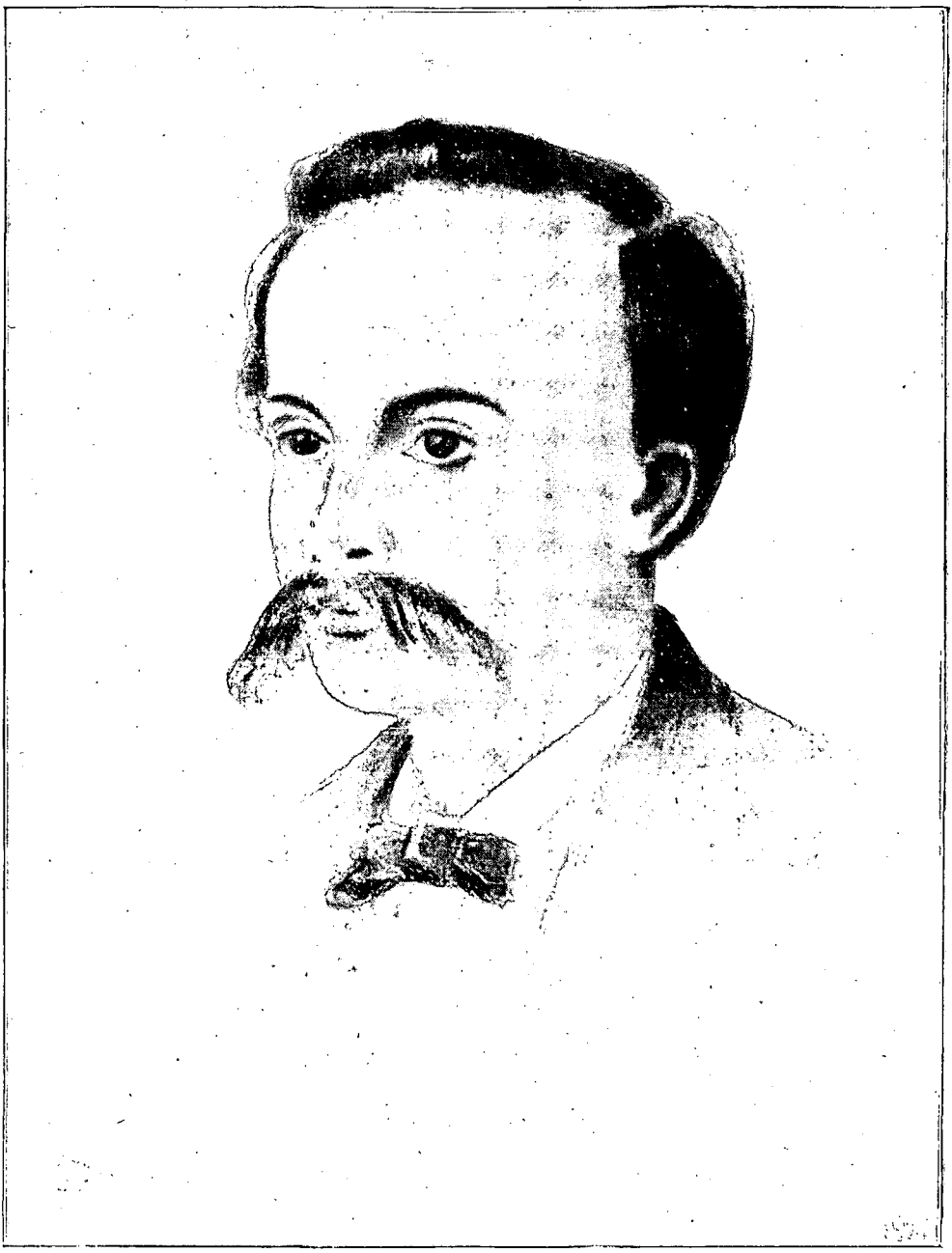

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON,

THE AUTHOR OF "AYLWIN" AND "THE COMING OF LOVE."

From a Crayon Portrait drawn by Dante G. Rossetti. By courtesy of Mr. Watts-Dunton.

(See pages 462 and 487.)

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